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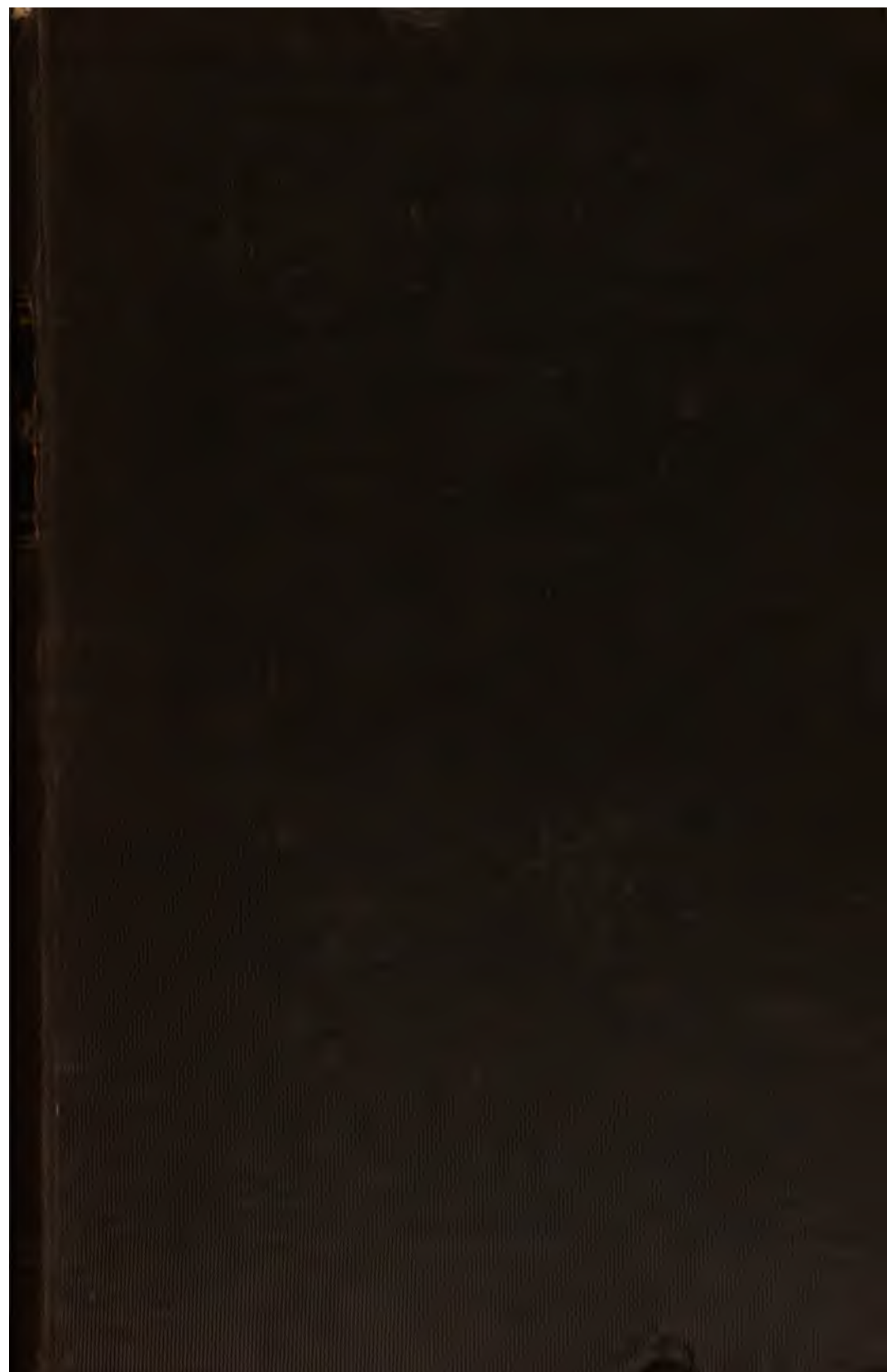
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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1847.

- ART. I.—1. *The early History of Freemasonry in England.* By J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. F.R.S. Second Edition. London: J. Russell Smith. 1844.
2. *The Antiquities of Freemasonry.* By the REV. G. OLIVER, D.D. London: R. Spencer. 1843.
3. *Lectures on Freemasonry.* By the REV. G. OLIVER, D.D. Second Edition. London: Washbourn. 1828.
4. *Illustrations of Masonry.* By the late WILLIAM PRESTON, Esq. Fifteenth Edition. London: Whittaker & Co. 1840.
5. *Proceedings of the Architectural College of Freemasons of the Church.* Part I. London: J. & H. Cox. 1846.

AMONG the multitude of convivial advertisements which reveal the associative tendencies of an appetite, some will be found to proceed from a body which garnishes itself with the title of 'The free and accepted Masons.' By these epithets they distinguish themselves from the common herd of Masons, those plain, drudging, hard-working men, who do not play at their trade with silver trowels and kid gloves. Indeed, Masons and Freemasons are very different things; there is no more connexion between the two than between mortar and turtle-soup. Of Masons this building age knows and sees enough; of Freemasons it knows and sees but little. It is neither the wiser nor the better for their existence; they are not to be seen performing any useful work; neither are they like moles, which, though they themselves are out of sight, throw up from their hidden chambers visible tokens of their toils. The strongest microscope would fail to discover the minutest grain or particle of good which the Freemasons confer upon mankind. The body, with all its invisible action, is as utterly useless to the world at large as a clock would be to its owner which went wheeling and ticking on, with all its busy machinery, after the amputation of its hands. Were the Fraternity to dissolve itself to-morrow, and,

to appease the common sense of this practical and working age, to make a hecatomb of their aprons, the world would be unconscious of the dissolution, except for the unsavoury smoke of the leathern sacrifice. Tavern-keepers alone would look blank and woe-begone; and none but lugubrious waiters, with idle napkins flapping over their arms, would shed tears over the defunct Fraternity.

The energies of our countrymen are too often devoted to dinners, to make any succession of feasts, however excellent, shed fame on the festive brotherhood. It is possible that many Associations need to have their axletrees oiled with an annual feast to carry them through the wear and tear of a year's life. A dinner in this country appears to exercise a galvanic influence on the constitution of societies; but with whatever warmth of expectation it may be looked to through the vista of the working months, it is, after all, the reward, the refreshment, and not the work of societies. Every Society, except the Freemasons', has something to do; but this, entertaining the notion of freedom, which has been so strongly impressed on the popular mind in all ages, and which makes it consist in having nothing to do, shows that its members are 'free' in this sense of the word, whether they are 'accepted' or not.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, they so far plunge into the trade with which they seem to be connected, as to undertake the arduous task of laying a stone on some public occasion. At such times the members attend in their symbolical aprons, and, after certain ceremonies, partly childish and partly profane, march off in a tawdry procession. While, with amusing audacity, they lay claim to the erection of all the cathedrals, the last great structure they have helped to rear, if we except 'the laying of stones', was their tavern in Great Queen-street—a true English 'terminus' of their constructive career; and all the hand they had in this undertaking was that which is connected with their pocket.

It would be well for them if they had been charged with no weightier sin than that of encumbering the world with a useless and profitless body. To be a harmless nonentity, to exist without an object, to do nothing and to have nothing to do, to be catalogued as 'lumber', or to be active only in convivialities, are amongst the lightest accusations which have fallen upon their heads. Even these they have met with halting vindications, their pens spluttering through some vague verborosities, and many yards of words being used to swaddle a lean and emaciated defence. Though the best causes are sometimes persecuted and maligned, it is a bad cause which is not sometimes in honour. According to their own writers, there have been

'objections which have been unceasingly urged against us,' and we hear of 'the torrent which is opposed to us.' From the same records we learn the nature of some of these accusations. For instance, the infidel Society of the Illuminati in Germany is 'said to have coalesced with the Freemasons' abroad, and 'Baron de Knigge, who, in 1782, first suggested the idea of 'illuminating the society of Freemasons,' is confessed to have 'succeeded in that object from Hanover to Copenhagen on one hand, and to Naples on the other.'¹ And yet the Freemasons profess to have an object. It is certainly vague, so vague as to involve no trouble, so ingeniously vague that even an increase of dinners might be regarded as one means of attaining it. 'Universal benevolence' is their aim; they would have 'lodges' from pole to pole; 'the true mason,' says one of their greatest writers, 'is a citizen of the world; his philanthropy extends to all the human race. . . The distant Chinese, the wild Arab, and the 'American savage will embrace a brother Briton.'² Over and over again we hear of 'Universal Benevolence'; it meets us at every turn. Now we know nothing easier than the profession of benevolence, especially of universal benevolence; the wider it is, the easier it is; for as one does not meet wild Arabs every day on Hampstead-heath, nor Chinese in Piccadilly, those who dwell in such regions may easily offer to 'embrace' them without much risk; and after all, if such benevolence leads to nothing more tangible and definite than 'embracing,' there would be no great difficulty, though a little unpleasantness, in clasping an 'American savage' in one's arms. Universal benevolence must end in profession; it cannot be carried out; we cannot ask all the world to dinner; where our sympathy 'extends to all the human race,' we know not, as a matter of practice, where to begin. The moment we fix our minds upon some particular people, or upon some particular course of action, the universal has sunk into the particular. So wide a circle as the world, so vast a waist, is difficult practically, though very easy theoretically, to span; our feelings may circumnavigate the world; but when we come to practical charity, we find ourselves tethered to some particular post, and moving in a narrow round. The sympathy of your universal philanthropists is gloriously obscure, indefinite, impracticable, and cheap; it may be indulged after dinner in a nice easy chair, on a winter's night, by a blazing fire, the curtains drawn, consisting of a few rather comfortable sighs for 'the poor folks out of doors;' they cannot house all the world, nor mount all the Arabs, nor give oil to all the Esquimaux, nor feather all the Indians. Such

¹ Illustrations of Masonry, p. 295.

² Ib. p. 5, 6.

gigantic feelings end commonly in liliputian actions. It is so with the Freemasons. A dinner or two ends the matter where all the nations of the world may come—if they can.

Thus, after we have tried to grasp this idea of Universal Benevolence, to place before our minds all the world in aprons, or to conceive some countless 'deputations' from all nations marching to some monster hall on some monster festival, in coats or skins, hats or turbans, Hottentots and Turks arm in arm, the natives of Paddington and Japan, of Pimlico and Peru,—when we come down after these conceptions to a few matter-of-fact details as to the means of carrying out so magnificent a design, we find very little machinery provided for the purpose beyond flags and orations, compasses and waiters, dish-covers and white wands. It all ends in 'being social,' as it is called. This Universal Benevolence is no more than one of the bubbles of sentiment, a mere hollow phrase, an unmeaning motto, painted on banners, and mouthed by after-dinner orators.

It is true that the Freemasons plume themselves on their charities, but their charity is of that peculiar kind which begins at home and there ends. The body helps itself; the members pay and the members receive. And when we consider the habits which such a body is almost sure to form among the middling classes, of whom it is chiefly composed, the support of a school and an almshouse is but a small atonement for the mischief which it most probably works. We are convinced much private ruin and derangement of affairs will be always found to follow the course of a society, which, whatever its high-sounding professions may be, is neither more nor less than a convivial club. Such bodies are especial snares to the tradesmen of large towns. Mr. Preston confesses that 'many have enrolled 'their names for the mere purposes of conviviality . . . or to 'please as jolly companions. . . . Hence the true knowledge of 'the art decreases with the increase of its members . . . while 'the dissipations of luxury and intemperance bury in oblivion 'principles which might have dignified the most exalted characters.'¹ To be sure, the same writer tries to fringe and flounce these 'convivialities' with some show of good. 'It cannot be 'said,' he observes, 'that Masons indulge in convivial mirth 'while the poor and needy pine for relief;' that is, a few pence are generously dispersed to expiate the self-indulgence. Modern charity is given to merry-making. It wears sometimes a Bacchanalian, sometimes a Terpsichorean form; some dance, some dine, for charity; the Freemasons choose the latter form of benevolence, giving, we infer from Mr. Preston's words,

¹ Illustrations of Masonry, p. 15.

the scraps and sweepings of the feast to 'the poor and needy' who 'pine for relief.'

And yet this Society claims to be the lineal heir of the Freemasons of old, the continuation of the old body, and then proceeds to claim for that olden body an antiquity which may well startle the most imaginative of historians. Mr. Halliwell dismisses these assertions by simply remarking that 'the modern system must be posterior to the 3d of Edward VI., and the earliest existing manuscript of the later constitutions belongs to the commencement of the seventeenth century.'

Now to unravel the history of the Freemasons of old is no easy task; it is singular what little light recent antiquarian researches have thrown upon a subject not wanting in interest. We have advanced little beyond the theories of the preceding age, and we have been unable to prop up those theories by any increase of facts. Indeed, all the views formed of the body stand, like Chinese women, on small feet, on the slender foundation of a few facts. We may, however, range the opinions of the principal writers on the subject into two classes,—the one maintaining that the fraternity was originally a corporation of architects and masons, employed solely on ecclesiastical works, composed of persons of all ranks and countries, and moving from place to place during the great church-building periods;—the other asserting that it was a secret society connected with the Templars, and merely using the terms and implements of the mason's craft as a medium of secret symbolical communication. We are inclined to soothe these opposing writers by the assurance that there may be truth in both opinions. At any rate it is not necessary positively to condemn the one by way of giving support to the other.

Now, the first and more popular view of the Freemasons is thus briefly stated in the well-known 'Glossary of Architecture':²—

'Their early history is involved in obscurity; but in the tenth century we find them established as a free guild or corporation in Lombardy: towards the close of the same century they obtained bulls from the Pope, confirming and enlarging their privileges, giving them in addition the exclusive right to build Churches throughout Christendom, making them wholly independent of the sovereigns of the different countries in which their works were carried on, and responsible to the Pope alone. Natives of all countries were admitted into their ranks; and wherever any great work was to be executed, there they assembled in sufficient numbers for the purpose; and as soon as that was completed, removed to some other, perhaps distant, work, where their services were again called for. In this manner, the spread of any improvements or discoveries was so rapid, as to appear almost simultaneous. In the words of Mr. Hope, in his "History of Architecture"

¹ History of Freemasonry, p. 47.

² Glossary, vol. i. p. 96.

—"The architects of all the sacred edifices of the Latin Church, wherever such arose—north, south, east, or west—thus derived their science from the same central school; obeyed in their designs the same hierarchy; were directed in their constructions by the same principles of propriety and taste; kept up with each other, in the most distant parts to which they might be sent, the most constant correspondence; and rendered every minute improvement the property of the whole body, and a new conquest of art."

The same view is taken by Aubrey in his 'Natural History of Wiltshire,' a manuscript in the library of the Royal Society, from which Mr. Halliwell gives the following extract:—

'Sir William Dugdale told me many yeares since, that about Henry the Third's time, the Pope gave a bull or patents to a company of Italian Freemasons, to travell up and down Europe to build churches. From those are derived the fraternity of adopted Masons. They are known to one another by certain signes and watchwords; it continues to this day. They have several lodges in severall counties for their reception, and when any of them fall into decay, the brotherhood is to relieve them, &c. The manner of their adoption is very formall, and with an oath of secrecy.'

Sir Christopher Wren, in asserting his belief that they were originally 'moveable societies of architects and workmen,' describes the government of the body:—

'The whole,' he says, 'was distributed into classes; every tenth man being called a Warden, while a Master in chief superintended the whole. They dwelt in huts near the building, and conversed by private signs. As money lessened in value, they found it necessary to demand an increase of wages; but Henry the Sixth made it a capital offence to belong to these trade combinations.'

He is here alluding to a certain act passed against the body during the minority of Henry, which runs as follows:—

'First.—Whereas, by the yearly congregations and confederacies made by the Masons in their general chapters assembled, the good course and effect of the statute of labourers be openly violated and broken, in subversion of the law, and to the great damage of all the commons: our said lord the King, willing in this case to provide remedy, by the advice and assent aforesaid, and at the special request of the said commons, hath ordained and established, That such chapters and congregations shall not be hereafter holden; and if any such be made, they that cause such chapters and congregations to be assembled and holden, if they thereof be convict, shall be judged felons; and that all the other masons that come to such chapters and congregations, be punished by imprisonment of their bodies, and make fine and ransom at the will of the King.'

'Now this act,' says Mr. Halliwell, 'instead of dissolving this corporation, "the generall chapters assemblez," which would in fact have acknowledged it as legal prior to such dissolution, forbids all the chapters and other congregations to be held, and declares all persons assembling or holding such to be felons. It appears from this that, very probably, many especial privileges were conferred by the papal see upon the trading fraternity of Freemasons, which is said to have existed in Europe during the middle ages. Further than this, that, upon the strength of these privileges,

¹ History of Freemasonry, p. 46.

² Ib. p. 43, 44.

the Freemasons had presumed to invade the established law of the land, and to arrogate to themselves an exclusive nomination of workmen. On this supposition we can account for the violation of the statute of labourers alluded to in this act.'

In Ashmole's MS. Cardinal Beaufort is said to have spoken of 'the seditious assemblies of masons, carpenters, tylers, and plaisterers, who being distasted by the late act of parliament against the excessive wages of those trades, had given out many seditious speeches and menaces against certain great men, which tended much to rebellion.'

The Act itself is of considerable importance, as it expressly asserts the existence of some vast body with a vast general 'Chapter,' altogether distinct from the local guilds or corporations of masons; and we can perfectly understand such a body in its palmy days, 'giving itself airs,' to use a homely phrase, having its 'strikes,' and affording some little trouble and anxiety to the state, especially when by the increased knowledge of ordinary masons its chief utility, as a working body, had passed away. Another Act, passed in 1548, corroborates this view of the difference between Freemasons and freemen masons, for it allows the former to practise their craft in any town in England, although not free of that town. Indeed, it is asserted, that, 'in former times, no man was made free of the 'London company of freemen masons, unless he was initiated in 'some lodge of "free and accepted masons."'

Governor Pownall, in a brief account of the Freemasons, which was read before the Antiquarian Society in the year 1788, confirms many of the facts and opinions which we have just stated. About the end of the twelfth century, he says:—

'The Pope created several corporations of Roman or Italian architects and artists, with corporate powers and exclusive privileges; particularly with the power of settling by themselves the prices of their own work and labour, independent of the municipal laws of the country wherein they worked, according as Hiram had done by the corporations of architects and mechanics which he sent to Solomon. . . . This body had a power of taking apprentices, and of admitting or *accepting* into their corporation approved masons. . . . It will be found, that claiming to hold primarily and exclusively under the Pope, they assumed a right, as Freemasons, of being exempt from the regulation of statutes of labourers. . . . They refused to conform to the statutes, which regulated the price of other labourers' work, although they were specifically mentioned therein.' The statute passed in Henry VI., put an end to their assemblies, but the societies of masons met in mere clubs, wherein continuing to observe and practise some of their ceremonies which once had a reference to their institutions, and to the foundation of powers which no longer existed, they sunk into mere mummary. In this very mummary, however, we may trace the tenor of the preamble of their charter, reciting the precedent of Hiram's forming a body of architects and artists, with corporate and exclu-

¹ Illustrations of Masonry, p. 146.

sive powers, especially with that of regulating, within their own body, the prices of their labour, which Solomon agreed to abide by (1 Kings v. 6,) when they were sent to assist him in building the House of the Lord. On this Scripture precedent so recited, the Pope, by his Charter, Diploma, or Bull, formed the Freemasons. . . . I can easily suppose that they, by a natural and flattering error, mistook the recital of this precedent for the record of a fact in the history of their society, as existing in the time of Solomon, and being the builders of the Temple, which supposed and assumed fact is now interwoven with their present mummery.¹

From these statements, there seems ground for believing in the existence of a vast organized fraternity of architects and workmen, which at least aided in the erection of the great ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages, which did not absorb the local guilds and corporations of masons, but had a separate and independent existence. Indeed, unless we believe in some such body, we know not how to account for the 'family likeness,' if we may use the term, which pervades the ecclesiastical structures of those times. We know not how to account either for the general similarity of style, nor for the singular beauty of workmanship. Even if the Clergy, as the architects of the day, by their communications with each other, were able to diffuse the various changes and inventions of new styles and new features, how could their designs have been so simultaneously, and, on the whole, so beautifully executed, even in the remotest villages, unless there had been some *moving* body of skilful workmen,—some birds of passage, who carried their skill from place to place? Let us suppose the Clergy of the present time to have discovered some new principles of construction, or some new style; let us suppose them communicating their discoveries to each other from one end of the land to the other by the easy medium of the penny-post; let us suppose them instantly to resolve on erecting two or three hundred Churches in the new style, not only in large towns, but in the sequestered nooks of distant villages,—could they get their designs worked out? Those who have been engaged in Church-building know the difficulties of getting, in remote districts, any aid but that of the coarse-fingered and clumsy workmen of the place, who are enough, literally, to 'execute' the most matchless design. There was clearly, in the middle ages, both a surprising rapidity in communicating the advances of architectural science, and some surprising system by which good workmen became almost ubiquitous. Without the brotherhood of Freemasons, we are at a loss to account for this two-fold wonder.

The writer of the Glossary, as though somewhat distrusting his first account of the Freemasons, is disposed to explain the

¹ *Archæologia*, vol. ix. p. 110.

fact insisted upon by Mr. Hope, 'that Churches, as far distant 'from each other as the north of Scotland and the south of Italy, 'are minutely similar in all the essential characteristics,' by concluding that Mr. Hope alluded to the twelfth century, and by reminding us of the conquests of the Normans, 'which at 'this period included Sicily and a part of the south of Italy.' Now, though these conquests gave as it were a passport to the Freemasons, it may be questioned whether mere conquest would of itself have so rapidly changed the architecture of the conquered districts. Again, it is perfectly true, as the same writer observes, that the same Church often exhibits the best and the coarsest workmanship. 'The very different degrees of 'excellence in the workmanship, which we find in different 'buildings of the same age, also proves that local workmen were 'employed.' But the statement tells both ways. It proves the presence, for a time, of workmen superior to those found in the neighbourhood: this very difference of skill is an almost certain test of the touch of other than 'native' 'provincial' hands. What more probable than that the Freemasons, after they had fairly started the work, left the country workmen to copy with their coarser hands the patterns which they themselves so exquisitely wrought? In some instances, we may suppose disputes about wages, causing them to march off in a 'huff,' and to leave an unfinished work, which the local masons clumsily completed as best they could.

It is remarkable, that at this present time, for a very different purpose, we have the same need of a vast moving body to execute the great works which form the principal feature of the age, though the spirit of the age has failed to unite them together in one common brotherhood. We think there is a strong resemblance between the Church work of the middle ages and the railroad work of the present day, as regards the *method of the execution*. A new want has created a new order of men. The neighbourhood through which a railroad passes fails to supply either engineers or workmen sufficient for the work, though we find constantly local workmen mixed with the moving body. If we were to suppose all the railroad engineers, the Brunels and Rennies, with all their assistants, and the 'navys,' combined in

¹ Glossary of Architecture, p. 97.

² Ib. p. 98.

³ This word will at some time prove an etymological *crux*: it originated in the systematic formation of canals throughout England; the men constructing them were termed '*navies*,' q. d. *navigators*. The recent and simultaneous construction of railways evoked a similar nomadic class, whose reappearance in our villages ten years ago recalled the days of canal making forty years ago; and the railway labourers, with many of the habits, have inherited the name of the canal-cutters; '*navies*' therefore, as applied to railway-makers, is *secundæ ætatis* as well as *intentionis*.

one fraternity, with their watch-words and peculiar privileges, we have an accurate picture of the Freemasons of old.

We have also the traces of a sister society in the middle ages, engaged on what was always considered as a sister work, we mean, the work of bridge-building.

'It seems not improbable,' we read in the journal of the Archæological Association, 'that societies or lodges of bridge-builders existed at an early period, and that they were relics of the policy of Roman times; but the history of such societies is involved in great obscurity. The Church appears to have taken them up and encouraged them in the twelfth century, and then they were endowed with a certain religious character. . . . A college, or religious fraternity of bridge-builders, was formed at Avignon, and Benezet (the builder of the bridge there) placed at their head. His name occurs as their Prior in 1187; but it seems to be not quite clear whether this was the first foundation of the order, or whether it had existed before he offered himself to undertake the erection of the bridge. The order of bridge-builders at Avignon, with the peculiar love of punning which characterized the middle ages, were called "*fratres pontificales*;" and sometimes "*fratres pontis*," and "*factores pontium*." The fraternity of bridge-builders soon extended its influence into other parts of France, and appears to have existed in tolerable action through the thirteenth century. It declined and became forgotten, when the extension of science and mechanical knowledge rendered its efforts no longer necessary. . . . The members of the fraternity are said by some to have worn as their badge, the figure of a mason's hammer on their breast. According to Ducange, their dress was a white vest, with the sign of a bridge and cross of cloth on the breast.

'Our information relating to these fraternities of bridge-builders is at present very unsatisfactory. It is probable there were similar companies in other countries, such as Italy, Spain, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, &c., as we find many bridges built in those countries during the period, under the direction of ecclesiastics; but at present it is impossible to say how far they were connected with each other.'

The footmarks of the bridge-builders seem as faint as those of the Freemasons, and yet in the account of the former brotherhood we seem to be almost repeating word for word the history which we had just given of the latter. If, indeed, both fraternities were in their full work during the twelfth century, and afterwards declined, it is not surprising that their track should be hard accurately to discern. What traces will be left of the 'navys,' the constructors of our modern wonders, except the works themselves, and some faint allusions to them in the cotemporary literature? Both these societies, by gradually enlightening the world, paved the way for their own decline; their power, as bodies, gradually gave way, as the districts which they taught caught something of their science and their skill; and as the building accounts which have reached us relate principally to those later periods, when they were beginning to

sink into a mere nominal existence, so we can thus account for their silence concerning them.

Now, in noticing the resemblance between the *Fratres Pontificales*, and the Freemasons, we are led at once to observe the ecclesiastical character of both. Ecclesiastics, in both bodies, formed as it were the head. 'It must be borne in mind,' says the writer of the Glossary, 'that the body of Freemasons was strictly ecclesiastical, the Pope being at their head; and the leading members were the Bishops and higher orders of the Clergy, who being the only educated body, were almost of necessity the sole architects of that period.'

As to the secrets of the Church-building body, they were probably of three kinds. First, the watchwords and symbols, which were common to the whole body, and equally possessed by the architects and working men; next, the knowledge of masons' work, which the craftsmen possessed; and, lastly, the science of architecture, the mystery indeed, which the Clergy and those superior minds which they chose to enlighten, were alone able to pierce; or, to divide them into two classes,—there were the watchwords, by which all the members of the body communicated with each other, and there were the secrets of knowledge, whether of an operative or scientific kind. Esoteric and exoteric teaching was a part of this school of architecture, and while all had one common bond of union, there were the higher 'degrees' of knowledge, which the few only were able to scale. We must remember that, in those times, every art and science was looked upon as a mystery, every craft had its own symbols and watchwords, its solemn form of initiation, and its oath taken thereat. Each particular branch of knowledge was treated as a secret, and the craftsmen were slow to communicate to any out of their own body, even the alphabet and easiest principles of their art. Of course, even now, every trade and profession has its own secrets; but there is not the same wide gulf between the initiated and uninitiated as of old; there was a love of secrecy for very secrecy's sake, and what could be communicated was jealously withheld. Every calling kept to itself, a custom which hindered the advancement of real knowledge, as one subject illustrates and helps another. Thus the chemist and agriculturist, at one time separated from each other, are now co-operating for the common good. There was then a tendency to suppress rather than diffuse knowledge, and the ambiguous meaning of the word 'Craft,' may be traced to the spirit of the times. It is in this spirit that Maturin Jousse calls his treatise '*Secret d'Architecture*;' and thus Sir James Hall gives it as his opinion, 'that pointed architecture was one of the secrets of Freemasons,' and quotes the opinion of Mr.

Browne, of York, 'that the working principles of ecclesiastical architecture were founded on schemes analogous to the principles of the doctrine of the Trinity; and that there is a great probability of the schemes having, in olden times, constituted a principal secret in the sublime degrees of Freemasonry; and that the Bishops, Priests, and other distinguished personages of the Roman Catholic Church, were nearly the sole professors of that degree; and that they styled the principal secret of their order, the "Art of finding new arts."¹ So much then for the first theory.

Now the second theory has still fewer facts to stand upon, as far as we can ascertain; yet it is stoutly maintained by many writers, that the Freemasons were a secret Society which rose, according to Chevalier Ramsay, during the Crusades, and which, according to Barruel, was a continuation of the Order of Knights Templars. Without considering ourselves to have an extravagant love of traditions, those unwritten voices of old time, which hang like mists in the air, we cannot bring ourselves to dismiss this theory at once as a mere crude imagination, a thing of air and fancy. At the same time we confess ourselves to be at a loss for facts. In this dilemma we are disposed to examine the system of modern Freemasonry; for though there is no ground whatever for connecting the modern body either with the old Church-building corporation, or with the supposed Secret Society, it is evident they possess the relics and cast-off clothes of some deceased Fraternity. They did not invent all the symbolism they possess. It came from others; and hence, setting aside their own interpretation of the hieroglyphics in their possession, it is simply to be decided whether their rites and hieroglyphics seem to have the characteristics of a mere Architectural Brotherhood or of a secret order. They themselves have equipped themselves in the ancient garb as they best could, but with evident ignorance of the original mode of investiture; and while we are perfectly content to have our own conjectures scared away as a mere idle dream, we cannot but smile at the many labyrinthine folds in which they have entangled themselves. They suggest to us the perplexity into which some simple Hot-tentot would fall, if the full dress regimentals and equipments of the 10th Hussars were laid at his feet, and he were to induct himself without instruction into the mystic and confusing habiliments. Now when we exhume the symbols and emblems of which modern Freemasons are possessed, and which they have buried beneath mountains of rhapsody and jargon, when we put the naked elements before us without the padding and disguises

¹ Illustrations of Masonry, p. 112.

of modern dress, we begin to see that they might *possibly* have fitted a Secret Society—we speak throughout only of possibilities. The first thing to be done, is, to classify the elements of their symbolism, and by this process of dissection we shall arrive at three different species of symbols, metaphors, and emblems; first, such as are derived from the various forms of heathenism, such as the sun, the serpent, light, darkness, &c.; secondly, such as are derived from the Mason's craft, as square, compasses, &c.; and thirdly, such as are derived from the Holy Land. The Ark of the Covenant, the Temple of Solomon, the East, the Cherubims, the Dove, the Rainbow, the Ark of Noah, the Ladder of Jacob, Master of Israel, Priestly Order of Israel, Grand Kadesh, Order of Misraim, Knights of the East,—all these terms are found in the Masonic body or its offshoots.

Now it is remarkable that the first two species of symbols, those derived from heathen worship, and those derived from the Mason's craft, are found to have been actually in use in one of the most powerful of the Secret Societies of the middle ages; a coincidence which gives some sort of colour to the opinion that there was a Secret Society, calling themselves Freemasons by way of disguise. Thus Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of *Anne of Geierstein*, in which he unfolds to us somewhat of the mysterious history of 'the Holy Vehme,' puts the following lines into the mouths of a chorus of that secret order:—

'Measurers of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level;
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six from end to end
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the East the Court assembles,
On the West the Accused trembles;
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?'

Here we see at once the use of *masonic* symbolism; and if we follow Sir F. Palgrave into his interesting account of this singular order, we shall find that the Holy Vehme laid claim to *heathen* descent, and somewhat imitated the *heathen mysteries*.

'In Germany,' he says, 'there existed a singular jurisdiction, which claimed a direct descent from the Pagan policy and mystic ritual of the earliest Teutons. . . . It was of the very essence of the Court that it should be held beneath the sky, and by the light of the sun. All the ancient Teutonic assemblies were held in the open air; but some relics of solar worship may, perhaps, be traced in the usage and language of this tribunal. . . . The court itself is composed of Freyschöppfen, Scabini, or Echevins,

nominated by the Graff, and who were divided into two classes, the ordinary and the "Wissenden" or "Witan," who were admitted under a strict and singular bond of secrecy. The initiation of these, the participators in all the mysteries of the tribunal, could only take place upon "the red earth," or within the limits of the ancient duchy of Westphalia. Bareheaded and ungirt, the candidate is conducted before the dread tribunal. He is interrogated as to his qualifications. . . . If his answers are satisfactory, he then takes the oath that he will conceal the secrets of the Holy Vehme; . . . whether restrained by the fear of punishment or the stronger ties of mystery, no instance was ever known of any violation of the secrets of the tribunal. Thus connected by an invisible bond, the members of the "Holy Vehme" became extremely numerous. In the fourteenth century the league contained upwards of one hundred thousand members. Persons of every rank sought to be associated to this powerful community.

¹ The singular and mystic forms of initiation, the system of enigmatical phrases, the use of signs and symbols of recognition, may probably be ascribed to the period when the whole system was united with the worship of the Deities of Vengeance. . . . Of this connexion with ancient pagan policy, so clearly to be traced in the Icelandic courts, the English territorial jurisdictions offer some very faint vestiges.¹

Now, in thus unfolding some of the characteristics of one of the great Secret Societies, we certainly see a wonderful agreement between their symbols and metaphorical modes of speech and those of the Freemasons. In the Vehmique Institution we have the 'square,' 'line,' 'level,' and other implements of the mason's craft, and also those derived from heathen mysteries, the supposed marks of their heathen descent. All Secret Societies had probably much in common, and, bent on heightening the mystery of their origin, were likely to adopt the mystic traditions of heathenism which yet lingered in the world. The modern Freemasons, besides their use of the symbols borrowed from the mason's trade, are perpetually claiming for their secret rites a connexion with the heathen mysteries, and they have the common emblems of heathen worship. The most mystic and most magniloquent Dr. Oliver, of whom we shall say more hereafter, takes one of his bold Munchausen flights upon this matter. 'It is an extraordinary fact,' he says, 'that there is scarcely a single ceremony in Free Masonry, but we find its corresponding rite in one or other of the idolatrous mysteries; and the coincidence can only be accounted for by supposing that these mysteries were derived from Masonry.'² As we have already said, the Secret Societies borrowed their rites of initiation, their whole apparatus of mystery, from heathen systems. We must also remember that the Holy Vehme was in the height of its power during the fourteenth century, and it was in that century that the sun of the Templars set so stormily.

¹ Palgrave on the Rise and Progress of the English Constitution. Proofs and Illustrations, p. 157.

² Oliver's Lectures, p. 109.

We now come to the third class of metaphors, symbols, ceremonies, &c., which are derived from the Holy Land; in other words, they are of a *Crusading* character. This fact favours the presumption that the supposed Secret Society was connected with the Templars. Foremost amongst the objects which stand in the modern Freemason's mind is the Temple of Solomon. It yields them a multitude of emblems; it is continually spoken of in their books; it supplies a host of symbols for their lodges and processions. Governor Pownall has given perhaps the most rational solution of this importance attached to the Temple of Solomon in the modern Masonic system, which we have already laid before our readers; but as we have plunged into theories, we are ready to be a little Quixotic in our defence of the theory before us. That this use of the Temple of Solomon may be traced to some connexion between a body of Freemasons and the Templars, we are disposed to number among the possibilities, if not the probabilities, that are in the world. At first sight the Temple of *Solomon* seems to have no connexion with the Templars. The modern Freemasons saw no connexion; they found in their relics continual mention of this the *first* Temple; they had to account for these allusions. Finding the implements of the mason's craft in their hand, they 'put things together,' as the phrase is, and leapt with the leaping-pole of imagination to the conclusion, that the erection of the first Temple was alluded to, and that Freemasonry arose from the circumstances of that erection; the building of that Temple and the mason's tools seemed to fit in with each other; the riddle seemed to be read; and accordingly we have a great deal of grave babbling about the antiquity of their Order. 'It is generally believed,' says Dr. Oliver, 'that Masonry took its rise at the building of King Solomon's Temple.' 'They are said,' quaintly observes the writer of the Glossary, in answer to this amusing assertion, 'to have introduced the art of building in stone. It is more reasonable to suppose, that the art of building stone walls is as old as stone quarries, than that this Society is as ancient as Solomon's Temple.' When we inquire into the history of the Templars we instantly come to a more reasonable solution of the constant use of the term. The order was called 'the Knighthood of the *Temple of Solomon*,' not in allusion to the first Temple built by Solomon, but to their hospital or residence at Jerusalem, which was so called to distinguish it from the Temple erected on the site of that destroyed by Titus.

'On the conquest of Jerusalem by the Arabians,' says Mr. Addison, in his valuable account of the Templars, 'it was the first care of the Caliph Omar to rebuild the Temple of the Lord This great house of prayer,

the most holy Mussulman Temple in the world after Mecca, is erected over the spot "where Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem on Mount Moriah" . . . on the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, the crescent was torn down from the summit of this great Mussulman Temple, and was replaced by an immense golden cross, and the edifice was then consecrated to the services of the Christian religion, but retained its simple appellation of the "Temple of the Lord." . . . To the south of this holy Mussulman Temple, on the extreme edge of the summit of Mount Moriah, stands the venerable Christian church of the Virgin, erected by the Emperor Justinian . . . on the conquest of Jerusalem by the Moslems, this venerable church was called "D'jamé al Acsa"; it was enclosed, together with the great Mussulman Temple of the Lord erected by the Caliph Omar, within a large area by a high stone wall.'

'When the Holy City was taken by the Crusaders, the D'jamé al Acsa, with the various buildings constructed round it, became the property of the kings of Jerusalem; and is denominated by William of Tyre, "*the palace or royal house south of the Temple of the Lord, vulgarly called the Temple of Solomon*." It was this edifice or temple on Mount Moriah which was appropriated to the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ, as they had no Church and no particular abode.'

'Est præterea,' says William of Tyre, '*Hierosolymis Templum aliud immensæ quantitatis et amplitudinis, à quo fratres militiæ Templi, Templarii nominantur, quod Templum Salomonis nuncupatur, forsitan ad distinctionem alterius quod specialiter Templum Domini appellatur.*'

Now, when we find a body said to be derived from the Templars, leaving among the plumage with which the modern Society has clumsily adorned itself so much mention of the Temple of Solomon, there seems some sort of ground for believing in the supposed connexion.

And while we are speaking of the objects connected with the Crusades, we come to the curious fact, that the modern Freemasons have thrown out a shoot or sucker, which they call 'the Order of Knights Templars.' As though they could not themselves manage all the mystic property which came into their possession, they have assigned to a daughter Society a large stock of their terms and symbols. It will probably surprise some of our readers to hear, that in the midst of this plodding ledger-loving generation, in which the associative principle breaks out in money-making 'companies,' which meet the modern passion for a good per centage, not as of old in orders of Chivalry,—an order of chivalry still exists, that there are still Knights Templars amongst us, meeting in taverns, singing songs, making speeches, putting on their knighthood for the night, and condescending in the day to measure tapes, to endorse deeds, to fill pill-boxes, and to cut soap. It is from this daughter of the Freemasons, from 'the Masonic Knights Templars,' as they are called, we get the greatest number of Crusading terms. The following ludicrously solemn account of their proceedings will be found to be full of Crusading language. 'The Supreme Council

‘ for England and the Dependencies of the British Crown, of
‘ Sov. Gr. Insp. Gen. of the 33d Degree of the Ancient and
‘ Accepted rite held on Solemn Convocation, at their Grand
‘ East, on Tuesday, the 1st day of December, 1846, at the
‘ Freemasons’ Hall, London, which being closed, all S. P. of the
‘ R. S. of the 32d Degree, were admitted to their respective
‘ ceremonials.

‘ A Grand College of G. E. Knights of the 30th Degree was
‘ holden on Thursday, the 3d of December.

‘ All Knights of St. Andrew of the 29th Degree, and all
‘ Knights of the Sun of the 28th Degree, were invited to present
‘ themselves at four.

‘ A Sovereign Chapter of Rose Croix of H. R. D. M. was
‘ holden at the place and on the day above mentioned.’¹ A
dinner, of course, ended these proceedings, and we read that
‘ Brother Bacon, to commemorate the day, introduced a new
‘ refection, viz.—*soup*, “*Supreme Council!*”’

We have now touched upon the three classes of their emblems,
figurative forms of speech, and their ceremonies; we saw that
the two first were those held in common with one of the great
Secret Societies, and the last held by the Templars; and thus
the dissection of the symbolism in possession of the modern
Society, seems to favour the opinion that there was some secret
Society of Freemasons connected with the Templars, probably
about the time of their suppression. There is little else to sup-
port this opinion. The remaining evidence is slight; it amounts
to no more than this, that according to the modern Masonic writers,
the old Fraternity was under the patronage of the Master of the
Order of St. John, A.D. 1500. The Hospitallers of St. John,
once the rivals, became the successors of the Templars and
absorbed a large portion of their revenues at the time of their
suppression. This would account for the connexion between the
Freemasons and the Order of St. John. We should state also
that the Grand Festivals of the modern Order are held on St.
John’s Day. In one of the old Lectures of Freemasonry, the
tradition is asserted, ‘ that in the time of the Palestine wars the
‘ Masonic Knights, having united with those of St. John of
‘ Jerusalem to fight against the infidels, they placed themselves
‘ under the protection of that saint, and proving victorious in
‘ battle, they agreed, after returning thanks to God, that the
‘ Lodges of Masons should for ever be dedicated to God and
‘ holy St. John.’

We have now done our best for the two theories which we
find floating about the world. Supposing that there is truth in

¹ Freemasons’ Quarterly Review, No. xvi. p. 448.

both, it does not seem improbable to suppose, that at the time of the suppression of the Templars, a new secret society was then formed, which adopted the title of 'The Freemasons' to escape suspicion; or, that the Freemasons, which, as a working practical body, was on the point of dying away, was changed into a secret society; or perhaps the higher degrees, the inner circle, the imperium in imperio, merged themselves into a secret society.

We have thrown out these remarks on ancient Freemasonry with much diffidence; and we confess that what we have said of the latter of the two theories before us may be treated as entirely chimerical; but our wish is, rather to provoke some careful examination of the subject, to rouse some true antiquarian spirits from their lair, than to be satisfied with our own skirmishings on this misty field of antiquarianism.

Having thus plodded our way through the more sober theories concerning the Freemasons of old, we hasten to enliven our readers with the more sprightly and vivacious accounts of the modern Masonic annalists, who display in their histories a haughty independence of facts, and make up for the scarcity of evidence by a surprising fecundity of invention. 'Speculative Masonry,' as they call it, seems to have favoured them with a large portion of her airy materials, and with ladders, scaffolding, and bricks of air, they have run up their historical structures with wonderful ease. The Livys of the Masonic commonwealth are far from willing to let their Rome have either a mean or unknown beginning. While we confess ourselves baffled by the darkness which thickens round the birth and beginnings of the old fraternity, they rather revel in the obscurity, and with cat-like vision, see through the longest and darkest tunnels of antiquity. 'Cut boldly,' was the soothsayer's advice; 'see boldly,' is theirs. There are minds which seem to rejoice in the misty regions of doubt, which see best in the dark, which have a sensation of being handcuffed when they are tied to proofs and documents; they despise those stubborn facts, the mules of history, on which safe historians are content to ride down the crags and precipices of olden times. 'Inveniam viam, aut faciam;' I will find my facts, or make them; so say the masonic writers. They have the same contempt for plain plodding historians which we can conceive a stoker of the Great Western dashing out of Paddington would feel for an ancient couple, could such be seen, jogging leisurely out of town in pillion-fashion on their old sober mare, with the prospect of a week's journey to Bath. They drive the 'Express trains' of history. While we are groping and floundering amid the fens and bogs of the seventh, and eighth, and ninth centuries, they look upon such times as the mere suburbs of the present age,—'the easy

distance from town.' They dash past centuries, as railroad trains whisk by milestones. For ourselves we see nothing of Freemasons before the seventh century; we cannot even scent the breath of a reasonable rumour. But if we put ourselves under the charge of the most sober and matter-of-fact of Masonic historians, away we are skurried from the seventh century to the sixth, from the sixth to the fifth, from the fifth to the fourth, to the third, to the second, till with dizzy heads, and our breath gone, we find ourselves put down by the Temple of Solomon.

And all this is the result of mere courage in assertion; ask for chronicles, documents, manuscripts, and they speak with mystic solemnity of their 'traditions,' their '*littera non scripta*;' they mumble many hints about 'the secrets of their order,' and shake their heads with grave and self-complacent significance, as though they could say more if they might. Now, when we are thus gravely brought to the building of Solomon's Temple, and the pedigree of this modern brotherhood traced up to Solomon himself and his workmen, we expect at last to see them beginning to smile; we think they have been putting on that mock gravity which is always said to heighten jocosity; we of course think they have intended to be jocose; at last we begin to smile ourselves, as though they were waiting to see our appreciation of their supposed humour; but they are quite in earnest; it is no laughing matter; they are not inflicting upon us, as we had naturally thought, a dull satire on the pretensions of historians; there is not a spark of irony or severe pleasantry. Look, for instance, at the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D., M.A.S.E. a P.D.P. G.M. for Lincolnshire, Past D.G.M. of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, U.S.; he is quite in earnest.

There is really something wonderfully refreshing, in such a dry and hard-featured an age as this, to find so much imagination at work. After having pored through crabbed chronicles, mouldy manuscripts with malicious and perverse contractions, ragged and mildewed letters, illegible and faded diaries,—after having been jolted in such a course of study through a thousand rough contradictions, counter-statements, and contentions of opposing chroniclers, it is quite refreshing to glide along the smooth and glassy road of imaginative history. Of course, where there is any dealing with the more hackneyed facts of history we must expect a little eccentricity and some looseness of statement; we cannot travel quickly and cautiously too. Thus the Doctor of Divinity, before mentioned, somewhat startles us by an assertion respecting the destruction of *Solomon's Temple*. '*Its destruction by the Romans, as predicted, was fulfilled in the most minute particulars; and on the same authority,*

'we are quite certain it will never be rebuilt.' He is simply mistaking the second temple for the first.

When indeed we put ourselves under the convoy of the bolder Masonic writers, we learn to look upon Freemasonry as quite a middle-aged personage in the times of Solomon. We find ourselves whirled back to the times of Joshua, who is said, a little before his death, to have 'convened a general meeting of 'all the lodges, and delivered a charge containing the grand 'principles of Masonry. . . we now come,' continues the doctor, 'to the history of Jephtha, in whose time a Masonic test was 'instituted, which remains in full force to this day, and will do 'to the end of time.' Thence he takes us to the times of Moses, who 'modelled Masonry . . . himself being grand master, and 'Bezaleel and Aholiab grand wardens . . . As a means of securing the practice of Masonry among the children of Israel . . . 'Moses convened a general or grand assembly of all the lodges, 'whether of speculative or operative Masonry . . . and he 'remodelled Masonry into so perfect a system, and circumscribed 'its mysteries by landmarks so significant and unalterable, that 'from him its transmission was little liable to perversion or 'error.' Next we are told, that Joseph 'excelled all his brethren 'in the knowledge of Masonry, which excited their envy and 'hatred in the highest degree;' and then Abraham is asserted to have 'reformed the rites of Masonry,' and to have 'taught 'them the superiority of Masonry over the absurd rites of idolatry.' Earlier still, Enoch practised Masonry, of which he 'was now installed grand master; while we read of Seth, that he 'was admitted to a participation in the mysteries of Masonry, 'to which study he applied himself with the most diligent assiduity . . . Associating with himself the most virtuous men of 'his age, they formed lodges, and discussed the great principles 'of Masonry with freedom, fervency, and zeal.' It is not indeed till we come to 'Antediluvian Masonry,' that Dr. Oliver confesses that he indulges in any mere conjecture; and even these conjectures he does not rank with common uncertain 'guesses at truth.' 'Antediluvian Masonry,' he remarks, 'depending in a 'great measure upon oral tradition, from the paucity of records 'ascending to those ages, some degree of conjecture must necessarily be used; but these conjectures, at all times, however 'distinguishable from fact, being founded on the strongest and 'most irrefragable supposition, will amount to nearly the same 'thing as direct proof.'¹ With this all but certainty of conjecture he asserts, that Adam was 'taught that science which is now termed Masonry.'

¹ Antiquities of Freemasonry, p. 7.

Now, we might have thought that the Masonic divine would have stopped here; but no such thing. 'From the commencement of the world,' says the celebrated Preston, 'we may trace the foundation of Masonry;' 'but,' adds the doctor, 'ancient Masonic traditions say, and I think justly, that our science existed before the creation of this globe, and was diffused amidst the numerous systems with which the grand empyreum of universal space is furnished.'¹ We will not follow him into the irreverent rhapsodies into which he proceeds to draw his readers.

While our readers by this time will have discerned the beginnings of considerable profaneness, they will also be in doubt what Masonry, according to Dr. Oliver, really is. The doctor, indeed, feels that he must somewhat explain his meaning; but, as is common with explanations, he only heightens our puzzlement, when he tells us that he has 'used the appellation, Masonry, as the acknowledged designation of our science in its present form, though it was not known by that name during any of the periods I have attempted to elucidate.'² Nor are we a whit less confused when we are told, that 'speculative Masonry is a sphere without dimensions; it fills all space, extends through all extent; its centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere!'³ It is true, that he proceeds to give a more intelligible but not less daring account of this mysterious universal something, when he says, that 'the true definition of Masonry, is a science which includes all others.'⁴ 'Masonry is the perfection of all the arts and sciences:' 'faith, hope, charity, fortitude, temperance, and justice, united with grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy, form constituent parts of the one science of Masonry.'⁵ These lofty pretensions lead naturally to the more noble interpretation of the word than that which the uninitiated dictionaries commonly attach to it; the ingenious imagination of Dr. Oliver recoils at the narrow view of the word which would connect it with 'the craft or performance of a mason,' as it is explained in one of the last editions of Dr. Johnson. Accordingly he asserts, that the word 'Masonry, when first adopted, was merely a corruption of *Meo-upaveo*, *sum in medio celi*; which name was applied to the science about A.M. 3490.'⁶ In short, everything is Masonry, and Masonry everything. Such is the trash, the stuff which is gravely printed and gravely read in the nineteenth century.

It would be well indeed if Dr. Oliver and his fellow-writers were only ridiculous; the amount of profanity in their works

¹ Antiquities of Freemasonry, p. 26.

⁴ Ib. p. 18.

⁵ Ib. p. 24.

² Ib. p. 18.

³ Ib. preface, p. xii.

⁶ Oliver's Antiquities, p. 15.

shocks us at every page; and while we cannot but sometimes smile at the flights of nonsense sublime, we find such grossly irreverent quotations and applications of Holy Scripture, that sorrow, and indignation, and grief, are continually extinguishing our mirth. If the whole body of Freemasons were only ridiculous, if they had contented themselves with being merely a convivial benefit club, however we might have privately condemned all such convivial associations, we should have passed them by. They might have pleased themselves, like full-grown children, with the bombastic puerilities of their foolish ceremonies, and marched round the world in their aprons, like a community of waiters, to their hearts' content. But they are not content with being a mere secular society. They take high and grave ground; they try to consecrate their convivialities; to invest their mummeries with a solemn religious character; they babble Scripture at their feasts, and thus, by a prominent assertion of religiousness, they provoke Christian men to investigate their religious claims, and to expose the utter rottenness of that religious principle of which they so loudly boast. Let them keep to their taverns, let them have their songs and their dinners, and silence would have been our best condemnation of their tavern life; but when they would fringe their tablecloths with texts, and patch religious sentiments into after-dinner orations, and invite men to take Herod's oath, not knowing what they swear, and strut round their rooms with Bibles, and squares, and compasses, in strange confusion, and preachify amid all the fumes of their festivities,—then we must expose the principles of a body, which, in this their religious character, is opposed, not to the Church only, but to the very vaguest and most indefinite forms of the Christian faith. That we may mete out the most scrupulous measure of justice, we shall not have recourse to the arguments even of the most impartial of their adversaries, but shall confine ourselves entirely to the evidence of their own writers, and judge them out of their own mouths.

If indeed we quote chiefly from the works of one of their own principal chaplains, in examination of their religious tenets, we are taking the very fairest method of ascertaining what their religious principles really are.

Now we said, that they claimed to be essentially a religious society. We obtained this assertion from themselves.

'Speculative Masonry,' says Dr. Oliver, 'is nothing else but a system of Ethics founded on a belief of a God . . . and incites to the pure worship of the Creator.'¹

¹ Oliver's Antiquities, p. 28.

Again:—

‘ One grand principle of ancient Masonry was, to preserve alive in men’s minds the true knowledge of God, and the great idea of an atonement for sin by animal sacrifice.’¹ ‘ The connexion between Masonry and Religion is absolute and cannot be destroyed.’ ‘ The universal diffusion of Masonry this day proclaims to the rest of mankind, that its pedestal is Religion.’² ‘ The furniture of our pedestal plainly intimates that the object of all our researches is the glory of God.’ ‘ Our secrets embrace, in a comprehensive manner, human science and divine knowledge.’ ‘ Religion was the only foundation on which our Order could be securely placed; for no institution can be firm or permanent which is not supported by the favour and protection of the Deity. . . . Masonry, pure and uncontaminated with earthly abominations, shall triumph over the general and universal dissolution.’³ ‘ The great and prominent truth to be illustrated in these views of Masonry is, that religion, or the genuine worship of God, was the chief object of Masonic practice in the primitive ages of the world. And this may be deduced from the existence of pure Masonry at the present day; for, had it been erected on any other foundation but the glory of God,—had it been instituted solely to exalt human wisdom, or to promote human greatness,—it would have been but as a fitting sunbeam, which passeth away and leaves no trace behind.’⁴ ‘ Our pedestal is furnished with the book of God’s word, which is considered the great light of faith, to direct all our motions, and inspire us with the rich hope which it contains; our lodges are dedicated to God and holy St. John Evangelist; and the unequivocal posture of one of our most sacred ceremonies is, bended knees, erect body, and faithful heart.’⁵

These quotations are plain enough; they might be multiplied to almost any extent; but they suffice to show that the modern Freemasons claim to be an essentially *religious brotherhood*. Nay, they consider Freemasonry, whatever it is, as an actual revelation, as a divine gift, as an institution of God. Thus Dr. Oliver asserts, that ‘ Masonry *originated* with God; like that ‘ eternal Being, it existed before time was, and shall exist when ‘ time shall be no more.’⁶ ‘ If the government of the Jewish ‘ church, established under the immediate superintendence of ‘ God, or if the Christian church, modelled by Jesus Christ, be ‘ considered as specimens of perfection, *the same must be admitted ‘ of Freemasonry.*’⁷ ‘ The great Architect of the universe was the ‘ *founder of Masonry.*’⁸

And now let us see what this religion is. We might suppose—we ought to suppose—that a body which can procure the services of priests of the English Church as its chaplains must needs be a Christian body; we ought to suppose that Christian priests would shrink in horror from giving their religious services to a professedly religious society, which was utterly, plainly, unequivocally anti-christian, or unchristian in its cha-

¹ Oliver’s Antiquities, p. 42.

⁴ Ib. pp. 79, 80.

⁵ Ib. p. 246.

² Ib. preface, p. xiv.

⁶ Ib. p. 93.

⁷ Ib. p. 257.

³ Ib. p. 11.

⁸ Ib. p. 26.

racter. We grieve to be constrained to say, that all such suppositions are entirely false; what ought to be, is not. However fearful a thing it is to say, yet so it is, that clergy of the English Church are found acting as clergy to a body which rejects the profession of Christ's religion. In short the religion of the Freemasons is neither more nor less than *plain, downright, undisguised, unequivocal Deism*. Whatever their Christian chaplains may say, or their Christian members, a deistical body it is; a deistical body we shall prove it to be from their own writers; nay, their chaplain, Dr. Oliver, shall prove it for us out of his own pages.

First of all, we turn to the authorised 'constitutions' of the fraternity, the first rule of which proclaims the *religious* character of the body, for it is thus headed 'Concerning God and religion;' the rule itself, which is a formal and official exponent of their religious views, runs thus, 'Though in ancient times masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was; yet it is now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that *religion in which all men agree*, leaving their particular opinions to themselves;' ¹ *i. e.* an exhausting process is to be applied till all the distinctive features of all the various religions in the world are gone, till all the opposing dogmas are drained out, till we come down to the lowest form of religion, and accommodate ourselves to that lowest form, till, in short, we have come to that which can just be called religion, which is but one remove from atheism.

All has to be pared away and suppressed, and rejected, and lopped off, till we come to that one universal dogma, that there is a God; anything more than this would be a breach of their rule; anything less than this would be a breach of it: we must not rise above the most naked deism; we must not sink below it. We are not to be more than deists, we are just not to be atheists. This is 'the one religion in which all men agree;' and this is the religion of Freemasons. The Christian is to suppress all that is peculiarly Christian, the Jew all that is peculiarly Jewish, the Mahomedan all that is peculiar to the Koran; and then casting off their peculiar doctrines of Christianity, Judaism, Mahomedanism, as hindrances and stumbling-blocks in the way of universal benevolence, as the mere excrescences, as it were, of the one universal religion, Christians, Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, are to join together in one *religious* brotherhood. Here we have the creed of the Freemasons; here their grand religious basis; here the features of a most complete deistical catholicity, which is to absorb all the

¹ Constitutions of the Freemasons, Part v. p. 351.

great doctrines of the Christian religion, and, instead of placing before us a holy catholic and apostolic Church of Christ, invites men to join in an unholy deistical catholic alliance. Truly among the yearnings for catholicity that break out in an irregular and defective way, this is the worst.

The same view, with equal distinctness and equal boldness, is still further expressed in the second rule of the sixth section, in which we read, that there are to be no 'quarrels about religion, or nations, or state policy, we being only, 'as masons, of *the catholic religion* above mentioned.' And yet it is into this deistical catholicity that Christian men, nay Christian priests, are found to cast themselves. It is this sort of 'catholics' which wants to come in procession to our Christian churches, and on their show days to have Christian services, and to be honoured by the Christian Church; and it is the withholding the Christian ministrations of the Church from this deistical brotherhood which is proclaimed as an act of narrow-minded bigotry.

But from their creed, as stated in their constitutions, let us pass on to their prayers. The fact that they have prayers, is proof that they do in some sort carry out their profession of being a *religious body*. 'A lodge,' says Dr. Oliver, 'is never opened without a solemn appeal to the Deity, and a humble supplication of his blessing.' The character of their prayers gives the very strongest evidence of the character of their religion. In Preston's 'Illustrations of Masonry,' one of their chief standard works, edited by Dr. Oliver, and now in its fifteenth edition, we find the following authorised forms of prayer.

' A Prayer used at opening the Lodge.

' May the favour of Heaven be upon this meeting! and as it is happily begun, may it be conducted in order, and closed in harmony! So mote it be.'¹

' A Prayer used at closing the Lodge.

' May the blessing of Heaven rest upon us, and on all regular masons throughout the world! may brotherly love prevail, and beautify and cement us with every moral and social virtue! So mote it be.'

' A Prayer used at Initiation.

' Vouchsafe thine aid, Almighty Father of the universe, to this our present convention! and grant, that this candidate for masonry may dedicate and devote his life to thy service, and become a true and faithful brother amongst us! Endue him with a competency of thy Divine Wisdom; that by the secrets of this art, he may be the better enabled to display the beauties of godliness, to the honour of thy holy name! So mote it be.'²

¹ Constitutions, p. 356.

² Preston's Illustrations, p. 29.

³ Oliver's Antiquities, p. 246.

⁴ Ib. p. 32.

In their funeral service:—

‘ Most glorious God! author of all good, and giver of all mercy! pour down thy blessings upon us, and strengthen all our solemn engagements with the ties of fraternal affection! May the present instance of mortality remind us of our approaching fate; and draw our attention to Thee, the only refuge in time of need, that when the awful moment shall arrive, that we are about to quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of thy mercy may dispel the gloom of death; and that, after our departure hence, in peace and in thy favour, we may be received into thine everlasting kingdom, and there enjoy, in union with the souls of our departed friends, the just reward of a pious and virtuous life. Amen.’¹

It is true that Dr. Oliver says of their burial service, which, besides this prayer, contains a long deistical exhortation, that he ‘ greatly doubts whether it could be consistently performed;’ but the consistency here alluded to is clearly not the doctor’s but that of the Church. He need not have ‘ doubted,’ but said plainly, what he knows full well, that such a service cannot be performed consistently with the rules of the Church, and that a clergyman, by consenting to use it, would commit an ecclesiastical offence. We are convinced no clergyman could use it, nor layman join in it, consistently with his Christian profession.

In laying the foundation stones of public buildings precisely the same sort of prayers are offered; the following were used at Edinburgh:—

‘ May the bountiful hand of Heaven supply this city with abundance of corn, wine, and oil, and all the other conveniences of life! As we have now laid the foundation-stone, may the Grand Architect of the Universe, of his kind providence, enable us to carry on and finish the work which we have now begun; may he be a guard to this place, and the city in general; and may he preserve it from decay and ruin to the latest posterity.’²

On the same occasion, the grand master thus addressed the magistrates:—

‘ In the name of the craft of free and accepted masons, and in my own, I sincerely implore the protection of the Supreme Architect of the Universe on your lordship and your brethren in the magistracy.’

And thus he addressed the professors of the University:—

‘ May the Almighty Architect, the Sovereign Disposer of all events, grant that the principal and professors of this college may continue to deliver their instructions, and the students receive their admonitions, in such a manner as may redound to the glory of God, the promoting of science, and the extension of all useful learning.’

¹ Illustrations of Masonry, p. 92.

² Ib. pp. 261—6.

The close of the principal's reply presents a glorious contrast to the grand master's prayer. It ends thus:—

'All this we ask, in the name of Christ; and unto the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, we ascribe the kingdom, power, and glory! Amen.'

We will only add the beginning and end of a long prayer used by the Rev. Dr. Oliver, as Provincial Grand Chaplain for the county of Lincoln, on laying the foundation stone of a lodge:—

'May the Almighty Architect of the Universe, who has disposed all things in order according to the excellency of his will, who made the heavens for his majesty, the sun and stars for his glory and our comfort, and the earth as a place for the exercise of our obedience to his laws, look down upon us master masons, now endeavouring to build a house according to the rules of charity. . . . O Lord, prosper thou our work, yea, prosper thou our handywork, and teach us at all times, and in all places, to build up in the beauty of holiness that temple of our souls which thou hast given us to adorn with all good works, till we arrive at that glorious mansion in the skies, where all things are perfect, and there is no more labour, but peace and happiness for ever and ever. Amen.'

As all their Lodges are *consecrated*, so we find that in the form of consecration the confession of the doctrine of the Trinity is scrupulously avoided. We subjoin an account of the ceremony from Preston's Work, p. 69.

CEREMONY OF CONSECRATION.

'The Grand Master and his officers, accompanied by some dignified Clergyman, having taken their stations, and the Lodge, which is placed in the centre, being covered with white satin, the ceremony of Consecration commences. All devoutly kneel, and the preparatory prayer is rehearsed. The Chaplain or orator produces his authority, and, being properly assisted, proceeds to consecrate. Solemn music is introduced while the necessary preparations are making. The Lodge being then uncovered, the first clause of the consecration prayer is rehearsed, all devoutly kneeling. The response being made, "Glory to God on high," incense is scattered over the Lodge, and the grand honours are given. The Invocation is then pronounced with the honours; after which the consecration prayer is concluded, and the response repeated as before, with the honours. The Lodge being again covered, all the Brethren rise up, solemn music is resumed, a blessing is given, and the response made as before, accompanied with the honours. An anthem is sung; and the Brethren of the new Lodge having advanced according to rank, and offered homage to the Grand Master, the ceremony of consecration ends. The above ceremony being finished, the Grand Master advances to the pedestal, and constitutes the new Lodge in the following form:—

"In the elevated character of Grand Master, to which the suffrages of my brethren have raised me, I invoke the Name of the Most High, to whom be glory and honour. May He be with you at your beginning, strengthen you in the principles of your Royal Art, prosper you with all

¹ Illustrations of Masonry, p. 414.

success, and direct your zealous efforts to the good of the Craft. By the Divine Aid I constitute and form you, my good Brethren, Masters and Fellows, into the regular Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons; and henceforth empower you to act in conformity to the rites of our venerable Order, and the charges of our ancient Fraternity. May God be with you. Amen." "

Now is it possible, we ask, for Deism to have revealed itself with a bolder face? Look at all these prayers. Do they not contain the purest and plainest Deism? The slightest approach to the confession of Christian truth is studiously and successfully shunned. They are such devotions as it is wholly impossible for a Christian to use without sacrificing his faith. We blush to think that even one solitary clergyman can be found so trampling under foot all his vows, and all those doctrines which he of all men should assert before the world 'through honour or dishonour,' as to consent thus to suppress everything that is Christian in his prayers, to offer up devotions which constitute a denial of his faith, inasmuch as the confession of Christ is knowingly, not ignorantly, withheld. In not one of these prayers does our Saviour's name occur; not one of them is offered up in His name. If to join in such prayers is not plainly and undoubtedly to deny Christ among men and the doctrine of the Trinity, we know not what constitutes a denial. Quite in keeping with these devotions are the terms in which God is spoken of among the masonic writers. Thus, in Mr. Preston's work we find scarcely any mention of God, except as the 'Divine Artificer,' 'First Cause,' 'Governor of the Universe,' 'Architect of the Universe,' 'Divine Artist,' 'Universal Parent,' and the like.

As, too, 'the one religion in which all agree' is the basis of the society, so, as a matter of fact, it is composed of men of all religions. 'The tenets of the institution,' says Preston, 'interfere with no particular faith, but are alike reconcilable to all.' 'The progress of *knowledge and philosophy, aided by Divine Revelation*, having enlightened the minds of men with the knowledge of the true God, and the sacred tenets of the Christian faith, masons have readily acquiesced in a religion 'so wisely calculated to make men happy; but in those countries where the Gospel has not reached, they have inculcated the universal religion, or the religion of nature.' 'Masonry unites men of every country, sect, and opinion.' These expansions of their rule are acted upon. Accordingly we find that recently there was an initiation of native Indians; and, in 1780, there was a very formal initiation of Omdit-ul-Omrah Bahaudar, the eldest son

¹ Preston's Illustrations, p. 110.

of the Nabob of the Carnatic. In thanking the English Freemasons for the present of 'a blue apron elegantly decorated, and 'a copy of the Constitutions superbly bound,' he enters into the religious character of the body by giving a religious tone to his reply. 'By the accounts,' he says, 'which have reached me, of 'the principles and practices of the Fraternity, nothing can be 'more pleasing to the sovereign Ruler of the Universe, whom we 'all, though in different ways, adore, or more honourable to his 'creatures; for they stand upon the broad basis of indiscriminate 'and universal benevolence. . . May the common Father of all, 'the one Omnipotent and merciful God, take you into his holy 'keeping.'

It is true there has been a Christian movement in the body; but as such a movement is entirely contrary to the spirit and letter of its constitution, it has been formally opposed. The Masons in Berlin wished to confine it to professing Christians, a wide enough range according to German notions of the Christian faith. 'The Grand Secretary' of 'the Grand Master of 'England' thus delivers the protest of the English Grand Master to 'the Grand Master, Grand Lodge, Royal York of 'Friendship, Berlin':—

'Freemasons' Hall, 4th September, 1846.

'Most worshipful Grand Master,

'The most worshipful Grand Master of England, the right honourable the Earl of Zetland, received with the deepest feelings of grief the reply made by the right worshipful brother Bier, the grand secretary. . . inasmuch as that reply announces that, by the existing laws of the Grand Lodge, Royal York of Friendship, none but Christians and duly legitimated brethren of recognized lodges, are to be allowed access to the labours.

'To this law it appears that all subordinate lodges are bound to conform, and to exclude, as visitors, brethren of the Jewish faith, notwithstanding such brothers may take with them the certificate of the Grand Lodge of England, and be in every respect as to character unexceptionable, the religious creed being the only ground of refusal.

'The Grand Lodge of England, by the earliest history and tradition, has always declared and observed the universality of Freemasons, making no distinction or exclusion on the score of religious faith,—a matter in which she never enquires, beyond the point in which all men agree. It is for this reason she does not sanction or recognize meetings which in some places are holden,—assemblies of particular religionists. With these the Grand Lodge of England does not interfere; but she strictly guards, by her laws and practices, against the introduction into her lodges of any emblems or decorations which are indicative of particular creeds, deeming them liable to be taken as offensive demonstrations at variance with the true spirit of Freemasonry. This universality the Grand Masters of England have always upheld, &c. &c.'

We call the attention of the chaplains especially to this

¹ Preston's Illustrations, p. 251.

² Freemasons' Quarterly Review, No. xvi. p. 392.

document; and we remind them that it is not the English only who oppose the innovation of the Berlin Lodge. Brother Neisch, of Hamburgh, tells us hereupon, that, according to the constitutions, 'the Masons of Palestine were expected to be ' worshippers of Jehovah; in Greece worshippers of Zeus; in ' England Roman Catholics.' He says, 'if the founders of the ' present moral system of Freemasonry had wished or intended ' to say that Jews or Mahomedans were not to be admitted, ' they would have practised the unmasonic vice of concealing ' their thought by ambiguity . . . and, in 1733, the univer- ' sally read "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. iii. p. 68, at that time ' the periodical in England of unequalled circulation, in a satiri- ' cal essay "Of the Freemasons," speaks of it as a well-known ' fact that Jews were "accepted Brethren" of the Order.' We read also, in an English periodical, 'of the very general satis- ' faction evinced at the noble conduct of our Grand Master in ' relation to his Jewish Brethren.'

It is true that in Dr. Oliver's writings, amid much that is Deistical, and much that is in the very highest degree irreverent, we have occasional statements of Christian truth. Probably, also, in the 'masonic sermons' of the chaplains of the Order, some of the distinctive features of the Christian faith may be developed; but we maintain that every such statement, however it may be allowed to pass, is a direct violation of the rules and constitutions of the order. Not a Christian doctrine can a chaplain assert without subjecting himself to be silenced, if but a single member should insist upon the observance of the rules; this is the dilemma into which the chaplains thrust themselves. The Mahometans, the Jews, the Socinians, all may cry out against such a breach of masonic principle. The chaplains must bow to the Deist's protest and be dumb.

It is also true that Dr. Oliver makes some effort to repel the charge of Deism, but whenever he goes out to meet the army of objectors, who charge the Masons with rejecting Christian truth, though he beats the air with a multitude of words, and with a majestic front advances to attack his foes, he turns round in the midst, joins his foes in their attacks on his own cause, and proceeds to hack and slash to pieces his own arguments. He is a sort of Briareus, who, after striking out with ten of his arms, immediately overpowers them with his remaining ninety. Leave him to himself, and he always contrives his own defeat. Thus in one place he indignantly asks, 'Who ' shall say that Masonry contains no Christianity? Or rather, ' who shall assert that its illustrations are not principally Chris- ' tian? . . . and I do not know, were Masonry minutely analyzed,

¹ Freemasons' Quarterly Review, No. xvi. p. 399.

‘that it contains a single illustration which does not enforce a Christian doctrine, or recommend a Christian virtue.’¹ These waves of word are met by opposing waves. ‘It is true,’ he adds, in a page or two, ‘that Masonry is not confined exclusively to Christianity, but embraces all that is great and good in every religion under the sun.’ He agrees with his objectors, who simply say that Christianity is pared down till all the distinctive doctrines of the Christian Church are suppressed, till we reach those principles which this maimed and mutilated faith has in common with natural religion. Again he asks, ‘If Masonry contain no Christianity, why are our lodges dedicated to St. John the Evangelist?’ And then, in a note upon this passage, he informs us, ‘I regret to add that the reformers of our lectures have banished the two great parallels with the holy lodge at Jerusalem; and *with it all the accompanying references to Christianity*. . . Alas,’ speaking of their patrons, St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, ‘*they have been banished by authority from English Freemasonry; whose lectures omit all reference to “Him that was taken up to the pinnacle of the holy temple.” They omit the interpretation of the five steps, representing the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour. . . and other Christian allusions in the Craft’s Lectures have been carefully expunged.*’² The truth is, to appease their consciences for combining with a Deistical body, Dr. Oliver and others have tried in vain to Christianize their emblems. It is they who have introduced new and foreign material into ‘the one religion in which all men agree;’ while the Deistical body stick to their principles, and insist, fairly enough, on keeping Deistical despite the Christian innovators.

Bewildered by his zeal, Dr. Oliver, not content with all the actual opposition he has to brave, goes as far as to invent a host of imaginary objections and objectors for the sake of answering them, which he does in his peculiar way. ‘As Masonry,’ he supposes some objector to say, ‘was introduced on this globe at its first creation, and Christianity four thousand years afterwards, it follows that Masonry and Christianity cannot be assimilated as sister institutions.’³ The answer to the objection is a most distressing instance into what fearful bewilderment, and into what strange forms of error, zeal for a bad cause will lead those that espouse it; how completely their minds get dizzy and confused by their endeavours to make opposite principles combine, to explain away what hinders the combination, to make censers of earth and gold, and robes of pearls and filthy rags. ‘Masonry,’

Oliver’s Antiquities, p. 164.

² Ib. p. 165.

³ Ib. p. 166.

he writes, 'was indeed coeval with its creation; but *the same* *may be said of Christianity*, if the Scriptures are to be believed; for they ascribe the salvation of mankind, both under the patriarchal and the Mosaic dispensations, to faith in Jesus Christ. It was through faith in the promised Messiah that Enoch was translated. . . . Hence it may be deduced, that the only true and permanent religion, from the creation of the globe, is what we now term Christianity.' In this fearful passage he is classing the promises of the Gospel with the *facts* of the Gospel. The *facts* of the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, Ascension of our Lord, which form the grand features of the Gospel, do not, according to Dr. Oliver, constitute the Gospel. He repeats this view. 'The conclusion then is this: Masonry in our globe was coeval with true religion, *which we now call Christianity*.' Again, in another place, he speaks of the coming of Christ to *restore the primitive religion*, and with it the essence of speculative Masonry;¹ and again, '*Christianity*, or the system of salvation through the atonement of a crucified Mediator, *was the main pillar of Masonry at the fall of man*; and there is, therefore, every reason to believe that it will exist until the final dissolution of all sublunary things; and shine together with perfected Christianity, in the glorified state of blessedness for ever and ever.' We will not trust ourselves to comment on such strange and dangerous views—views which so fearfully encourage all the modern tendencies to obliterate the *facts* and *realities* of the Gospel. That a priest of the English Church should have got entangled in such webs of error, in his attempts to reconcile the mystic rubbish of unintelligible Freemasonry with the confession of the Christian faith, is enough to write the condemnation of Freemasonry in burning letters, and to proclaim it as one of the under-currents of Antichrist which are now creeping through the world, one of the under-plots of the mystery of iniquity which is now so fearfully struggling against the Church of Christ.

But while we are heaping proof upon proof of the Deism of Freemasonry, we find a thousand clamorous voices assail us with the question, 'Do we not honour the Bible? are not the brethren exhorted to study the Sacred Law, to consider it as the unerring standard of truth?' 'Is not the Bible carried on a cushion in our processions, and kept open in our lodges?' It is this very so-called honouring of the Bible which we denounce; it is this outward show of respect to Holy Scripture, after all its peculiar and most blessed truths have been suppressed, which

¹ Oliver's *Antiquities of Freemasonry*, p. 167.

² *Ib.* p. 75.

³ *Ib.* p. 168.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 11.

we emphatically condemn. It is like honouring the empty sepulchre where our Lord lay, and denying the Lord; for if the truths of the Gospel be expelled, as they must be, to make up a 'religion in which all men agree,' then the Bible is no more than an empty sepulchre; then the honour is bestowed upon the words and letters of the book, not on the truths which those words and letters are designed to teach. With all our strength we protest against this bandying about of the Bible, this hollow unmeaning mock reverence, this profane cushioning of the Bible amid a company of Jews and Socinians, who trample under foot all the most glorious truths which it contains. We know no more prevailing stratagem of Satan at this present time than that of persuading infidelity to pay a sort of homage to God's written word, whereby many well-meaning Christians are deceived. The mere presence of the Bible is supposed to sanctify any meeting, and the purposes of the meeting, and the opinions broached. The struggle now is not what it was in the last century; it is a more subtle struggle, more dangerous to common minds; the Bible is *nominally* accepted now; all the varieties of infidelity now support themselves by texts from Scripture, and derive their systems from a perverted and blasphemous interpretation of the Word of God. It is the acceptance of the Bible, without attaching any distinct meaning to it, or attaching an heretical meaning, which is among the fearful signs of the day. We want no longer a host of 'evidences' for its inspiration; they have done their work; chameleon infidelity has changed its colour. *It is now the Bible against the Bible*; that is, the true sense against the false sense, the Catholic verities against infidel interpretations, the right interpretation against the wrong. It is now an internal war. Believers and unbelievers meet within Bible ground, both accepting the Sacred Volume as the Revelation of God, but each disputing what that revelation is, and drawing from precisely the same words an opposite view. 'We cannot forget,' remarks Dr. Wordsworth in his admirable 'Diary in France,' 'what is recorded in one of Cousin's volumes, that when Vanini, the very apostle of Atheism, was arrested at Toulouse, the Bible was found to be the sole book in his possession. We fear that the history of Germany would offer us proofs enough, even if we could not discover them at home, that men may go forth as the emissaries of Satan with sneers on their lips and the Bible in their pockets.'

For ourselves we feel that while the authority of the Church as the interpreter of Scripture is so widely denied, it would be an easier contest for those who hold the faith, if the Bible itself were denied by their adversaries. Better far that it should be

denied than that Deism should be drawn therefrom; better far that it should be denied with all its true doctrines, than that false systems should be built upon it, that structures of infidelity should be made out of the material of the revelation of the mystery of Christ. When men see the walls of a temple of infidelity patched over and cemented with Scripture texts, they may be led to mistake it for a Temple of the true God. To extract the heart and the sinews from the oracles of God, and to boast of honouring those oracles, is the modern stratagem of the infidel, by which he at first disarms, and then poisons the unsuspecting and confused mind of unstable and unlearned men. He first puts their spirit to sleep by droning in their ears a multitude of texts, perversely applied, to 'prove,' as he calls it, that his is 'the religion of the Bible,' and then he pierces them through and through with heresies.

And what sort of honour is that which the Freemasons bestow upon the Bible, and of which in the anxious justification of their chaplains we hear so much? On this, as on the other religious questions connected with their body, we will call one of the most celebrated of their chaplains, as the fairest witness we can find, that we may give the fairest representation of their case. 'As a Mason,' says the charge at initiation, 'you are to study the sacred law.'¹ And what does Dr. Oliver say to this? we tremble to quote his fearful words. '*In England the Bible; but in countries where that book is unknown, whatever is understood to contain the will or law of God!*'² Yes, this is the Freemasons' honour of that book. It is but one compartment of 'the Sacred Law,'—the oracle of Delphi, and what we call 'the oracles of God,' are but different tones of the same divine voice sounding in the world. Here we have a Christian priest, a minister of Christ, actually belonging to a body, which, on his own plain confession, looks upon the Bible only as a revelation of God, and which recognises the creeds of heathens equally as portions of the sacred law. The Bible and the Koran are placed upon a level, as species and varieties of the genus of revelation; the Bible is the species here, the Koran the species among Mahometans. 'Read the Koran,' says Dr. Oliver to the Turks, 'Read the Bible,' says Dr. Oliver to the Christian; 'both volumes are but parts and sections of the Sacred Law; and both of you, by suppressing the points of difference in your two

¹ Illustrations of Masonry, p. 83.

² Dr. Oliver even goes farther than this; for in a note in Preston's Illustrations of Masonry, page 85, he allows the term 'Bible' to be applied to the Koran, or any other false oracles. It being a rule that the Bible shall be carried in their processions, he says, '*Where the Bible is mentioned, it applies to whatever is considered to be the law of God.*'

'revelations, can meet together, according to our Masonic 'principle, in one common religion.' Such treatment of God's word, however it may startle us when it is so plainly put, is after all but the natural, the necessary result of those deistical principles on which the Masonic body rests. They cannot, consistently with those principles, recognise the Christian as the one true revelation, nor in their honour of the Bible can they insist upon the honour of its peculiar doctrines: so that theirs is an honour of the Bible, *after* all those peculiar doctrines, which make it a revelation of better promises than other so-called revelations give, have been put out of sight and covered. As those peculiar doctrines, which we especially call 'the Christian verities,' go beyond the one 'religion in which all men agree,' so, when the Freemasons carry the Bible on their cushions in supposed reverence, they do not mean to include in that honour those Christian verities.

Now this endeavour to make the Bible a mere part or member of one grand universal system of revelation is another of those fearful signs of the day, which proclaims the increasing and varying developments of Antichrist. These views of 'universal religion,' a catholic religion as distinct from the Christian religion, in which all Christian doctrines are treated as non-essentials of which confession need not be made,—these views of a 'universal benevolence,' resting upon simple Deism, thus maintained by the Freemasons and their chaplains, expressed in their authorised documents and the approved writings of their influential members, are not confined to them; they form a part of a vast heresy which is trying to root itself in the midst of Christendom; they are but branches of a tree of infidel or deistical universalism, which is struggling to darken the whole earth. Dr. Wordsworth, in his observations on the state of France, gives us some fearful illustrations of the subject. 'Indeed,' he remarks, 'the developments of antichristianism in various and contrary forms, which at present strike the eye so forcibly at Paris, cannot but fill the mind with the most awful apprehensions, with regard to the explosion, which in all human probability, will take place in this country in a very brief period, and will not only shake the social and political fabric of France to its foundation, but will convulse the institutions of neighbouring countries . . .

'Professors appointed and salaried by the state have had the blasphemous temerity to announce publicly ex cathedrâ to their hearers, *that the Christian dispensation is but one link in the chain of divine revelation to man!*' He tells us of a certain celebrated Abbé de la Mennais, 'who, in an evil hour, gave way to feelings of impatience, disappointment, and disdain, and threw

'himself into the hands of a class of sceptical philosophers, who under pretence of advocating "universal charity" and toleration, undermine the foundations of that religion upon which charity rests for its guidance and support.'

It is indeed this deceiving phantom, this 'ignis fatuus' of a false 'universal charity,' or benevolence, which is the great misleading principle of the Masonic body. For why, we ask, do we find the Christians who join this body suppressing as Freemasons the confession of Christian truth, and melting down the sublime features of perfect truth, to suit the defective or debased systems of the Jew or Turk? Is it not because they have been ensnared by one of the monstrous fallacies of the spirit of antichrist, which asserts that *the confession of the faith stands in the way of universal benevolence*? To make up a spurious catholicity, the Christian religion in all its forms is mixed up with all the other religions in the world, and all religions treated with equality in the mixture; then the various points of difference, the opposing doctrines, the distinctive features of each religion passing as it were through the filter, there remains the bare profession that there is a God; this profession is made the religious basis of this universal brotherhood, and every dogma but that cast aside as a non-essential. The rule of Vincen-tius, 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' is thus used for the formation of a spurious catholic religion and a spurious catholic body. The Jew is told to remain contented with his Judaism, the Mahometan with his Koran, the Chinese with his idols, and the catholic craving for a common brotherhood, through a common religion, which a Divine system was designed to meet, is thus satisfied by a counterfeit of man's invention; every motive for spreading Gospel truth and extending the Christian church utterly taken away. The thing which men yearn for is attained, *i. e.* a catholic body, a catholic faith.

We need hardly say how desperately false must be that philanthropy which treats the doctrines of the Gospel as stumbling-blocks and hindrances in the way of its universality, how profoundly ignorant of the spirit of the Gospel, which contains, in fact, God's own way for uniting men into one universal brotherhood, the Christian Church, where there is 'neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free,' and which reveals to us one common religion, the Christian faith, as the source of universal love. Desperately false and blind must be that philanthropy which would let the Jew remain contented with his Judaism, and the Indian with his idols, instead of striving to bring them out of the darkness of the shadow of death into Christ's marvellous light, into that Divine system, wherein all are 'brethren in Christ,' with one faith, one Lord, one God and Father of all, the mem-

bers of one universal fold. Yet such a false philanthropy, drawing men into a false catholicity, is now struggling for the mastery amid the dissensions of the Christian Church. Catholic feeling is invited to vent itself in this poisonous channel; and while one branch of the Catholic Church is corrupt in doctrine, another weak through want of discipline, so much the more room is given for the growth of this deistical catholicity. The Masonic body is but one of the many streams which are now feeding this vast sea. It prepares the way in its degree for a broader and bolder stream of infidelity, by loosening the principles of men through its mystifying and most irreverent use of Holy Scripture, by accustoming them to religious combinations with infidels, by reckoning among things indifferent the doctrines necessary to salvation, by giving them confused notions of false and true charity, by making them very jealous of what they call love to man, and very ready to sacrifice the truth as it is in Christ, and with it, as a consequence, their love of God the blessed Trinity, for a supposed enlarged benevolence. We cannot but regard Freemasonry in its more serious aspect, as one of the under-currents of infidelity. As such we must denounce it, and we do denounce it, praying most fervently that it may wither out of the land, and fall under such reproach among Christian men, as to be unable at last to number among its members even the laxest and most indifferent member of the Church. We are aware that at present many well-meaning and excellent men are *nominal* 'brothers' of the fraternity, who never knew its principles, and have never taken any pains to learn them. Whether even *nominal* membership is consistent with their Christian profession, after the principles of the body have fairly been set before them, we leave them to decide. Once they erred, *i. e.* in taking an oath, like Herod, in the dark, not knowing whither that oath might lead them. As such an oath is required at initiation, it is impossible for a thoughtful Christian to join the body; and if any of its members become thoughtful afterwards, may it not be a question whether it is right to give even nominal countenance to such a society? 'Once a mason, always a mason,' is of course a monstrous sentence. Without divulging the secrets of the order it is possible formally to withdraw, and to notify that withdrawal to the central or a local lodge through a grand or provincial secretary.

We cannot leave the subject of Freemasonry without expressing a very earnest wish that a sort of central society, or institute of all the ecclesiastical architectural societies, supported by the clergy, and by the higher class of architects especially employed in the Church's work, were at once formed. That such a body

would naturally mould itself into the shape of something like a Christian fraternity, with a marked religious character, were only natural. We cannot satisfy ourselves that the body which has adopted the ambitious title of 'Freemasons of the Church,' comes up in any higher degree than that of profession to those needs of the English Church, of which her pious attention to the beauty and propriety of the Houses of Prayer, proves both the need, and at least the wish to supply it. The subject we find, by the report of the Anniversary of the late Cambridge Camden Society, is beginning to attract attention: and, since old heart-burnings are now allayed, and as almost every church built in England within the last five years, proves that so much progress has actually been attained, we think the present a good opportunity for a move in this important direction.

ART. II.—1. *Proverbial Philosophy: a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, originally treated.* By MARTIN F. TUPPER, Esq. M.A., F.R.S., &c. of Christchurch, Oxford. First and Second Series. London: J. Hatchard and Son. 1846, 1847.

2. *Probabilities: an Aid to Faith.* By the Author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.' London: J. Hatchard and Son, 1847.

3. *Geraldine, a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel: with other Poems.* By the Same. London: Rickerby. 1838.

4. *A Modern Pyramid, to commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies.* By the Same. 1839.

WE read in Milton's sonnet, that, while

'Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

But there are few, in this our practical and busy age, who seem to find their vocation in this latter office. Our popular writers, whether in prose or verse, have acquired their popularity by the treatment of some topic of the day, or the supply of some peculiar want of the times. The questions which agitate or interest the general mind, in theology, philosophy, art, or history, secure an audience by their announcement; and those who handle them with any ability are pretty sure of the double testimony of warm admirers and indignant enemies. But the author, whose books we have placed at the head of this article, is most successful when he is furthest removed from this busy scene. Tranquil and meditative, he seems to live apart, and in some other age. His works belong no more to this, than to any other period. No particular school can claim them as its offspring. They dwell in the generalities of man, and hence possess the singular advantage of affording almost equal pleasure to minds swayed by a very different bias. This at least is true of the two volumes of 'Proverbial Philosophy;' for to these his other productions are very far inferior. Indeed, the title-pages of 'Geraldine' and the 'Pyramid' present a considerable chronological difficulty; for it almost passes belief, that their author could have written them *after* the first series of 'Proverbial Philosophy.'

'Geraldine' is pure doggrel; and the 'other poems' are only rescued from being absolutely commonplace, by an occasional glimpse, though but a rare one, of truer poetry. The 'Modern Pyramid' is better, and displays in somewhat uncouth nakedness a quantity of rich material, which the author has elsewhere worked up into more delicate texture. We must not omit to add that it betrays too a symptom of irreverent feeling, which we are occasionally pained to see still clinging about him, though in a more subdued and hesitating form. But we shall probably consult Mr. Tupper's wishes, as well as our own and the reader's pleasure, by allowing these two volumes to repose in their native obscurity, and passing on to the work on which the author's reputation will ultimately rest, and which we really believe to be a permanent addition to English Classics.

The 'Proverbial Philosophy' is a collection of thoughts on moral and religious topics, clothed in careful language, and strung together without much regard to connexion or arrangement. It is an unusual attempt, and one to which our western character does not easily respond. We are more accustomed to regard thought as the rough material for system or argument, than as the direct object of reflection. The single blocks scarcely arrest our attention; we wait to see them fitted and piled up into the uniform and stately edifice. Thought after thought pass through the mind in rapid succession, but we seldom care to detain them, or fix their shadowy forms in distinct outline, unless they serve a present purpose. But the author of this volume delights in them for their own sake; he loves them with an unselfish affection. No idea passes from him unmarked; he catches it as it floats along, draws it with a careful hand, touches, retouches, brings it out in its just proportion of light and shade, foreground and distance, and finally hangs it up in his picture-gallery, and retires a few paces to admire it. His book is like a collection of miniature paintings on ivory, small, beautiful, highly-finished, and heterogeneous. It is, we believe, the result of an honest observance of his own rules, thus laid down in a piece 'On Writing':—

- 'Hast thou a thought upon thy brain? catch it while thou canst;
- 'Or other thoughts shall settle there, and this shall soon take wing:
- 'Thine uncompounded unity of soul, which argueth and maketh it immortal,
- 'Yieldeth up its momentary self to every single thought;
- 'Therefore to husband thine ideas, and give them stability and substance,
- 'Write often for thy secret eye: so shalt thou grow wiser.
- 'The commonest mind is full of thoughts; some worthy of the rarest;
- 'And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth.' —P. 192.

The style is, as the reader will have observed, a something

between prose and verse; not so rigid as to fetter the thought, nor so free as to necessitate absolute distinctness, or to exclude the turn and phrase of poetry. Sometimes the accent, sometimes the meaning determines the line; but there is almost always just enough of restraint to please either the ear or the mind with the notion of regularity and order. There is much of poetic beauty in the frequent metaphor and elaborate image; but in all the same habit of isolation is apparent. We are never borne along upon the full tide of thought, careless of the vehicle or the passage: we dwell upon each particular expression, and seem quietly and tranquilly to suck out its sweetness, and then pass on composedly to the next. We subjoin a string of pretty and happily-expressed fancies, which well illustrate this observation. They are from 'The Words of Wisdom.'

- ' Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter :
- ' To what shall their rarity be likened? what price shall count their worth?
- ' Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,
- ' No lovely thing on earth can picture all their beauty.
- ' They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks, by the sullen waters of Oblivion,
- ' Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang around the neck of Memory;
- ' They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed,
- ' Which Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart ;
- ' They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth of Time,
- ' Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food ;
- ' They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,
- ' When on some brighter sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight :
- ' Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.
- ' Yet more, for the half is not said, of their might, and dignity, and value ;
- ' For life-giving be they and glorious, redolent of sanctity and heaven :
- ' As the fumes of hallowed incense, that veil the throne of the Most High ;
- ' As the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of immortality ;
- ' As wreaths of the rainbow spray, from the pure cataract of Truth :
- ' Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.
- ' Yet once again, loving student, suffer the praises of thy teacher,
- ' For verily the sun of the mind, and the life of the heart, is Wisdom :
- ' She is pure and full of light, crowning grey hairs with lustre,
- ' And kindling the eye of youth with a fire not its own ;
- ' And her words, whereto canst thou liken them? for earth cannot show their peers :
- ' They be grains of the diamond sand, the radiant floor of heaven,
- ' Rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God ;
- ' They be flashes of the day-spring from on high, shed from the windows of the skies ;
- ' They be streams of living waters, fresh from the fountain of Intelligence :

'Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.' ·
P. 5.

There is a richness and variety in this string of images which may justify the length of the extract. We subjoin one of a somewhat different character, from the poem 'on Prayer.'

'The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the earth;
'Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy of nature.
'Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,
'Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the blackness of darkness.

'Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock into ruins,
'Will be one unwhitened by prayer,—shall He find faith on the earth?
'For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and power, and means:

'Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the treasury of good.
'And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon whom is happiness,

'Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as his subject prayeth;
'Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in heaven,
'It is thine, for whom it was appointed; there is no limit unto prayer:
'But, and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-suspended creature,
'For thy strength is cut off, as was Samson's: and the hour of thy doom is come.

* * * * *

'Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
'But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.
'Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on His rightful throne,
'Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth,—
'For one, a mediating Man, that hath clad his Godhead with mortality,
'And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal Priest of Nature,
'Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,
'And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing.'

P. 128-9.

To many of our readers this book is probably already too familiar for them to require more extracts; to others we trust that what they have now seen may prove a sufficient inducement to seek a further acquaintance with it. We pass on to a work of more recent date, though of less pretensions:—'Probabilities; an Aid to Faith.'

This is a singular, a fanciful, nay, even a whimsical book; yet it is one which will well repay the exertion of a careful perusal. If the thoughts are not unfrequently abstruse, the style is almost always attractive; the matter derives no additional repulsiveness from the form. And if we rarely meet with a compact and finished picture, we have a compensation in the multitude of sketches which melt into one another with the rapid haziness of dissolving views. It is eminently a suggestive book. An endless vista of thought is opened up, and the mind launched along into the shadowy distance; but almost before light is well begun, it is twitched back again, to be sent

once more flying as rapidly, and for as brief a course, in a new direction. No subject is left untried: nothing can be hid by its profundity, or protected by its sanctity, from the application of the new canon. Long-settled truths, mysteries in which reason has despairingly acquiesced, are dragged from the deep foundations of the mind, and once more laid bare in their vast proportions before the unusual light of day. The purpose and the destiny of man, the creation of the worlds, the origin of evil, nay, even the mystery of the Holy Trinity, are thus brought as it were under the lens of probability.

But we should wrong our author, if we allowed him to rest under the charge of irreverence, which the bare mention of such awful topics naturally implies. There can be no doubt that his is a religious and reverential mind, deeply impressed with the truth and sanctity of the solemn themes, on which he feels he has a word to utter. If he speaks with his tongue, we do not doubt that it is because, after silence and musing, the fire is kindled within him. His preface to the chapter on 'The Triunity,' may stand not unfitly in the front of our notice of the book, as a word of warning to writer and reader.

'Another deep and inscrutable topic is now to engage our thoughts,—the mystery of a probable Trinity. While we touch on such high themes, the Christian's presumption ever is, that he himself approaches them with reverence and prayer; and that, in the case of an unbeliever, any such mind will be courteous enough to his friendly opponent, and wise enough respecting his own interest and safety lest these things be true, to enter upon all such subjects with the seriousness befitting their importance, and with the restraining thought that in fact they may be sacred.'—P. 34.

While, however, we give the writer full credit for reverence of intention, and are willing to allow him the praise of considerable skill in the execution of a conception, the very nature of which carries him over ground where a false step is ever probable, and may issue in unknown evils; we may be allowed to doubt of the wisdom of approaching these mysteries at all with the dim and flickering torch of reason. He has treated of them reverently, if it be allowable so to treat of them at all.

But to this question we may perhaps recur again. It is now time to lay before the reader the general object of the work. If the title should have led him to suppose that he is about to encounter fresh argument against the infidel, another 'evidence of Christianity,' we are happy in the ability to relieve his fears. He will not here at least have to work on that treadmill which grinds the air, to toil through that weary and unprofitable labour of proving step by step, by slow and irrefragable argumentation, a conclusion which he already holds far more

firmly and more intimately than the premises by which he proves it. Mr. Tupper undertakes to prove nothing; no, not so much as Bishop Butler's unanswerable proposition, that Revealed Religion may by possibility be true. This is a most important point to be observed; the very hinge, indeed, as it seems to us, upon which the whole merit of the book depends and turns. For proof, probability is most dangerous and untrustworthy; for illustration and confirmation, it is invaluable. Probabilities and analogies, fascinating as they are, and to a certain extent even satisfying, are yet liable to indefinite abuse. They are keen tools, which can hew error, as well as truth, into a shapely form; they are subtle instruments, which the skilful artist can turn with formidable effect upon almost any object. But we will let Mr. Tupper speak for himself, and show that he has not misconceived the range of his speculations.

'It is very material to keep in memory the only scope and object of this Essay. We do not pretend to add one jot of evidence, but only to prepare the mind to receive evidence; we do not attempt to prove facts, but only to accelerate their admission by the removal of prejudice. If a bed-ridden meteorologist is told that it rains, he may or he may not receive the fact from the mere force of testimony; but he will certainly be more pre-disposed to receive it, if he finds that his weather-glass is falling rather than rising. The fact remains the same, it rains; but the mind,—precluded by circumstances from positive personal assurance of such fact, and able only to arrive at truth from exterior evidence,—is in a fitter state for belief of the fact from being already made aware that it was probable. Let it not then be inferred, somewhat perversely, that because antecedent probabilities are the staple of our present argument, the theme itself, Religion, rests upon hypotheses so slender; it rests not at all upon such straws as probabilities, but on posterior evidences far more firm. What we now attempt is not to prop the ark, but favourably to predispose the mind of any reckless Uzzah, who might otherwise assail it; not to strengthen the weak places of religion, but to annul such disinclination to receive truth, as consists in prejudice and misconception of its likelihood. The goodly ship is built upon the stocks, the platforms are reared, and the cradle is ready; but mistaken preconceptions may scatter the incline with gravel-stones rather than with grease, and thus put a needless hindrance to the launching: whereas a clear idea that the probabilities are in favour, rather than the reverse, will make all smooth, lubricate, and easy. If then we fail in this attempt, no disservice whatever is done to truth itself; no breach is made in the walls, no mine sprung, no battlement dismantled; all the evidences remain as they were; we have taken nothing away. Even granting matters seemed anteriorly improbable, still, if evidence proved them true, such anterior unlikelihood would entirely be merged in the stoutly proven facts. Moreover, if we be adjudged to have succeeded, we have added nothing to truth itself, no, nor to its outworks. That sacred temple stands complete, firm and glorious from corner-stone to top-stone. We do but sweep away the rubbish at its base; the drifting desert-sands that choke its portals. We only serve that cause, (a most high privilege,) by enlisting a pre-judgment in its favour. We propose herein an auxiliary to evidence, not evidence itself; a finger-post to point the way to faith; a little light of reason on its path. The risk is really nothing; but the advantage, under favour, may be much.'—Pp. 14—16.

The thoughts in this passage are so true, and the imagery in general so just and beautiful, that we should be unwilling to draw attention to the somewhat unexpected metaphor of the goodly ship, launched amidst gravel-stones and grease down its 'lubricate and easy' slides, if it did not seem to indicate a defect of mind at once natural and dangerous to a writer on Probabilities. It betrays an insensibility to the ridiculous, which every now and then peeps out throughout the volume. No sense of harshness, no violence of transition appears to deter him from the pursuit of a favourite analogy. Adolphus and Stebbing occur in close juxtaposition to Joshua and Hezekiah; and between the stages of an historical review of Christianity we suddenly alight upon the Grand Stand among the gentlemen 'on the turf.' It is true Mr. Tupper, on one occasion, deliberately justifies this usage; but we cannot think, successfully. After a really eloquent description of the imaginary throne of the Most High, he breaks in with these words:—

'I have just cut the following paragraph out of a newspaper: is this the ridiculous tripping up the sublime?—I think otherwise: it is honest to use plain terms. I speak as unto wise men: judge ye what I say.'—P. 163.

We do not wish to deprecate honesty; but she need not dress herself like Columbine. A grave and matronly garb would be a more seemly habit, and yet no false disguise. A few fit words of explanation, or even a passing allusion, would have served the purpose of this obnoxious newspaper paragraph; or, if it must needs come in, it might have modestly retired into a foot-note or an appendix.

Our author is not ignorant of the powers of ridicule: he at once deprecates and defies it.

'The expression,' he writes in another place, 'of a thought by no means improbable, gives an easy chance to shallow punsters; but ridicule is no weapon against reason.'—P. 168.

It is true. Ridicule is no weapon against reason; but it is a fair and a fit weapon against much that shelters itself beneath that august name. A perception of the absurd is a natural faculty, which few men wholly lack; and those who have the misfortune to be without it, themselves commonly afford a most unwilling testimony to the fact of its general existence. It is a concise method of detecting fallacies; an instinct, by which we are saved the trouble of unravelling thread by thread a skein of laboriously tangled sophistries. Of course, like all other natural faculties, it is capable of being perverted to abuse; but it does not, therefore, follow that it has no legitimate use. Who has not often heard the grave remark, the solemn

argument, to which a laugh or a jest formed the obvious and natural reply? Nor let this be thought merely the triumph of the successful disputant; we do not simply exult over a silenced adversary; the satisfaction lies deeper. The sense of justice, the yearning after adequate compensation is gratified; there is a fitness and mutual adaptation between the ridicule and the ridiculous, which creates a sense of incompleteness while the latter stands alone,—of satisfaction when it meets and closes with its natural foe and complement. The unfit, the absurd, the inappropriate, the manifestly inconsequential, are the proper prey of ridicule. Its magic wand lays bare at a stroke the manifold enfoldings of pretended reason, and, curbs within due limits the else-unchecked vagaries of imagination. And it is for this reason that we could wish a due respect were paid to it in a work such as that which we are now examining. Probabilities are everywhere; analogies are infinite; and the hand of strict reason is not able, because it does not profess, to rule them. There is no event, past, present, or to come, for which a probability might not be made out. 'The crime was likely,' is the philosopher's argument in the mouth of the rhetorician, 'and therefore it was committed:' or, 'it was unlikely, and therefore still it was committed; for so the criminal might hope to escape detection.' There is no fancy so wild, for which an ingenious mind cannot frame an analogy; no two things so dissimilar, as to refuse to yield one point of likeness to the determined theorizer. The author of the 'Proverbial Philosophy' is not ignorant of the intricate comminglings of Truth and Error. As he writes,—

'Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error have not warped it;

'Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it.'

These indistinct and shadowy realms, the border-lands and marches of the kingdom of Reason, form the great theatre in which the Comic loves to expatiate. Indeed the topics that here flit to and fro in the twilight, scarcely acknowledge any other bounds than the barriers of the absurd. Within these they know they must not enter; but let them beware of these landmarks, and the world may listen and applaud.

We have digressed a little from our intended course; but not without good reason. By his real or assumed contempt for ridicule, Mr. Tupper does great injustice both to himself and to his readers. He is delivering earnest thoughts on solemn topics in a peculiar cast of reflection, which of itself is not unlikely to provoke the flippant jest and the shallow laugh. Surely, he is even therefore more bound than others to keep clear of real absurdities, to give no occasion for the deserved

sarcasm. In the midst of much sober meditation, he occasionally diverges into an unhappy illustration; and we fear the natural result may be, that the ridicule which fairly belongs only to a small portion, will be profusely poured over the whole.

But we return once more to the book itself. It is but fair to state the general drift of it in the author's own words, though we think he has not done himself the justice of exhibiting it in its most favourable light.

'The line of thought proposed is intended to show it probable that anything which has been, or is, might, viewed antecedently to its existence, by an exercise of pure reason, have by possibility been guessed: and, on the hypothesis of sufficient keenness and experience, that this idea may be carried even to the future. Anything, meaning everything, is a word not used unadvisedly; for this is merely a suggestive treatise starting a rule capable of infinite application; and notwithstanding that we have here and now confined its elucidation to some matters of religious moment only, as occupying a priority of importance, and at all times deserving the lead; still, if knowledge availed, and time and space permitted, I scarcely doubt but that a vigorous and illuminated intellect might so far enlarge on the idea, as to show the antecedent probability of every event which has happened in the kingdoms of nature, providence, and grace: nay, of directing his guess at coming matters with no uncertain aim into the realms of the immediate future.'—Pp. 8, 9.

We think that a fear of legitimate ridicule might very fairly have deterred a writer from such an announcement as this; but, as we hinted before, it probably conveys a very incorrect impression of the real merits of his treatise. Mr. Tupper is no prophet; he has no thoughts of reviving the study of judicial astrology; he cherishes no project for diverting the popular breeze from Partridge, or Moore, or Murphy. He is content to busy himself with the past, nor, we are happy to say, does he often stray beyond the empire of the known. The reasonableness, so to speak, of things as they are—how moral and metaphysical mysteries, and the unsearchable dealings of Providence with man, have their probable as well as their improbable phase; how, all-inscrutable as they are, they may yet be placed in such a light as to give evidence of symmetrical form and regular construction, if we could but reach its law—this is the real and valuable object of the 'Aids.' Inevitably mixed up as we are in the consequences of past causes, and the inextricable convolutions of present action, we can scarcely take a dispassionate view of the universe, or reflect with impartiality on our own place and destiny in it. Our author, a moral Archimedes, seeks an external station, from which he may observe the mighty picture in the proper light, and at the required distance. He takes his stand at the origin of all things, and strives to contemplate as a spectator the gradual work of Creating Wisdom.

To produce a consistent whole, he begins, perhaps, somewhat over-boldly, with 'A God, and His Attributes,' 'The Trinity,' and 'The Godhead Visible;' chapters from which, for obvious reasons, we shall not make any extract; and then passes on to 'The Origin of Evil.' The *à priori* probability of evil is, he feels, a bold assertion: but he does not shrink from meeting it. The Uncreated is alone perfect; the idea of a creature implies that of imperfection: What is imperfection but a degree of evil? for evil is no positive idea, but a mere negation; a declination from the perfect good. Hence, wherever there is creation, there, too, must be a degree of evil in His sight, before whom the heavens are not pure, who chargeth His angels with folly.

But this is evidently widely different from that fearful exhibition of sin and pain which now defiles the world; and he accordingly proceeds to unfold his idea at greater length:—

'Let us consider how rational it seems to pre-suppose that the Mighty Maker, in his boundless love, should have willed to form a long chain of classes of existence more and more subordinated each to the other, each good of its kind, and happy in its way; but yet all, needfully, more or less removed from the high standard of uncreate Perfection. The descending links, these gradations downwards, must involve a nearer or remoter approach to evil. Now, we must bear in mind that evil is not a principle, but a perversion; it amounts merely to a denial, a limitation, a corruption of good, not to the dignity of its abstract antagonism. Familiarly, but fallaciously, we talk of the evil principle, the contradictory to health; or the darkness principle, the contradictory to good: we might as well talk of the nosologic principle, the contradictory to light; they are contraries, but not contradictories; they have no positive, but only a relative existence. Good and evil are verily foes, but originally there was one cemented friendship; slender beginnings, consequent on a creation, began to cause the breach; the civil war arose out of a state of primitive peace; images betray us into errors; or, I might add, with a protest against the risk of being misinterpreted, that, like brothers turned to a deadly hate, they nevertheless sprang not originally out of two hostile and opposite hemispheres, but from one paternal hearth: not, however, in any sense that God is the author of evil, but that God's workmanship, the finite creature, needfully perverted good.'—Pp. 57—59.

We fear that in this last sentence the author has only saved himself from the inevitable consequence of his premises, by the simple expedient of contradicting it; but in such unsearchable depths we are not disposed to quarrel with a mistiness of thought, which is mainly caused by an anxiety to eschew heresy. A clear and logical view on all subjects is by no means the unmixed good which many would represent it; for it is often merely the index of a shallow mind. A fixed resolution to look only on one side, will reduce the most complex object to a manageable simplicity. But to proceed:—

Further, it would be a possible chance (which considerations soon ceeding would render even probable), that, for a wise humiliation of the

reasoning creature, and a just exaltation of the only Source of life and light, and all things, one or more of such first created beings, or angels, should be suffered to fall, possibly from the vastest height, and at first by the slenderest beginnings, lower and lower into folly, impurity, and all other derelictions from the excellence of God. The lines once unparalleled, would, without a check, go farther apart for all eternity; albeit, the primal deviation arose in time. The *aërolite*, dropping slowly at first, increases in swiftness as it multiplies the fathoms of descent: and if the abyss be really bottomless, how impossible a check or a return.

'Some such terrible example would amount to a reasonable likelihood, if only for a lesson and a warning, to all intelligent hierarchs, to be not high-minded, but fear; to all responsible beings, to keep righteousness and reverence, and tempt not God; to all the virtues, dominations, obediences, and due subordinations of unknown glorious worlds, a loud and living exhortation to exercise, and not to let grow dim their spiritual energies in efforts after goodness, wisdom, and purity. A creature state, to be happy, must be a progressive state: the capability of progression argues lack, or a tendency from good; and progression itself needs a spur, lest indolence relapse towards evil.

'Additionally, we must remember that a creature's excellence before God is the reasonable service which he freely renders: freedom, dangerous prerogative, involves choice, and choice necessitates the possibility of error. The command to a rational intelligence would be, do this, and live; do it not, and die: if thou doest, it is well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast mounted by thine own heaven-blest exertions to a higher approach towards infinite perfection; enter thou into the joy, not merely of a creature, but of thy Lord: but, if thou doest not, it is woe to thee, unworthy hireling; thou hast broken the tie that bound thee to thy Maker—obedience, the root of happiness; thou livest on, indeed, because the Former of all things cancelleth not, nor endeth his beginning; but, henceforth, thine existence is as a river which earthquakes have divorced from its bed, and instead of flowing on for ever through the fair pastures of peace, and among the mountain-roots of everlasting righteousness, thy downward course is shattery, headlong, turbulent, and destructive; black-throated whirlpools here, miasmatic marshes there, a cataract, a shoal, a rapid; until the remorseless stream, lashing among rocks which its own riot rendered sterile, pours its unresting waters into the thirsty sands of the Sahara.'—Pp. 60—62.

From the origin of evil, we pass by an easy transition to the 'cosmogony;' and the opening sentences are worth transcribing as well for their intrinsic qualities, as for the connexion of the argument:—

'These deep themes having been descanted on, however from their nature unsatisfactorily, and with whatever human weakness, let us now endeavour mentally to transport ourselves to a period immediately antecedent to our own world's birth. We should then have been made aware that a great event was about to take place; whereat, from its foreseen consequences, the hierarchies of heaven would be prompt to shout for joy, and the holy ones of God to sing for gratitude. It was no common case of a creation; no merely one more orb, of third-rate unimportance, amongst the million others of higher and more glorious praise; but it was a globe, and a race about to be, unique in character and fate, and in the far-spread results of their existence. On it and of its family was to be contrived the scene, wherein, to the admiration of the universe, God Himself in Person was going visibly to make head against corruption in creation, and for ever

thus to quench that possibility again; wherein He was marvellously to invent and demonstrate how Mercy and Truth should meet together, how Righteousness and Peace should kiss each other. There, was going to be set forth the wonderfully-compacted battle-plan, by which, force countervailing force, and design converging all things upon one fixed point, Good, concrete in the creature, should overwhelm, not without strife and wounds, Evil, concrete in the creature, and all things "even the wicked" should be seen harmoniously blending in the glory of the attributes of God. The mythologic Pan, *τὸ πᾶν*, the great Universal All, was deeply interested in the struggle: for the seed of the woman was to bruise the serpent's head; not merely as respected the small orb about to be, but concerning heaven itself, the unbounded "haysh-hamaim," wherefrom dread Lucifer was thus to be ejected. On the earth, a mere planet of humble lustre, which the prouder suns around might well despise, was to be exhibited this noble and analogous result; the triumph of a lower intelligence, such as Man, over a higher intelligence, such as Angel; because, the former race, however frail, however weak, were to find their nature taken into God, and should have, for their grand exemplar, leader, and brother, the Very Lord of all arrayed in human guise; while the latter, the angelic fallen mass, in spite of all their pristine wisdom and excellency, were to set up as their captain, him, who may well and philosophically be termed—the Adversary.—l'p. 67—69.

From these data are deduced the probability, not only of the existing moral nature of man, but even of the actual physical condition of the world. The Fall, the Flood, and Babel, are adduced in order, as the natural and anticipated sequences of an *à priori* scheme. The Incarnation follows; and the *à priori* probabilities of Mahometanism and Romanism are next discussed and settled. Two more chapters are allotted to the Bible, and Heaven and Hell. It would be tedious to produce further specimens of the general reasoning; the reader has enough before him whereon to found a fair judgment; and the argument rather loses than gains in the transition from the realms of pure thought to the more varied and more stubborn contingencies of actual history: for

'Facts are chiels that winna ding,
And downa be disputed.'

But it is difficult to convey by extracts the charm which is diffused over the whole. There is, in the infinite variety of subject, a continuous line of thought, which fixes the attention to its progress, and leaves the mind amused at least, if not much edified, with the perusal. Yet there is, after all, a certain utility in these speculations: they may quiet some minds, they may rouse others. To the many, who follow the recital of high mystery, or solemn narrative, with a dull, uninquiring mind, assenting because it is less troublesome than doubting, and mistaking the absence of all thought and interest for belief; it may be even useful to throw out an occasional impediment, by way of stimulus to exertion, and to remind them that the paths they tread so carelessly are the ways of real, consistent truth.

And again, though we hardly think such loose suggestions as are here put out can be of much service against real, home-felt difficulties, which have fixed themselves unrelentingly on the struggling mind, yet they will go some way towards filling up a vacancy, of which many must be conscious. They will scarcely avail against a solid temptation to misbelief; but they may certainly contribute to produce a fuller harmony in the soul of the believer. It is a pleasing satisfaction, though not a necessary task, to arrange the fragments of the mirror of Truth, which lie dull and scattered in our minds, so as to reflect each their portion of the everlasting and perfect Word without us. And to this end, as many may contribute, so are the services of none to be despised. The casual hint, the elaborate thought, the accidental allusion, may all conduce to the ultimate and harmonious whole; and Mr. Tupper has furnished no inconsiderable amount of this material.

There are, however, peculiar dangers incidental to the peculiar method he has chosen. One we have already noticed, against which the author has himself taken the precaution of protesting; the danger, namely, of treating probability as proof, and mistaking illustration for argument. Another rock, which he has not avoided altogether so successfully, is the temptation to adopt Horace's maxim,

'Mihi res, non me rebus subjungere conor,'

in a sense not uncommon in philosophy, and to make facts bend to theory, rather than theory to fact. It is sometimes easier to suppose that what is probable must have happened, than to show that what did happen was probable. The book of Job presents him with a difficulty of this kind. When the patriarch, at the close of his trial, is restored to a double portion of his worldly goods, we read that he had also ten children, seven sons and three daughters, as before. Now the loss of children, it is argued, can never be compensated by the birth of others; they may, indeed, be fresh blessings, but they cannot throw the previous work of death into oblivion. The sheep and the camels, which the patriarch lost, might be abundantly replaced by the gift of other and larger herds; the death of his children was an irreparable misfortune. To meet this difficulty we have the singular theory that he really lost nothing.

'It seems to me quite possible that neither camels, &c. nor children really had been killed. Satan might have meant it so, and schemed it: and the singly-coming messengers believed it all, as also did the well-enduring Job. But the Scriptural word does not go to say that these things happened; but that certain emissaries said they happened. I think the Devil missed his mark: that the messengers were scared by some abortive diabolic efforts: and that, (with a natural increase of camels, &c.

meanwhile,) the patriarch's heart was more than compensated at the last by the restoration of his own dear children. . . . It is perhaps worth while,' he concludes, 'here to have thrown out (what I suppose to be) a new view of the case, if only to rescue such wealth as children from the infidel sneer of being confounded with such wealth as camels. Moreover, such a paternal reward was anteriorly more probable.'—Pp. 113, 115.

Without discussing the merits of this particular view, we object *in limine* to this apparently (for we trust it is not really) careless fashion of throwing out by the way a totally new interpretation of a Scriptural passage. It is not the form in which such a thing should make its first appearance. A conjectural interpretation, if right, should be supported with the grave and formal apparatus of criticism and discussion, so that the question may be set at rest for ever; if wrong, it only adds another stone to the already too cumbrous heap of difficulties. It is not an indifferent suggestion, which may be useful if right, and is at any rate harmless, if it should prove wrong. Thrown out as a hint, or a probability, it actually lumbers the way; it is one more obstacle to be removed. To us too, it seems to savour of an irreverent approach to the Holy Word, though we do not care to insist on this, as we are sure Mr. Tupper would earnestly repudiate any such intention. But yet a similar objection appears to lie against another passage, which we subjoin, only premising that the general drift of the chapter from which it is taken, is true and valuable. He is speaking of the miracle of Joshua.

—'Again: what should Joshua want with the moon for daylight, to help him to rout the foes of God more fiercely? Why not, according to the astronomical ignorance of those days, let her sail away, unconsorted by the sun, far beyond the valley of Ajalon? There was a reason here of secret unobtruded science: if the sun stopped, the moon must stop too; that is to say, both apparently: the fact being that the earth must for a while rest on its axis. This, I say, is a latent scientific hint: and so likewise is the accompanying mention as a fact, that the Lord immediately "rained great stones out of heaven" upon the flying host. For, would it not be the case that, if the diurnal rotation of earth were suddenly to stop, the impetus of motion would avail to raise high into the air by centrifugal force, and fling down again by gravity such unanchored things as broken fragments of rock.'—P. 117.

The first part of this extract suggests a very valuable thought; but is there not more of fancy than of reason in the latter part? Even if the rocks were allowed to be raised naturally into the air by the sudden cessation of the earth's rotation, there would be still need of a special miracle to avert them in their fall from the Israelites, and hurl them solely on the heads of the flying
nites.

'an scarcely mistake fancy for thought, who has so well shed them in the 'Proverbial Philosophy.'

'Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection :
'Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath wings as an eagle ;
'Reflection sternly considereth, nor is sparing to condemn evil,
'But fancy lightly laugheth in the sun-clad gardens of amusement.

* * * * *
'Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of reverie.'

But if he has not confused them, he has certainly allowed fancy to stray within precincts which belong more fitly to her graver counterpart. Witness the following passage on the locality of hell, which we subjoin, as much for its singular beauty, as for its marvellous strangeness.

'At the birth of this same world, there was struck off from its burning mass at a tangent, a mournful satellite, to be the home of its immortal evil; the convict shore for exiled sin and misery: a satellite of strange differences, as guessed by Virgil in his musings upon Tartarus: where half the orb is, from natural necessities, blistered up by constant heats, the other half frozen by perennial cold. A land of caverns, and volcanoes, miles deep, miles high: with no water, no perceptible air: imagine such a dreadful world, with neither air nor water! Incapable of feeding life like ours, but competent to be a place where undying wretchedness may struggle for ever. A melancholy orb, the queen of night, chief nucleus of all the dark idolatries of earth,—the Moon, Isis, Hecate, Ashtaroeth, Diana of the Ephesians!

'This expression of a thought by no means improbable, gives an easy chance to shallow punsters: but ridicule is no weapon against reason. Why should not the case be so? Why should not Earth's own satellite, void as yet, be, on the resurrection of all flesh, the raft whereon to float away Earth's evil? Read of it astronomically: think of it as connected with idols; regard it as the ruler of earth's night; consider that the place of a Gehenna must be somewhere; and what is there in my fancy quite improbable? I do not dogmatize as that the fact is so, but only suggest a definite place at least as likely as any other hitherto suggested. Think how that awful melancholy eye looks down on deeds of darkness! how many midnight crimes, murders, thefts, adulteries, and witchcrafts, that would have shrunk into nonentity from open honest day, have paled the conscious Moon! Add to all this, it is the only world, beside our own, whereof astronomers can tell us; It is fallen.'—P. 168-9.

What in the world may be the meaning of this last sentence we leave to the Astronomical Society to explain: at least, we can suggest no other clue to our readers; for the bold confidence of the assertion quite excludes any hypothetical solution of the difficulty. It must evidently be the interpretation of some acknowledged fact, not a mere personal and peculiar deduction of the author's own; for it is stated absolutely and simply, as if it were a circumstance as well ascertained as the Moon's distance from the Earth, or the general conditions of its orbit. But we are quite at a loss for an explanation. Perhaps Mr. Tupper will furnish us with it in a second edition: for the present, we must be content to take our leave of him in obscurity.

ART. III.—*A Short Account of Organs built in England from the reign of King Charles the Second to the Present Time.*
 London: Masters. 1847.

THE use of musical instruments in churches has been much debated; and it is well known that the Eastern Church has decided against it. Nor is it to be denied that there is a general ground to which the objector appeals with some plausibility. He takes the ground, that the noise of instruments is a very dead and material kind of praise to offer to God. God, he says, is worshipped with the heart, and from the heart the mouth speaketh. The praises of God ought to come from the person himself who offers them; and the sounds ought to be signs of genuine feeling, and devotional warmth. But the sounds which come from an instrument are simply mechanical, and signs of nothing. However magnificent the music from an orchestra or organ, it is a material creation, and a mere show and outside, in a devotional point of view. There is plausibleness in such a view, so far as this, that it must readily be granted that brass and wood are not themselves devotional agents in the work of song and praise. But there, we must say, we think the argument on that side terminates; for what the admission is to lead to, and what advantage it will give to the opponent of the use of instruments, it is difficult to see. Brass and wood are material things; but so is the human throat too. The music of the human voice is no sign, necessarily, of any devotion within; indeed, it must with shame be confessed, that, as a matter of fact, it is very often not. A man uses his own throat just as he would use an instrument; the bodily organ is as external to his own proper self as a flute or trumpet; and his own mind sometimes does, and sometimes does not, sympathize and unite itself with the sounds which issue from it. The use of the human voice then, and the use of musical instruments, stand exactly on the same ground; both are used as means of musical expression, and a person may express real and genuine feeling by the one medium, just as he can by the other. Indeed, we know that musical instruments were used under the old dispensation, and were sanctioned by Divine authority then: nor do we see that Christianity has any thing in it which repeals such a sanction. For if it be said that Christianity is a more spiritual religion, and therefore less allied to mere material modes of expression, the answer still is, that we make use of the latter in making use of human throats.

It sanctifies the human throat for the purposes of song and praise; and therefore it may sanctify wood and tin for the same purposes.

Moreover, there is a great omission, of which such an argument against instrumental music is guilty; we mean, the omission of all reference to the hearer in the case, as distinguished from the singer. Music is considered only as it comes from the singer. But there is surely a hearer in the case too. Even if a whole congregation sings, every individual in it is partly a performer, and partly a listener; and the whole congregation is in one of its aspects the choir, and in another the audience. In the latter capacity it is of decided importance that what is heard should be as grand and as impressive as possible. The difference of its coming from a human throat, and coming from an instrument, is not here a difference *ad rem*. All grand music, simply as so much music heard and taken in, produces an effect, and excites emotions; and if the music is of the sober and devotional kind, it tends to produce religious emotions. The congregation, we repeat, ought to be considered in its aspect as an audience, as well as in its aspect as a chorus. The grander and nobler the mass of sound which strikes its ear, in this latter capacity, from whatever source proceeding—the better. So much addition of grandeur is so much gain: and if an objector comes and says—yes, but all this grand effect comes from metal, and not from men; we answer—never mind, *you hear it: it is music*. Nobody asks you to be thinking all the time of wood and tin, because this music comes from wood and tin. You are not required to know where it comes from: you hear it, that is enough for you. If the music is disagreeable to you, you have then a right to complain; but if it is not—if it is beautiful music, and has the other requisites of style which church music should have, and if the hearing of it tends to excite devotional feeling, then use it for your edification, and be glad of it.

And of all instrumental contrivances for attaining this end, *i. e.* for producing a grand effect, and at the same time concealing from eye and thought the machinery by which it produced it, none, perhaps, could have been more successful than the organ. It is indeed a marvellous musical engine, and the collection of so much body of sound under the control of one finger, gives a kind of magical ease to its operations. Here is no effort, no elaboration obtruded upon us; no rapid working up and down of hundreds of fingers, on flutes, fiddles, and clarionets; nothing to remind us of material machinery and manual evolutions: huge volumes of sound seem to proceed spontaneously from some invisible abyss; and music floats on all sides of us, without telling us where it comes from, and

surrounds us like the air. There is a mysterious obscurity, moreover, in the very composition of that mass of sound which issues from an organ. It neither seems to come from one instrument, nor from many: it is too rich, complex, and vast to appear to come from one; it is too compact and united to appear to come from many. Such an instrument is wonderfully in keeping indeed with the rich and labyrinthal architecture of the buildings for which it was made; and affords one instance, among many others, how harmoniously the same spirit often develops in different departments. Gothic architecture and organ music seem made for each other. In the ecclesiastical fabric, in the ecclesiastical instrument, we have the same complex mysterious creation; we see the same occult and awful style of richness and grace.

The little book before us, 'A Short Account of Organs built in England from the reign of King Charles the Second to the Present Time,' will be an interesting one to the lovers of the organ. It gives in short space much curious information about many of our English instruments, both those which have been destroyed, and those still in existence; and anecdotes connected with the personal history, as it may be called, of some of our great organs, show the writer to be a zealous gleaner in this department, though we do not agree with all his remarks as a musical critic. Here is an account given of the organs built by Bernard Smith, by the Harrises, father and son, by Schreider, Schwarbrook, Byfield, Bridge and Jordan, by Green, Ivory, England, Hill, Gray, Bishop, and other eminent organ-builders. And now for a very few plain practical observations, on some questions connected with the position which the organ should occupy in the church service.

It is debated, then, a good deal, whether the organ accompaniment should be a full or a slender one in the church services. And this, though applying to all parts of the church service, is a question which comes before us most prominently in the chanting of the Psalms. There are two theories of organ-playing here; one for a very slight accompaniment, and another for a decided and solid one. One organist is very much afraid of overwhelming the voices of his choir; another is not so nervous on this point, and thinks his instrument ought to be heard. Without denying that both views have their true and their false tendencies, we shall not pretend to such philosophical impartiality here as to leave the subject with this general sentiment; but we shall avow a preference. On the whole, speaking simply as ordinary hearers who have unconsciously formed a judgment from a comparison of the effects upon their ears on these occasions, we must declare a preference

for the latter view of the organ's functions. We confess that, in attendance on cathedral service, we like to *hear* the organ: a good substantial accompaniment has an unquestionably pleasing and satisfying effect; nor does it appear, unless pushed to a great extreme, to take from, but rather to add to, the effect of the voices. There is, indeed, a summary argument on this subject, to this effect; that the more we hear of the organ, the less we must hear of the voices; that we must choose which we would rather hear; and that the choir must, in reason, have the preference. But we do not think the question can be settled in this way; for it is not so true that hearing one sound does prevent us from hearing another—we may hear both together. An organ accompanies a set of voices: we hear the organ—we hear the voices. It is not necessary that we make our choice between the two, we may enjoy both. Undoubtedly there is a point at which the noise of the instrument may overwhelm the voices; nor do we want any approach at all to the power of the great organ, which would be, as a continuous accompaniment, intolerable. But, up to a certain point, the fulness of an organ accompaniment does not at all interfere with the audibleness of the voices. If you have two sounds going on at the same time, one of which is opposed to and discordant with the other, then, that the more you hear of the one the less you hear of the other, is true enough: the neighbourhood of a cart-wheel will mar the tones of a piano forte, and a Canary-bird will prevent you hearing a word your friend says. But this is not so much the case when the two volumes of sound are in one and the same line, one supporting the other. Practically, a good full organ accompaniment, if not excessive, does not prevent us from hearing the choir; it rather forms a background of sound, which satisfies and fills our unconscious ear, while our conscious ear is addressed more particularly to the choir; it sets off the voices as a good background in a painting sets off the figures.

For it must be remembered that, with all its sweetness and grace, the human voice is an instrument which has its weak points and its defects, requiring a little charitable covering. An organ is never nervous, but a singer sometimes is; an organ has never to clear its throat, or take breath, in order to produce the note: a singer has. There are various hiatuses in the course of the human voice, which require some friendly complement; nor does it answer to have it brought too much bared and denuded to our ear. A substantial organ accompaniment supplies this assistance; it represents, as it were, the human voice, whenever that voice itself comes to any one of its natural *chaams* and failures, and preserves the line of continuity; it

diverts our attention from its practical defects as a material organ, to its more moral and characteristic traits—the very background of sound throwing these superior traits into so much higher relief. This applies most forcibly, of course, in the case of solo singing; but it applies, in its degree, to choir singing also. There are always various obstructions to the proper smoothness and flow of music, in the collected efforts of a number of human throats—always some jarrings, inequalities, collisions. There is always something or other, in a naked vocal performance which the ear has to try not to hear; or, if it does hear, to shove aside and regard as unheard; that is to say, it has, with some trouble to itself, to separate the accidental hindrances from the main course of the stream, and take in the musical characteristics, opposing a voluntary deafness to the unmusical ones. We are far from denying the great perfection at which vocal music may arrive, in favoured and select circles, where very picked and cultivated voices have been accustomed to practise together. The performance of glees and madrigals in private rooms may attain a point, at which the introduction of any instrumental accompaniment would rather interfere with accuracy and finish, and confuse the ear rather than console it. But we are speaking now of ordinary choirs—even good ordinary choirs—such as we hear in cathedrals and churches where music is not neglected. The best of them have their unevennesses, their weaknesses; they want some continuous auxiliary in the background: and an organ is most effective in this capacity; it has a remarkable power of smoothing over the defects, fusing and combining the different voices, and presenting them all as one mingled mass of sound to the ear; it is the great mollifier and harmonizer. We have never yet heard the church choir without an organ, that would not have sounded much better with.

What we maintain then is, that a substantial organ accompaniment does not interfere with our hearing the choir; that the peculiar organ roll does not come into collision with the voices of the singers, but rather sets them off. But now comes in the additional consideration, of the positive stimulus which the organ notes are to the choir. If the organ be a rival to the choir on the one hand, (a view, however, which as we have said we do not take of it,) it is a stimulant to it on the other: it raises and nerves the voices, and keeps them to their proper pitch. The voice is a most sympathetic thing; it requires company as much as the man himself does, something outside of it to lean upon. And although a number of voices singing together perform to a considerable extent this office to each other, still a continuous running accompaniment, which is never out, a pure note always

present to every ear, is a most important assistance. And it makes considerable difference with what force this guiding note strikes the ear of the choir. The ear catches a well-defined substantial organ note immediately, and communicates its accuracy immediately to the voice; but a gentle sleepy note it does not catch so readily, and runs a risk of getting flat in consequence. The ear—we speak of average ears,—requires to be spoken to decidedly, and a mere hint will not do; at least it is all the better for being firmly directed. Of course a loud, sharp, correct voice in a choir will answer this purpose, somewhat in the same way in which an instrument does; but in the first place, such a voice is not always to be got; and in the second place, if it is, a sharp leading voice is not the most agreeable guide of a choir. It is apt to be rather offensive than not. The prominence of one voice rather distracts the mind, and takes away from the general effect. It is one of the great advantages which an organ possesses for leading a choir, that it leads it without any obtruded personality.

The grounds of utility which we have so far appealed to in behalf of the organ, are ones which apply to all choirs in common, good or bad. But it is not to be forgotten that, in the natural order of things, a certain proportion of poor choirs are to be expected in our cathedrals and churches, and many of these very poor. And here an organ comes in opportunely indeed, and supplies in a way the widest gaps. It will be said, that this is quite wrong; that an organ should never be regarded as supplying the place of voices. We answer, it is very wrong that there should be bad choirs, but if there are bad choirs, it is not wrong that they should be made the best of. We would not be so rigid in our musical morals, as pertinaciously to insist on three or four poor voices being heard in all their miserable tenuity day after day, and month after month, simply on the view of not covering and disguising defects. If there is a good organ in the place, let the organ, we would say, play by all means, and make itself accommodating and friendly. The congregation in its capacity of audience, ought to be considered in these matters;—to recur to what we said above. It is better to hear rich sounds than poor ones, good notes than bad ones. If the notes of a fine instrument can be made to mingle with and carry off the thin wiry voices of a neglected choir, they are to be enjoyed with thankfulness. The organ is the cathedral visitants' friend. We feel deep gratitude to it. How often do we enter within sacred walls where the daily choral service is celebrated, and find the organ by far the principal and most attractive performer in the service. It is sad that it should be so; but it would be much sadder if there were no such performer at all.

Indeed this feature is a leading one about the organ ; we mean, that it is such a splendidly practical instrument. It is never out of place, always suited to the occasion, always doing something which is wanted. In choral prosperity and adversity it comes in alike usefully ; in the one the ally, in the other the succourer ; the friend in need to the meagre choir, the welcome companion of the full one. It sympathizes with the grandest collection of voices, it aids the smallest. In continental cathedrals we have the Gregorian chant, in which fifty or a hundred deep voices join, accompanied by the full powers of the organ. Here nothing can be said against the organ. It cannot be said that it drowns the choir, for it does not do that ; nor can it be said that it is a superfluous addition ; for it is not that either : it plainly adds to the effect. It is unassailable then in its relation to a full choir. Again, it is equally unassailable in its relation to a bad choir ; because a bad choir would be a positive infliction without it. In this way it fulfils the most different positions with unimpeachable efficiency and suitableness, and comes *terres atque rotundus* out of all attacks and questionings.

We have made these remarks partly because we have observed lately in some quarters a tendency to be afraid of the organ, as if it were an obstacle in the way of sound church music ; and it were the higher and correcter part to do without it ; as if its use were a sort of concession to the carnal, as opposed to the Christian and spiritual, ear. We do not see the exact justice of such a view. If the general principle is sound, that an instrument may aid in the praises of God ; and if an organ is an instrument of solemn, magnificent, and ecclesiastical character, why should it be correct to do without it ? To do so were a gratuitous surrender of a plain advantage. Nor do we see the reason for that particular jealousy of its powers, when we have got it, or why we should be afraid of it being heard. It ought to be heard. It was made the instrument which it is, in order that it might be. There is a limit certainly to its functions, and we ought not to drown voices, and stun ears. But as we have said, a good substantial organ accompaniment does *not* prevent the voices from being heard, but rather supports and stimulates them. On the contrary, a thin organ accompaniment does not support the voices properly, and is disappointing in itself. If a feeble instrument is feeble, there is no disappointment ; because we expect it to be so. But if a grand instrument is feeble, there is ; because we expect it to speak out. If it does not, the ear has the sensation of something being missing ; a sensation of curtness and imperfection. It desiderates something which is its due, and of which it seems to be stinted ; it is hungry and discontented. Let all instruments, then, which sound the praises

of God, whether human throats or organ tubes, do their duty, and be effective in their several places.

We have taken the liberty, for which we hope the scientific musician will not judge us, of making, as ordinary hearers of church music, a few passing observations on the use of the organ in general. And now, in conclusion, we will venture on one or two points of detail, connected with the present character of our church organs.

The remark is a very safe one, then, that organs have undergone a considerable change in their composition of late years. The modern organ is a much freer and more expressive instrument than the old one. The swell has expanded and become more and more of a feature in it: and the full, steady, even flow which one used to associate with the organ, as its peculiar characteristic, is intermixed now with varied, ardent, aspiring movements. If the organist now begins a voluntary in the old fashioned style, and gives us the deep quiet diapasons, he only does so by way of a modest prelude; he is soon in a higher region of pipes; he is at the brilliant swell, ascending and descending, up in the clouds and down again, and borne along on ethereal waves of sound. The organ now sends out a succession of thrilling notes, as a rocket sends out sparks; there is a fiery briskness in its movements; and the ear is penetrated with exceedingly sharp sweet *aculei* of sound.

Now we do not grudge the organ its expansion and development; for it is the nature of instruments as of institutions, to develop: nor have we any doubt that the modern organ is a much more perfect instrument than the old one. In particular, we would not say a word against the swell, which is unquestionably a great addition to it. But while the organ has been improved and developed as an instrument, and is a much more perfect one than it was, to hear played *by itself*; as an instrument *for accompaniment*, there are, we think, defects in the modern organ; and the laudable zeal for the development of the instrument as such, has rather put out of sight some of its practical uses, as connected with the choir. We have no criticism to offer on the great organ, or on the swell; but the choir organ, which is of course the one principally used in connexion with the choir, and gives the regular accompaniment in the chant, does not seem to be all that it should be. We should say that it desiderated some elements of sharpness and roughness in its composition. There is a roughness which is easily dissociated from any painful quality of sound, a modified roughness, nay even a sort of harshness which is most agreeably stimulative to the ear, and keeps it lively and awake; just as mustard and other sharp grains are said to invigorate the

stomach. We should say that the choir organ, of the modern instrument, was too smooth, gentle, and ~~mellifluous~~ for the full purposes of an accompaniment. It does not keep the ears of the choir sufficiently alive, and sustain their voices as it should do; it does not brace and inspirit them. The consequence is, that the voices of the choir often tend to flatness. Nor is this all: there are general features in our style of chanting (for it is with reference to the chant principally that we are speaking now) which we may notice in connexion with this subject.

There is, then, it must be confessed, a general tendency to sleepiness, listlessness, and drawling in our established mode of chanting. We have no hesitation in asserting our opinion that it is, as a general rule, too slow. It will be said that it is more reverential to be slow than to be quick; but this is a fallacious assertion, although a plausible one. An arguer, indeed, for a quicker style of chanting and against a slower one, is necessarily at a disadvantage in this respect: slowness is generally associated with awe and solemnity in our ideas; quickness, on the contrary, with volatility and carelessness. On the strength of this general association some repose in slowness as if it were the one infallible token of religious feeling; and so long as that one feature is preserved, and the prayers are read slowly, and the psalm sung slowly, feel absolute security and confidence that all is religiously as it should be. Now it is the most difficult thing to convince persons, in the case of any favourite maxim, which has a certain amount of truth in it, that it can be at all defective. If it cannot be wholly contravened, it will, in spite of every argument, remain in their minds as wholly true. It is therefore, not in the hope of doing any good, so much as for the simple sake of saying what is true, that we do here enunciate the proposition, that reverence and irreverence respectively are not shown by slowness absolutely, or quickness absolutely; but by proper slowness and improper quickness. Quickness is not in itself a sign of volatility or carelessness; on the contrary, on many natural occasions it is a sign of intensity and earnestness. For example, a person who was in danger of being burnt, would not show his deep sense of his situation by a slow and measured appeal to his fellow-creatures for assistance: he would call out quick. And joy produces quick expression, as fear does. And so does grief too; its expressions are quick sometimes, as they are sometimes slow. We are not going to apply these instances to the performance of the church service; but merely bring them forward as evidences upon the abstract question. Here are cases, and there are numberless others, in which earnest and deep feeling expresses itself quickly. Then quickness is not in itself a sign of volatility. Mind, we

are not advocating quickness positively here: for we do not regard quickness, as in itself advantageous, any more than slowness. We only are opposing the line of excluding it, the line of regarding it as in itself wrong. We say the question cannot be settled, *à priori*, in this way: it depends entirely on the nature of the thing to be sung or said, with what degree of quickness, and what degree of slowness, it is to be sung or said.

With reference to the case in point, it stands to reason, we think, that the chant was not meant to be slow. Simple repetition seems of itself to suggest a certain despatch; for where all the steps in the series are alike, and none demands our attention more than another, there appears no reason for slowness; which should be used rather for emphasis and distinction. Quickness in such a case becomes no sign of a particular *animus* in the performers, as if they were intentionally hurrying it, but the official style of the chant itself: and what, as a mere humour of individual singers, would be most offensive, as the legal and formal characteristic of the particular service, is simply just and becoming. The question is, indeed, what constitutes over-rapidity in chanting. Is it the mere curtailment of a vague *à priori* measure which we have in our heads, but can give no account of? or is it such rapidity as prevents one from understanding the sense of the words as they pass by us? The latter test is surely the natural one in the case. Now, it is certain that, with respect to the sense of the verses in the Psalms, ample opportunity is afforded for its apprehension, by a chanting time which would be called, by many, quick. We say, ample opportunity. Far be it from us for a moment to say, that such time would allow one to enter into all the depth of the sacred words, and imbibe all their fulness of meaning; but this no style of chanting whatever, let it be as lingering and slow as could be, will allow you to do. This is not what chanting is meant for. This is meditation: you may meditate on the same verse a minute, an hour: you may make it your daily subject of meditation for years, and not get to the bottom of it. But chanting is not meditation. Chanting is recitation. It is the recitation of verse after verse with such a decent quickness as allows you to apprehend, in an ordinary way, the meaning of the sacred words you recite. To accomplish this plain purpose, we say, slow chanting is not necessary; the additional length of time over each verse is, simply, not wanted. And not being wanted, it is even worse than a superfluity; it is an actual obstruction. For what is the mind to be doing when it has fairly apprehended the meaning of a verse, and the choir has not yet got half way through it? You say it should try to apprehend the meaning of the verse more deeply; but for this again it has not time *enough*; this

belongs to the department of meditation, and meditation is a longer process altogether. The truth is, when the mind has apprehended one verse, its natural course is to go on immediately to the next. If it is not permitted to do this, it is kept in a state of suspense till it is. And this is the general effect of an over-slow style of chanting. It imposes on the mind a mixed task, consisting half of simple apprehension, half of meditation, which cannot be done; a task which keeps it constantly halting, constantly baulked; feeling it has too little time, and too much, at once; half listless and half hurried; withal constantly tempted to wander;—for, it must be remembered, that, in these interims which we speak of between the verses, when the mind has nothing to do, and is waiting for the next verse, to remain simply passive is not easy; the unemployed attention is apt to be drawn off to impertinent subjects, if such suggest themselves, as they often do.

Over-slow chanting has a bad effect, moreover, upon the choir; in this way :—The quantity of time they have on their hands makes them lax and careless as to all beginning the verse together. Each knows that, however much behind-hand he may be, he will have abundance of time to get up to the rest before the end of the part; and each therefore gives himself no particular trouble to begin with the rest. The result is a great want of regularity. First one begins, then another, then another. By the time one has said, *e. g.* 'They have kept me in on every side,' another begins, 'They have kept me in,' and three or four follow in serie, 'They have kept me,'—'They have kept me.' All, whichever time each starts, come to the end together; but the effect is a scrambling one. Whereas, if the time were quicker, each member of the choir would be obliged to pay more attention to the matter of time; and the chant would gain in distinctness and accuracy. We may remark, too, that, when the chanting has been very slow, we have heard choristers actually pronouncing one or more of the words twice over, simply because they have too much time for the few words before them, and do not know what to do with it. Now, this clearly shows something wrong, for such a repetition is against the first principles of the chant. And yet, in some of the shorter verses especially, what are the choristers to do, and how are they to be expected always equally to distribute four or five words over a long drawling line of organ notes. With a pardonable improvidence they consume all their words at once, and then finding they have none left, and not wishing to gape out the rest of the time, they repeat one or two words over again. We mention this point—and we could mention others like it—for the sake of showing what a struggle against nature

over-slow chanting is. Nature demands a certain degree of quickness; and all the additional time beyond is an artificial superfluity, which clogs and enfeebles the chant, rather than gives it depth or solemnity.

We have explained what we mean by quick chanting:—that it is chanting which gives time for the fair apprehension of the sense of the words, and does not give more. And now we will only repeat, that the opinion which prevails in many quarters against quick chanting, appears to us a mistake; that quick time, by enforcing the attention of the choir, gives regularity, strength, and compactness to the chant; while slow time, by giving opportunity for lounging, introduces laxity, feebleness, and division into it.

And now to go back to the organ. The modern expansion and development of the organ, we said, unfitted it in some respects for those practical functions, which it ought to discharge, as an accompanying instrument. The above remarks about chanting will show what we had in view, when we made that criticism. The composition of the modern organ rather tends to encourage the slow and feeble style of chanting. For what is the accompaniment which it gives the chant? A soft, mellifluous, fluty one, interspersed with a brilliant undulating one. The choir organ, which gives the regular accompaniment, is too soft and fluty to brace, in tone, and sustain properly the voices of the choir. It gives a composition of sound most beautiful, rich, and sweet, in itself, but not stimulating, not awakening to the choir. We ourselves have the privilege of attending a choral service, where the organist, though a most accomplished musician, has sometimes to strike a sharp treble note on the great organ, simply to keep his boys' voices up, and prevent them getting flat. But there must be something wrong where this has to be done. The choir organ then seems to convict itself, and confess its own insufficiency. There is something which it plainly ought to do, and does not do. And what is the remedy used to supply this defect in the choir organ? The swell. The mellifluous smooth flow of the choir organ is found, after a time, too sleepy and tame; and the organist has naturally recourse to the agreeable and sparkling roughness of the swell, to enliven and invigorate the chant. But the swell is not in itself an accompaniment suitable and proper to chanting. It is the nature of the chant to be even and regular; but the swell is the very contrary of this, always rising and falling. It gives a new character to the chant, and changing it from its stern uniformity, invests it with a variety of effect which belongs to an ordinary piece of music. Moreover, the swell requires time for performing its movements; those gradual ascents and descents

of sound require time. Here is the defect. The use of the swell tends to lengthen the time of the chant: the latter has to accommodate itself to the organ's movements, and gains a good deal of richness and beauty at the expense of its own proper character. We say, then, that the swell is not in itself suitable to the chant; though, we confess, in defect of other more regular stimulants, we are not sorry to hear it. The regular choir organ accompaniment, however, were it somewhat rougher and sharper, would invigorate the chant without delaying it.

What we would suggest, then, as a desideratum in the modern organ, is the introduction of some modified roughness and sharpness into the composition of that compartment of it which is technically called the choir organ, and which is the regular accompanier of the chant. It may be said that there is often a reed-stop in it, which the organist might use now, if he thought fit. But an ordinary sharp reed-stop introduced into a body of soft fluty sound does not mix well with it; nor perhaps would any mere addition answer, except the character of the other stops in the compartment were altered too to meet it. The question is, whether the choir organ, as a *whole*, as now composed, performs as able a part in our service as it should do; and whether alterations might not be made in it with a special view to rendering it more efficient as an accompanier, especially to the chant. For we have no hesitation in putting the chant thus prominently forward, being, both in point of length and general associations, so important a part of our service. Nor should we hesitate to say, that supposing an alteration in organs would improve the chant, that single reason would be quite a sufficient one for an alteration. We will hazard the remark, that we should like to see our organs with some of the qualities of the continental organs in this respect. Much inferior, as instruments, to our own, the organs we commonly hear in churches abroad have qualities which make them more efficient as accompaniers of the choir, than ours. There is an agreeable roughness and sharpness in them; a sort of modified, tempered trumpet-effect is not uncommon; an effect which is stimulating and awakening, without being heavy and overwhelming; and which is admirably in keeping with the chant. And one remark by the way here. If we are ever to have Gregorian chants with effect in our churches, some such alteration as we have mentioned our organs must have. Our present choir organ is very unsuited for the Gregorian chant. It gives it just as it should not be given—smooth and flowing; whereas it should be brisk and rough. The chant thus falls either altogether heavy and flat upon our ear; or, (if through good

management, it should avoid this extreme,) at any rate, divested of that strong and decided character which is proper to it; and which alone can make it popularly appreciated. For every thing has its own style; if it is not given in that style, it is not done justice too—it has not a fair chance: people do not really hear the genuine Gregorian itself.

We have hazarded these few rough remarks on the use of the organ in general, and on some particular features in the composition of the modern organ. It can do no disservice to the cause of church music to have such hints thrown out. If any of our organ artists, who may chance to come across them, thinks there is any thing in them, he will not be displeased with us; and if he thinks there is nothing in the remarks themselves, he may still regard them as the vague expression of some real want or other, which the writer felt but could not explain properly. The organ builder of the present day will be the last person, we are sure, to maintain that the organ has now arrived at its maximum of perfection and efficiency. Nothing can be more probable, than that in the improvement and expansion of the instrument as such, its functions as an accompanying instrument should have been in some measure overlooked. People cannot attend to all things at once; an improvement in one direction is very apt to interfere with a use in another; and the course of development does not always leave a proper equilibrium.

ART. IV.—*History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By W. H. PRESCOTT.
London: Bentley, 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

MR. PRESCOTT is now so well known as an historian, that any general criticism on his merits and qualifications would be quite superfluous. The present volumes will not, we think, add to his just fame, but they have merit enough of their own not to depend on the borrowed lustre of his previous works. It will be obvious, however, even to an idle reader, that 'The History of the Conquest of Peru' has been more carelessly and hastily put together than its predecessor and fellow, 'The Conquest of Mexico,' and is as inferior to that work as that was to 'The History of Ferdinand and Isabella.'

Success in writing often brings an accession of vigour and confidence of stroke, but, on the other hand, induces carelessness, impatience, and a verbal fluency which hides from the writer himself his own deficiency of substance. Of all species of writing, the historical is that which suffers most from such a course. In fiction, or invention of any kind, boldness and rapidity are useful stimulants, and, indeed, are the best secondary aids to what is the chief instrument of such composition—the imagination; our natural sense and taste, and previously acquired knowledge of things, being all that is required to correct the vagaries of fancy. But, in writing history,—where the inventive faculty is only an inferior agent, where it cannot begin to work till a new and special material has been supplied to it by reading, and where it must be continually checked and refreshed by painful collation and minute observation,—in proportion as the latter process has been strikingly and superficially performed will the effect of the whole be impaired. True, that the most common failing of writers who undertake to narrate is the want, not of labour, but of those powers of imagination which can alone direct labour profitably. But there are still some, who, not being defective in imagination, have neglected or despised the slow and servile toil of sufficiently preparing their materials. It is not so much want of research, and of extensive collections, we are reviewing, as want of elaboration of what is within reach. The historian of a century ago, content with shining periods and neat observation, disdained research, and repeated the story as he found it in the first book that happened to stand on his shelves. Our method is to surround ourselves with heaps of record and document, too often to an extent beyond our

management. Want of time, distracting occupations, and indolent habits, keep us at the threshold of our subject.

This appears to be the case with Mr. Prescott in the present instance. Those who have read his 'Ferdinand and Isabella' will be ready to acquit him of want of power over a subject on which he has expended sufficient pains, but there is a feebleness and languor throughout the present sketch which betrays a mind not fully present to the place, time, and characters with which it is dealing. The touch is feebler and the colours fainter, though it is the same hand and art with which we are familiar. Whatever other causes of this decline there may be, one melancholy one Mr. Prescott informs us of himself. Had we not the example of Auguste Thierry before us, we should have considered the composition of a work of research an impossibility to one who is labouring under an almost total loss of eyesight. Such is the case with Mr. Prescott. An injury deprived him of the sight of one, in early youth. The other has been ever since so enfeebled as to prevent his using it for purposes of reading and writing for several years together.

'During one of these periods I received from Madrid the materials for the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella;" and in my disabled condition, with these treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages, that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded I dictated copious notes, and when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition.

'Still another difficulty occurred in the mechanical labour of writing, which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing case, such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without the aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in the art of deciphering, and a fair copy, with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders, was transcribed for the use of the printer. I have described the process with more minuteness, as some curiosity has been expressed in reference to my *modus operandi* under my privations, and the knowledge of it may be some assistance to others in similar circumstances.

'My sight was at length so far restored that I could read for several hours of the day, though my labours in this way necessarily terminated with the daylight. This was the improved state of my health during the preparation of the 'Conquest of Mexico,' and satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of my species, I scarcely envied the superior good fortune of those who could prolong their studies into the evening, and the later hours of the night. But a change has again taken place during the last two years. The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, while the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased, that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through

the whole time I have not had the use of it on an average for more than an hour a day. Nor can I cheer myself with the delusive expectation that, impaired as the organ has become from having been tasked, probably, beyond its strength, it can ever renew its youth, or be of much service to me hereafter in my literary researches. Whether I shall have the heart to enter, as I had proposed, on a new and more extensive field of historical labour with these impediments, I cannot say.—Preface, p. xvi.

Mr. Prescott may certainly be added to those instances of admirable energy, where the impediment has only served to stimulate exertion, and to be the direct occasion of a signal triumph of mind over nature.

Under this disadvantage the author had to encounter a body of materials of the most full and minute description, far more so than those existing for the 'Conquest of Mexico,' and, unlike those, untouched hitherto. For nothing on the 'Conquest of Peru' like the '*Historias de los Conquistas de Mexico*,' by Solis, has been attempted by any Spanish author. These manuscript papers consist chiefly in royal grants, and ordinances, instructions of the Court, letters and despatches to the Governors from home, personal diaries and memoranda, but, above all, a mass of private correspondence of the principal actors. So that there is scarcely a nook or corner so obscure in the path of the adventurers that some light has not been thrown upon it by the written correspondence of the period.

Out of this stock the author undertook to fill up the sketch which forms Book VI. of Robertson's '*History of America*.' Each portion of the great drama of Spanish conquest, though only a portion of the whole, is capable of being separately treated, and none offer such brilliant passages of adventure as the careers of Cortes and Pizarro in Mexico and Peru. Each of these has its place in the correct but cold and spiritless outline of Robertson; an outline which it is Mr. Prescott's modest profession to have only designed to fill in. Those who are acquainted with Robertson's modernization of Herrera, will be most inclined to wonder that all the additional stores of document accumulated by Mr. Prescott have furnished so little of novelty, and that all the material parts of the story were touched in the succinct narrative of Robertson. We say 'those who are acquainted' with Robertson, for not only is he one of those standard writers whom nobody reads, but the subject is one of which even informed persons are generally ignorant. We should be the last to join in any wholesale declamation against our University education, but it will be readily admitted by all who are acquainted with the system, that without any radical alteration or reform, the sphere of knowledge communicated to the pupil might be very easily enlarged. A faint attempt at inculcating the rudiments of geography is made at school; but

generally ill taught, and worse remembered, and not being followed up at College, it comes to nothing. How much time and labour would be saved if elementary instruction in geography, physical and political, with some short notes of the actual condition of the various states and nations, were regularly given us from the first, instead of leaving us to pick up crude, imperfect, and erroneous ideas late in life, and as the occasion arises for which the information is wanted. It would be all the difference between starting right at first, and having to consume the precious hours of the matured mind in labouring to correct false conceptions. On all common topics, and subjects which daily life and society bring before us, and of which we are, therefore, under the necessity of forming some notions or other, not to have been rightly instructed is equivalent to having had incorrect notions instilled. If we have not been forearmed with the true facts, we are placed at the mercy of the first speaker or writer who may happen to make an impression upon us. And the most mortifying consideration, perhaps, is, that this might be done on a considerable number of common subjects with no more expenditure of time and trouble than we now give to the miserable curriculum of the 'Four Books and Aldrich.' A well-selected compendium of geography and statistics, for example, might be learned in a week, and being referred to from time to time afterwards during the course of any lecture that might be given on a period of modern history, would fix in the mind that indispensable elementary knowledge without which the course of modern politics and public events cannot be understood.

One consequence of the want of any accredited teaching on such subjects is, that writers on them know not how much previous information to assume in their readers; and are obliged in consequence to begin on every occasion *ab ovo*, a mode of treating a reader, which is apt to weary and disgust all those to whom the subject is not entirely new. To this necessity we owe, probably, the Introductory Book of these volumes, in which the Peruvian institutions and the history, what little is known of it, previous to the Spanish invasion is sketched. The second Book relates the discovery of the country, and the first unsuccessful attempts to obtain a footing in it down to Pizarro's voyage to Spain. Books III. and IV. contain the History of the Conquest, and the rest of the volume is occupied with that necessary appendage to conquest, the quarrels of the Conquerors among themselves, and is brought down to the final settlement of the country, brought about by the wise and conciliating Pedro de la Gasca. We propose, in the present notice, to confine ourselves to the events of the Conquest, and shall avail ourselves of Mr. Prescott's second and third Books to lay before our readers

an outline of one of the most bloody tragedies ever acted on the face of the earth, to its closing scene in the cruel and cold-blooded murder of the unhappy Atahualpa.

Though there is, it appears, no modern compilation on the Conquest of Peru, in Spanish literature, yet the subject and country is illustrated by a native historian who may justly rank among the small and select number of genuine and original chroniclers. The South American Herodotus, Garcilasso de la Vega, was born at Cuzco, the capital of old Peru, in 1540. He was a *mestizo*, that is, of mixed descent; his father, the same name with himself, being one of that illustrious family whose achievements in arms and letters shed such lustre over the proudest period of Castilian annals; and his mother being of the blood of the Incas, having escaped on account of her tender years from the general massacre of all the descendants of Huyana Capao, which was perpetrated by the last Inca, whom the Spaniards, as we shall see, dethroned. Garcilasso was not a little proud of this union of two noble races in his own person—the chivalry of Castile, and the blood royal of Peru,—always subscribing himself, Garcilasso Inca de la Vega. This singular fortune of his birth fitted him in a peculiar way to be the chronicler of the Conquest. He belonged to both parties, conquerors and conquered, sympathized in some measure with both, preserved the traditions of both, and represents their union. As a child he had treasured the traditions of the good old times of Inca rule, which, coloured by the fond regrets of the humbled natives, were not likely to lose anything as seen through the magnifying medium of the past. The comparison of him with any of the Spanish narrators of the same events will show in a few sentences the difference this fact of descent occasions; the lights and shadows of the picture disposed by his hand, present an effect very different from the fierce hatred or proud contempt breathed by a purely Spanish writer.

But Garcilasso was a Castilian as well as an Inca. And he wrote at Cordova, and late in life, after the story had been often told by Spanish writers. He naturally deferred much to men who enjoyed high credit both as writers and statesmen. His object, he professes, was not so much to add anything new of his own, as to correct their errors, and the misconceptions into which they had fallen, by their ignorance of the language and the manners of the native population. In another respect, also, he was completely the European, being a most devout Catholic, and abhorring the idolatry and superstition which the introduction of Catholicism overthrew.

But still more than this advantage of birth, is the character and imagination which makes his *Commentarios Reales* the

reflection of the age in which he lived. It is, indeed, the emanation of the Indian mind, pleading for an unfortunate and degraded race before the tribunal of posterity. But it is also a living picture of men and of life; universal, and not particular only; not a skeleton or framework of facts, but clothed with the beautiful garb of humanity, and instinct with the spirit of life. It is addressed to the imagination rather than to the understanding. He pictures a state of society with all the rich colouring of romance. His royal ancestors are the types of every imaginary excellence, and the golden age is revived for a nation, which, while the war of proselytism is raging on its borders, enjoys within all the blessings of tranquillity and peace. Even the material splendours of the monarchy, sufficiently great in this land of gold, become heightened into the gorgeous illusions of a fairy tale. The wonderful and the miraculous enter largely into the composition, and become it; they are natural and graceful, being given with all the thorough good faith of the Spaniard of the sixteenth century. We are, as it were, present at a dazzling spectacle of arms, adventure, and marvel, but at which the actors who assist are men of flesh and blood, not invulnerable heroes. We have personal anecdotes, garrulous reminiscences, and animated gossip; become acquainted with their habits, listen to their familiar sayings, and, in short, gather up those minutiae which in the aggregate make up so much of life and character. It may be irregular, and sometimes incorrect, and requiring to be checked by reference to more matter-of-fact writers, but it is one of those books, to the pages of which a reader who has once been introduced, will return again and again with pleasure, while more correct and formal compositions on the same subject will succeed one another only to be forgotten.

It is from this writer that is originally derived the story, which of all the American traditions is the most familiar to Europeans, which ascribes the origin of Peruvian civilization to a definite period, and to two individuals, Manca Capac, and Manca Oello, who, appearing among them as from another world, and as beings of a higher order, gathered the savage natives into communities, and taught them the arts of life. As the similarity of this legend to the Greek and Oriental traditions, has rendered it a favourite citation in evidence of the historical rise of society, it may be worth remarking that it is only one among many traditions of their early history preserved among the Peruvians, and, probably, not the one most generally received. And its currency in Europe is to be ascribed solely to its having been preserved in the opening of a book so generally read at one time, and the only source for a long time of all the information about Peru, as Garcilasso's *Royal Commentaries*. Those

Spanish writers who carry back furthest the commencement of the Inca dynasty, only assign it to five hundred years before the coming of the Spaniards, while a more authentic account in the Report of the Royal Audience of Peru fixes it at two hundred years before the same epoch. But the only authentic evidence on such a subject—monumental and architectural remains, seem, according to the best authorities, to prove that in Peru, as in the ancient kingdoms of the east, a civilization at least equal, probably superior, to that in which they were found, had existed from times long anterior to any record or tradition. The Peruvian remains have not been examined with the same care as those of Central America or Yucatan. But they are said to be not less numerous, or less astonishing; and though raised without the aid of iron tools, to be adapted to resist the convulsions of a country of earthquakes and volcanoes, while the erections of the conquerors, with all the appliances of European science and skill, have been repeatedly buried in ruins. But the character of such of these remains, as lying in more conspicuous situations, are generally known and visited, is allowed on all hands to reveal a period anterior to the Incas, while no traditions or story preserved among the people mounts beyond the fabulous founder of the Inca dynasty.

A few remarks may be required on the character and quality of the Peruvian institutions at the time of the conquest. They may be best illustrated by a contrast and a comparison. First, they present a remarkable contrast to the other leading, and only civilized nation of the Western Hemisphere, the Aztecs, whose empire in the northern portion of the continent, was as conspicuous as that of the Incas in the southern. Both pursued a career of conquest, and diffused themselves from one narrow point over a large extent of territory—but the Aztecs came like fierce and implacable conquerors, exterminating the vanquished nations, and signalizing their triumphs by human hecatombs. The Incas, on the other hand, though they carried their conquests over a still larger extent of country, and with equal pertinacity, yet appear as wise and conciliating rulers; dealing with their successive opponents as subjects and not enemies, and incorporating them whenever it was possible, by peaceable means, in the bosom of their empire. The Mexican vassals were ground by excessive imposts and military conscriptions: their welfare was never considered by their masters, but they were made to feel every hour that they were a conquered people, held in subjugation by fortresses and armed garrisons. The Incas, on the other hand, admitted their new subjects at once to all the rights enjoyed by the rest of the community, and though they required them to conform to the

common laws and usages of the empire, they watched over their security and comfort with parental solicitude. The motley population, thus bound together by a common interest, was animated by a common feeling of loyalty, which gave greater strength and stability to the empire, as it became more widely extended, while the various tribes who successively came under the Mexican sceptre, being held together only by the pressure of external force, were ready to fall asunder the moment that force was withdrawn.

The difference between the religions of the two people was of the same description. The chief divinity of the Aztecs was a sort of Thracian war-god, propitiated by human sacrifices, and honoured by cannibal orgies. The Peruvian rites were of a more innocent cast—they adored a beneficent Creator and Ruler of the universe, under the symbol of the sun, who gave light and warmth to the nations, and life to the vegetable world.

The conquerors of Mexico and those of Peru, so different in the character of their civilization, had no intercourse with one another, and, as far as we know, were ignorant of each other's existence—and this, though their empires were contemporaneous, and not separated by any ocean. So the only two highly organized communities of the New World, furnish two independent types of civilization, not influenced by one another, and not traceable to any origin in the old continent.

But though not derived from our hemisphere, the Peruvian institutions offer a remarkable resemblance to that of a nation whose civilization also remounts beyond the verge of all known history. Their similarity to the Chinese, in the general cast of their intellect, social rather than scientific, imitative rather than inventive; in their mild yet somewhat stubborn temper, their implicit obedience to authority, their reverence for established usage, their formal state-religion, their skill in the minuter manufactures, and their invincible patience—have often struck observers.

The government of the Incas, though equally absolute with that of the Emperors of China, yet seems to have been exercised with more beneficent and paternal views, and presents a singular example of a thoroughly despotic power presenting itself as the mildest of governors. This mercifulness in the administration of the power arose indeed from the very fact that it was so entirely without limit. The transcendent rank of the sovereign, and vast superiority over the subject, with the superstitious devotion to his will, made it superfluous to assert this will by acts of violence or rigour. The great mass of the people may have appeared in his eyes as only formed to minister to his pleasure. But from their very helplessness he regarded

them with feelings of commiseration, like those which a kind master might feel for the poor animals committed to his charge, or a parent for his young and helpless offspring. The laws were directed to their preservation and comfort: the people were not allowed to be employed in works pernicious to their health, nor to pine under the imposition of tasks too heavy for their powers. They were never made the victims of public or private extortion, and a benevolent forecast watched over their necessities, and provided for their relief in seasons of infirmity, and their sustenance in health.

But though patriarchal in temper, and doing its utmost for the physical well-being of its people, the Peruvian government lay like an incubus on the mental energies of the race. We cannot now investigate whether this character in the governments of the Peruvians as well as of the Chinese, be not itself referable to an inferiority in the natural capacities of the races; which seem in both cases to have been stopped short, and permanently stopped, at a very low mark of national development, after having surmounted some of the first, and those the most difficult steps in the progress. The Peruvian development was, indeed, much below that of the Tartar race, with whom we have been comparing them—and they present the singular spectacle of a nation advanced in many social refinements, skilled in manufactures and agriculture, but unacquainted with two inventions which have been found in the old world inseparable elements of all social advances—letters, and money; and though possessing a line of sea-coast, of the enormous extent from north to south of thirty-eight or thirty-nine degrees of latitude, they were entirely ignorant of navigation and ship-building, and had no better means of transport by water than clumsy rafts (bolsas) floated on skins. It has been contended, for example, by Count Carli (*Lettres Americaines*) that the moral man in Peru under the Incas rule was highly developed, (*infiniment plus perfectionné que l'Européen*). But this judgment seems greatly coloured. The most enlightened Spaniards who first visited Peru, though greatly struck with the appearance of order and prosperity which marked the country, yet are divided in their testimony as to the influence of their institutions on the character of the natives. They accuse them of being addicted to drinking, and sensual and licentious pleasures. But when we remember who even the best of the Spanish conquerors were, and call to mind their cruelty, their blind and insatiable cupidity, which made them insensible to every consideration of humanity or policy, in pursuit of gold, and their willing ignorance of the institutions of a people they despised, we shall be cautious how we give credit to their random aspersions on their character;

particularly as they show on many occasions an evident tendency to exaggerate the crimes and misdeeds of the Incas, as some apology for their own savage atrocities towards them.

The Spaniards arrived in Peru just at the consummation of an important revolution, at a crisis most favourable for an invading enemy, and without the aid of which the conquest could hardly have been achieved with such a handful of men.

The opening of the sixteenth century found Huyana Capac on the throne of the Incas, an able prince, and in the full career of conquest. It was he who completed the reduction of the ancient kingdom of Quito, on the north of Peru, the most important accession that had been made at one time since the foundation of the dynasty of Manco Capac. The heir to the crown, the son of his lawful wife and sister, was named Huascar. But he had, as usual with the Inca princes, a numerous posterity by his concubines. Of these the best-beloved was Atahualpa, son of a princess of Quito, daughter of the last of that ancient kingdom, who had died of grief, as it was said, for the overthrow of his throne by Huyana Capac. Huyana on his death-bed called the great officers of the crown around him, and declared his will that the empire which he had enlarged and consolidated should be dismembered, and divided between the lawful heir and his favourite son; the original portion of the empire being settled on Huascar, the recent acquisition of the rich and populous kingdom of Quito passing to Atahualpa, who might be considered as having something like an hereditary claim to it as the dominion of his ancestors. His death appears to have occurred in the year 1525. For nearly five years the brothers reigned each over his allotted portion in harmony, at least without collision. But with the manifold causes for jealousy and discontent which the mere position alone must inevitably engender, and the swarms of courtly sycophants who would find their account in fomenting those feelings, it was easy to see that this tranquil state of things could not long endure. Nor would it have endured so long, but for the more gentle temper of Huascar, the only party who had ground for complaint. What was the immediate cause of the rupture, it is impossible amid conflicting statements to decide; but the restless and ambitious spirit of Atahualpa was not likely long to resist the temptation which his situation relatively to his brother held out. A bloody civil war ensued; which terminated, of course, in favour of the aggressor; the decisive battle was fought in the neighbourhood of Cuzco, Huascar's capital; the slaughter was marked by the pile of bones which lay on the field long after the conquest by the Spaniards. Huascar was made prisoner, and placed in close confinement by his brother's orders.

Garcilasso de la Vega relates, on the authority of his uncle, that the sequel of this victory was the massacre, by the victor, of every member of the Inca family whom he could seize, legitimate or illegitimate, male or female. This story, which has found its way from Garcilasso into every subsequent history of Peru, Mr. Prescott combats; partly on general grounds, partly because it is not mentioned by any other contemporary writers, and because in another place Garcilasso states that 600 pure descendants of the Inca race were in existence only seventy years after the date of the massacre.

The news of the great victory was borne on the wings of the wind to the camp of Atahualpa; and great was the rejoicing, not only there, but through all the kingdom of Quito. The triumph of the Peruvian Jugurtha was complete. But like Jugurtha's, it was but the triumph of a moment. A mightier enemy was at hand to reap the fruits of his success, to take advantage of his exhausted strength, and to avenge his cruel triumph. Within a few months of the victory of Cuzco, the Spaniards landed on the coast of Peru; and the vague rumours which from time to time had reached the Inca's ears of the advent of a race of strangers, armed with irresistible powers and strength, but which, intent solely on the strife with his brother, he had disregarded, like a little cloud on the distant verge of the horizon, had now risen high in the zenith, and was about to burst on the devoted nation.

We shall not follow Mr. Prescott through his narrative of the early life of Francisco Pizarro, nor upon the preliminaries of the discovery and conquest of Peru; his three failures; his undaunted resolution through danger and desertion by followers; the famous story of the line drawn on the sand, across which thirteen only followed him; his voyage to Spain; his capitulation with the Emperor Charles V., by which he was appointed governor and captain-general of the country to be conquered; but we shall take up his history at his final landing in the bay of Tambez, in the year 1532, with a force of about 250 men, and 67 horses for his cavalry, to conquer an empire, extending in length through 38 degrees of latitude. No fabulous achievement of any knight-errant of romance, no disproportion of numbers imagined in the utmost extravagance of those prose fictions in which the Spaniards so much delighted, in which the single arm of the Paladin overthrows hundreds of Saracens, or Moors, went beyond the reality of this desperate adventure.

In their previous descents on the coast, the Spaniards had acted like pirates, falling on the unresisting Indians whenever they came up with them, butchering them, either for the sake of their golden ornaments, or the more secure possession of

their women, or often from the mere wantonness of slaughter. But their feebleness and insignificance against such odds now imperatively dictated a more prudent course. Pizarro had ascertained the result of the struggle between the Inca brothers, and that the victor now lay with his army surrounded by the enemy within ten or twelve days' journey of his present position. He determined, after fixing on a site for a first Spanish settlement, to advance with the rest of his little force into the interior of the country, and to present himself before the Inca as the peaceful representative of a brother monarch, and by these friendly demonstrations disarm any feeling of hostility or even of suspicion.

On the 24th of September, 1532, five months after landing at Tambez, Pizarro marched out of the gates of his little colony, to which he had given the name St. Miguel, out of gratitude for a supposed interposition of that saint in a moment of extreme danger in one of his fights with the Indians. After crossing the Piura (on the banks of which the present town of St. Miguel stands, the old site having been abandoned), the little army continued to advance over a level district intersected by streams that descended from the Andes. The face of the country was shagged over with forests of gigantic growth, and occasionally traversed by ridges of barren land, that seemed like shoots of the adjacent mountains, breaking up the surface into little valleys of sequestered loveliness. The soil, though rarely watered by the rains of heaven, was naturally rich; and wherever it was refreshed by moisture, as on the margins of the streams, it was enamelled with the brightest verdure. The industry of the inhabitants, moreover, had turned these streams to the best account, and canals and aqueducts were seen crossing the lowlands in all directions, and spreading over the country like a vast net-work, diffusing fertility and beauty around them. The air was scented with the sweet odours of flowers, and everywhere the eye was refreshed by the sight of orchards laden with unknown fruits, fields waving with yellow grain, and rich in luscious vegetables of every description that teem in the sunny clime of the equator. The Spaniards were now among a people who had carried the refinements of husbandry to a greater extent than any yet found on the American continent; and as they journey through this paradise of plenty, their condition formed a pleasing contrast to what they had before endured in the dreary wilderness of the mangroves.

Their peaceful and inoffensive deportment now secured them a hospitable reception everywhere on their route. Each man seemed to be aware that his only hope lay in conciliating the good opinion of the inhabitants, among whom he had so

recklessly cast his fortunes. In most of the towns of any size some fortress was to be found, or royal caravansary destined for the use of the Inca on his progresses, the ample halls of which furnished abundant accommodation for the Spaniards, who were thus lodged and entertained by the very government they were marching to overthrow.

Some communication and interchange of presents took place between Pizarro and the Inca, which ended in an invitation from the latter to the Spaniards to visit him in his camp, where he was now lying with a large army near the ancient town of Caxamalca (now Caxamarca), situated in a valley behind the first ridge of the Andes. Accordingly the little band pressed on, and, after some days' further marching, arrived at the base of the mountain rampart. Here a considerable debate arose among the men, for the road here divided, a steep, difficult, and dangerous path conducted through the defiles to Caxamalca, where, if any treachery was meditated, they would be completely in the power of the foe; while along the base of the steep ran a broad and level road, one of the royal routes leading to the capital, Cuzco, which, with its border of friendly shades, seemed to invite the wayworn soldier. Many were of opinion that the army should take this road, and give up the original destination to Caxamalca. But such was not the opinion of Pizarro himself, who saw all the danger of allowing the least suspicion of fear or distrust on the part of the Spaniards to enter the minds of the Indians, who now looked up to them with awe as a superior race of beings. But his reasoning, and that frank and manly eloquence which enabled him (like Cortes) to command the hearts and sympathies of his followers, prevailed, and all prepared, without hesitation, for the instant passage of the Cordillera.

They encamped that night at the foot of the pass, and at dawn of day, according to arrangement, Pizarro proceeded with forty horse and sixty foot, to lead the advance and reconnoitre the path, leaving the remainder below with his brother Hernando. The difficulties were even greater than had been foreseen. The path had been conducted in the most judicious manner round the rugged and precipitous sides of the mountains, in the manner of an Alpine road. But it was still necessarily so steep in many places that the cavalry were obliged to dismount, and scrambling up as they could, lead their horses by the bridle. The wild paths of the sierra, barely practicable for the sure and circumspect mule, were most formidable to the man-at-arms, encumbered with his panoply of mail. The tremendous fissures (*quebradas*), some of which are so deep that Humboldt says, 'that if Vesuvius was seated in the bottom of them, it would

'not rise above the level of the ridges of the neighbouring 'sierra,' yawned on every side, into which, if plunged by one false step, they were lost. More than all, their apprehension was excited that they had been only lured into this region by the Indians in order to fall on them with the greater security. This apprehension was heightened as at the summit of a steep and narrow gorge, in which they were engaged, they beheld a strong work, rising like a fortress, and frowning as it were in gloomy defiance on the invaders. As they drew near this building, which was of solid stone, commanding an angle of the road, they almost expected to see the dusky forms of the warriors rise over the battlements, and to receive a discharge of arrows on their bucklers, for it was in so strong a position that a few resolute men might have held an army at bay. But when they found it was unguarded, and, indeed, wholly untenanted, their confidence returned with the conviction that they might expect good faith on the part of the monarch, as he had allowed them to pass where he might with the greatest ease have stopped them.

Pizarro now sent orders to his brother to follow him. As they advanced into a higher region, the men, and especially the horses, so long accustomed to a tropical climate, suffered severely from the cold. At last they reached the bleak expanse of the summit of the Cordillera, where they met an embassy from the Inca, bringing a welcome present of llamas to the Spaniards. As this envoy vaunted in lofty terms the powers and resources of his sovereign, Pizarro thought it politic to show that it had no power to overawe him. He expressed his satisfaction at the triumphs of Atahualpa, who he acknowledged had raised himself high in the rank of Indian warriors. But he was as inferior to the monarch who ruled over the white men, as the petty curacas of the country were to him. This was evident from the ease with which the Spaniards had overrun this vast continent, subduing one nation after another. He had been led by the fame of Atahualpa to visit his dominions, and to offer him his services in his wars, and if he were received by the Inca in the same friendly spirit in which he came, he was willing to postpone his passage across the country to the opposite seas. The Indians, according to the Spanish reporters of the colloquy, listened with proper awe to this strain of glorification from the Spanish commander. But it is possible the envoy was a better diplomatist than they imagined, and that he understood it was only the game of brag at which he was playing with his more civilized antagonist.

The Spaniards were two days threading the airy defiles of the highest ridge of the Cordillera. The Andes are less precipitous

on the eastern slope than on the western; but they felt no little satisfaction, when, after seven days of descent, they arrived in view of the valley of Caxamalca, which, enamelled with all the beauties of cultivation, lay unrolled like a rich and variegated carpet of verdure, in strong contrast with the dark forms of the Andes frowning above. The valley is of an oval shape, extending about five leagues in length by three in breadth. It was inhabited by a population of a superior character to any which they had met with on the western side of the mountains, as was shown by the superior style of their dress, and the greater cleanliness and comfort visible in their persons and dwellings. As far as the eye could reach the level tract exhibited the show of a diligent and skilful husbandry. A broad river rolled through the meadow, supplying facilities for irrigation by canals and aqueducts. The land, intersected with verdant hedgerows, was chequered with patches of various cultivation; the soil was rich, and the climate, if less stimulating than that of the sultry regions of the coast, was more favourable to the hardy products of the temperate latitudes. Below the adventurers, with its white houses glittering in the sun, lay the little city of Caxamalca, like a sparkling gem on the dark skirts of the Sierra. At the distance of about a league further across the valley might be seen columns of vapour rising up towards the heavens, indicating the place of the famous hot baths, much frequented by the Peruvian princes. And on a slope of the hills near it was seen a white cloud of pavilions covering the ground as thick as snow flakes, for the distance apparently of several miles. They entered the city in imposing cavalcade. No one came out to meet or to welcome them, and they rode through the deserted streets without seeing any signs of its being inhabited.

Pizarro immediately despatched his brother and another of his captains, Hernando Soto, to the Inca, to inform him of his arrival in the city. The Inca was quartered in an open court or area, with a light building or pleasure house in the centre, having galleries running around it, and opening behind on a garden. The walls were coated with a shining plaster, both white and coloured, and in the area before the edifice was seen a spacious tank or reservoir of stone fed by aqueducts that supplied it with both hot and cold water. A basin of hewn stone, it may be of recent construction, still bears, on the spot, the name of the 'Inca's bath.' The court was filled with Indian nobles; Atahualpa was seated in the midst on a low stool or cushion in the Turkish fashion, the principal officers of his court each standing in the post suited to his rank around him. The two Spanish captains slowly rode up in front of the Inca, and Hernando Pizarro, making a respectful obeisance, but without

dismounting, delivered the message with which he had been charged by his brother, adding an invitation that the monarch would be pleased to pay a visit to the Spaniards in their present quarters.

To all this the Inca answered not a word, nor did he even make a sign of acknowledgment that he understood it, though it was translated for him by one of the interpreters. He remained silent, with his eyes fastened on the ground, but one of his nobles standing by his side answered, 'It is well.' Hernando Pizarro, in a courteous and respectful manner, again broke silence, by requesting the Inca to speak to them himself, and to inform them what was his pleasure. On this Atahualpa condescended to reply, while a faint smile passed over his features, 'Tell your captain that I am keeping a fast which will end to-morrow morning. I will then visit him with my chieftains. In the mean time let him occupy the public buildings on the square, and no other, till I come, when I will order what shall be done.'

The Inca preserved throughout the interview something of that gravity and stoical indifference said to be affected by the Indians of North America. But in spite of this he appeared to look with some surprise and interest on the movements of the cavalry horses, an animal unknown in Peru. Soto, who was the best mounted and the best rider in Pizarro's troop, perceiving this, made a display of his horsemanship. After putting him through all the manœuvres of a trained war steed, he brought him in full career close up to the Inca's seat, when he suddenly checked him and brought him on his haunches so near to the Inca's person, that some of the foam that flecked his horse's sides was thrown on the royal garments. But Atahualpa maintained the same marble composure, though several of his soldiers whom de Soto passed in his course were so terrified that they moved from their posts, a misdemeanour which was visited on them by the Inca by immediate execution as soon as the strangers had quitted them, at least such was the universal belief among the Spaniards.

We have of this interview the descriptions of two eye-witnesses—Hernando Pizarro himself, and an anonymous cavalier, both among the MSS. collected for Mr. Prescott, besides the account which Garcilasso gives from 'Spanish historians.' The latter, tested by the narratives of the eye-witnesses in this instance, may be considered to receive general authentication. His account of the scene is less minute, but agrees in all the facts, and he gives the story of Soto's feats of riding and the putting to death of the soldiers who drew back, though expressly saying he thinks them improbable.

But in spite of the vaunting tone, and confident bearing, which the Spaniards had assumed in the presence of the Indian host, the real impression on their own minds was very different. They now first began to see their own real position, and to draw ominous conclusions from the cold and unfriendly bearing of the Inca. Cut off from all succour from the rear, they saw themselves, so it seemed, at the mercy of a formidable power, which they were conscious would, if it knew its own interest, deal with them as enemies. Their comrades in the camp caught the infectious spirit of despondency, which was not lessened as night came on, and they beheld the watch-fires of the Peruvians lighting up the sides of the mountains, and glittering in the darkness as thick, says one who saw them, as the stars of heaven.

There was only one bosom in that little band which was not touched with the feeling either of fear or dejection. Pizarro secretly rejoiced that he had now brought matters to the issue for which he had longed. He saw the necessity of kindling a similar feeling in his followers, or all would be lost. Without unfolding his plans, he went round among his men, beseeching them not to show faint hearts at this crisis, when they stood face to face with the foe they had been so long seeking. The Spanish cavalier, whether fighting with Indians or Moors, acted under the combined influence of chivalrous sentiment and religious zeal. They considered themselves engaged in a crusade against pagans for the purpose of spreading the catholic faith; the saints fought for them, and had more than once visibly come to their aid; it was not to be supposed they would forsake them now in the time of their sorest need.

A council of officers was then summoned, to whom Pizarro proposed the plans which he had formed for their extrication from their present difficulty. This was, to seize the person of the Inca, and to carry him off in the presence of his whole army. It was a project full of peril, bordering it might seem on desperation. But the circumstances of the Spaniards were desperate. To fly was now too late. Whither could they fly? At the first symptom of giving way they would have the whole Peruvian army upon them, while the passes would be seized before them by a foe far better acquainted with the ground than themselves. And how could they hope to pass in the face of an enemy a road which they had been barely able to surmount when unopposed? Yet to remain inactive was almost equally perilous. Familiarity with the white men must in time destroy that awe and submission to their superior powers, which contributed at present so much to their real superiority. Their horses, arms, and showy appointments would be a tempta-

tion to the barbaric taste of the Peruvians, while their own high-handed conduct in their passage thus far through his dominions afforded a sufficient pretext for treating them as foes, and punishing their arrogance. And if they waited but a few days longer, the legions so lately victorious in the south might return, and make the odds against them still more desperate than now.

It is easy to see that in the expedient which he adopted for freeing himself from this dangerous position Pizarro had in view the exploit of Cortes, who had carried off the Aztec monarch in his capital. But that was not by violence, at least not by open violence, and it received the sanction, compulsory though it were, of the monarch itself. It was also true that the results in that case did not seem to encourage a repetition of the experiment, since the people rose in a body to sacrifice both the prince and his kidnappers. Yet this was owing to the violence and indiscretion of the latter; in the outset the scheme was perfectly successful, and could Pizarro once become the master of the person of Atahualpa, he trusted to his own policy to avoid the errors into which Cortes had fallen. It would place in his power an inestimable guarantee for his safety; and if he could not make his own terms with the Inca at once, the arrival of reinforcements from home would in all probability soon enable him to do so.

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the morning of the 16th November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn, and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of assault, made the necessary dispositions. He stationed his men under cover in the spacious halls which formed three sides of the square, which seemed almost contrived on purpose for a *coup-de-théâtre*. When the dispositions were completed mass was celebrated, and prayers for the success of the stratagem offered to God and the Virgin, while all joined with enthusiasm in chanting 'Exurge Domine, judica causam Tuam.' They might at this moment have been imagined to be a company of martyrs about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers meditating one of the most cold-blooded acts of perfidy recorded in history.

It was not till late in the day that the Peruvian procession was in motion, and when it had advanced within half a mile of the city it came to a halt, and Pizarro saw with surprise that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents as if to halt there. It was of the utmost importance to the success of his scheme that it should be acted on at once, before the ardour and resolu-

tion of the men had time to cool, or suspicion to be awakened on the part of the Indians, and a messenger was accordingly despatched to the Inca to endeavour to turn him from his purpose, and induce him to pay his visit the same evening. The Inca again changed his mind, and, striking his tents, he resumed his march, first apprising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them and without arms, proposing, with the fullest confidence in their good faith, to pass the night in the quarters of the Spaniards.

A little before sunset the van of the royal procession entered the gates. First came some hundreds of attendants, whose business it was to sweep clear the road of all stones and rubbish which might impede the procession, or be in the way of the chairmen. Then followed various bodies of officers of the court with the various dresses and insignia of office, and the guards and immediate attendants on the monarch, who were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble. Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's dress was much richer than on the preceding evening when he gave audience to the ambassadors. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of great size and beauty. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified, and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure like one accustomed to command. The procession entered the square or *plaza*, and slowly began to fill it, the Spaniards still remaining within the buildings as they had been posted. When the Inca came to a halt, a Dominican friar, Fra Vicente de Valverde by name, stepped forward with a crucifix in one hand and in the other a book, which some say was a breviary, some a missal, others a bible, and, making a low obeisance, read a long oration, which is preserved by Garcilasso from the original copy written out, in Latin, in the Friar's own hand-writing, and which the historian had committed to memory when young. He began by a statement of the doctrines of the Christian faith, the Trinity, the fall, the redemption by Christ, who when he ascended into heaven, left his apostles on earth, of whom St. Peter was constituted chief. He proceeded to say that the Pope of Rome, who is the high-priest now living, having under-

stood that all the people and nations of these countries, leaving the worship of the true Maker of all things, did brutishly worship idols and the images of devils, and being willing to draw them to the knowledge of the true God, had granted the conquest of these parts to Charles V., emperor of the Romans, who is the most powerful king of Spain, and monarch of all the earth, that he might bring the kings, lords, and people of these parts to the knowledge of God, and obedience to the church. He then made to the Inca the two propositions, that he should acknowledge himself the vassal of the Emperor, and hold his kingdom of him as his tributary; and renouncing the abominable superstition of idols, the invention and contrivance of which proceeded from the devil, and receive the faith of Jesus Christ. In case of refusal he was assured that God would deliver him up, as he had done Pharaoh, to destruction by the arms of the Spaniards.

How much of this discourse was understood by the Inca does not seem to be agreed upon by the reporters of the scene, but the tone and language of superiority, and demand of submission to a power only represented to him by the handful of men before him, kindled his indignation, and he is said to have replied in angry terms to the address of the friar. Vicente, turning away from the Inca, hastened to Pizarro, and informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, 'Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once, I absolve you?' (*Salid á el. Que yo os absuelvo.*) This was the moment. Pizarro waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress, and rushing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouting the old Castilian war-cry of S. Iago, poured from all the avenues in which they had lain concealed on the Indian crowd, now densely wedged together in the *plazo*. Taken by surprise by so perfidious an onslaught, unarmed and wholly defenceless, stunned by the report of the musketry, and the two falconets (which formed the artillery of Pizarro), and blinded by the smoke which rolled in heavy volumes round the square, and unable even to fly, the poor Indians were unresistingly butchered at the most entire leisure of these demons, who drove their swords right and left through the mass of human flesh that stood before them. Every avenue of escape was soon choked with the bodies of the dead and dying, and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians by their convulsive struggles burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the square. It

fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the fields, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, as though enraged that any of their miserable victims should escape them.

For a long time the Spaniards were unable to reach the Inca, whose person was their great object. He was still protected, not by any resistance on the part of his subjects, for resistance they never attempted from first to last, but by the devotion of his nobles and people, who offered their own persons to the sword of the enemy to shield as long as they could their beloved master. Fast as one line of these voluntary victims was hewn down, another filled up its place. The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him, without yet hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he sate heaved to and fro, as if floating on the living tide of heads beneath. At length as the shades of evening began to fall, Pizarro, with a select band of followers, had forced his way almost within reach of the chair, and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the fray by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, shouting out, 'Let no one who values his life, strike at the Inca,' (*Nadie heira al Indio so pena de la vida*), stretched out his own arm to cover him, and in so doing received a wound on the hand from one of his own men, the only wound received by a Spaniard throughout the whole day. This could not last for ever; the faithful defenders of the royal litter were at length all cut down, and after reeling several times, the litter was overturned, and the Inca would have come with violence to the ground had not Pizarro and some of the cavaliers caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his brow by one of the soldiers near, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building where he was carefully guarded.

With the capture of the Inca, the charm which held the Peruvians together was broken. The soldiery encamped on the adjacent heights took the alarm, and learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who even now their prey was secured, showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the square of Caxamalca.

The number of slain is reported, as usual, with great discrepancy. Xerex, Pizarro's secretary, says that 2,000 were killed. A descendant of the Incas, who in 1,570 sent in a memorial to Philip II., swells the number to 10,000. Probably the real number was never known. But the massacre, though

incessant and unsparing, was of brief duration. A short hour sufficed to decide the fate of Peru, and to subvert the throne of that vast region.

Language is too weak to express the horror we conceive at this deed of bloody villany; the whole annals of human violence and crime probably contain nothing equal to it. Arms and resistance, even with a disparity of force, however great, seem to offer some palliation of the slaughter that attends or follows a flight. In the massacre of the Mamlukes by Mehemet Ali, though they could not reach their destroyers, they were at least armed and formidable, and might be said to have given provocation. The Peruvian nobles, unoffending, unarmed, on a visit in unsuspecting good faith to men with whom their only intercourse had been to confer benefits on them, were wantonly butchered for the honour of the Catholic church, under the invocation of God and the Virgin. The least that the historian who has to record such deeds of fanatical atrocity can do, is to enter a protest in the name of humanity against their perpetrators, and we should have thought better of Mr. Prescott, if, instead of a feeble attempt to palliate the crime, he had given his readers the benefit of his own sympathy in their indignation against it.

Among the victors themselves we hear of neither remorse or misgiving. On the contrary, they gloried in their triumph; and, having ascertained that not one of their number was even wounded, they offered up a solemn thanksgiving for so signal a miracle, which proved in their eyes that their cause was that of heaven; and one of their first acts on the following days was the erection or preparation of a church, in which mass was regularly performed by the Dominicans.

It was not long, however, before the discerning Atahualpa discovered, amid all the show of religious zeal among his conquerors, a lurking appetite more potent in their bosoms than the honour of that faith, to teach him which they professed to have visited the shores of Peru. He acted at once on his discovery; and appealing to the avarice of his captors, one day told Pizarro, that if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment in which they stood with gold. Those present listened with an incredulous smile; and as the Inca received no answer, he repeated that he would not merely cover the floor, but fill the room with gold as high as he could reach; and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand against the wall. Pizarro might be still incredulous; but it was at least politic to allow the Inca to make the attempt, as he would thus collect, without any trouble, all the gold from the most distant parts of the empire, and without any risk of its being secreted or purloined by the natives. He therefore ac-

cepted the offer; and, drawing a red line along the wall, at the height which the Inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by a notary. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad by twenty-two long, and the line was nine feet from the floor. The room in which the line traced by Pizarro is still said to be visible is still shown to the visitor at Caxamarca; a disgraceful memorial of the crime and avarice in which the Spanish states in those regions originated. It was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles in which it was manufactured, that the Inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further engaged to fill an adjoining room of similar dimensions twice full with silver, and he demanded about two months to accomplish this.

Every corner of the kingdom was now ransacked for the purpose of raising this vast ransom. Palaces and temples, and every depository, public and private, was despoiled of their gold and silver ornaments. In a few weeks the returns began to come in. They consisted, for the most part, of massive pieces of plate, some of which weighed two or three arrobas—a Spanish weight of twenty-five pounds. On some days, articles of the value of thirty or forty thousand *pesos de oro* were brought in. The greedy eyes of the conquerors gloated on the shining heaps of treasure; and in proportion as they had been before incredulous, they now passed into the other extreme, and imagined the Inca's hoards inexhaustible. They became more craving and impatient, the more the gold poured in. They made no allowance for the distance and difficulties of the way, and loudly inveighed against the tardiness with which the royal commands were executed.

Meanwhile, the prince continued to live in the Spanish quarters, in close confinement, though still treated with much show of respect. He was allowed the society of his favourite wives, and his subjects had access to him. Every day he received visits from the Indian nobles, who brought him presents, and offered condolence to him in his misfortune. The most potent of these vassals never appeared in his presence without taking off their sandals, and bearing a load on their backs, in token of homage. The Spaniards gazed with wondering eyes on these acts of submission, and the air of perfect indifference with which they were received; and they conceived high ideas of a prince who, even in his present helpless condition, could inspire such feelings of awe in his subjects. Pizarro, too, visited him; and, with his chaplain, the Dominican above mentioned, endeavoured to bring the Inca over to the Christian faith. He used one argument to which, at least, the heathen could make no reply—

that it could not be the true God whom Atahualpa worshipped, since he had suffered him to fall into the hands of his enemies. They were more successful in teaching him the games of dice and chess, in which latter he became expert, and loved to beguile the weary hours of his imprisonment.

The treasure, which had continued incessantly to flow in, though still short of the stipulated amount, had become so considerable, that the impatience of the soldiers could no longer be restrained, and they clamoured for an immediate division. Pizarro was obliged to yield to their demands, and the plate was given into the hands of Indian goldsmiths, to be melted down and recast in ingots. Though they laboured day and night, such was the quantity, that it occupied a full month. When the whole was reduced to one uniform standard, they were nicely weighed, under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of the gold was found to be one million three hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine *pesos de oro*, which, allowing for the difference in the value of money, may be considered, Mr. Prescott says, equal to three millions and a half of pounds sterling at the present time.

A new difficulty had meantime arisen to interfere with the distribution of this enormous booty. A reinforcement of 200 men had joined Pizarro, brought up by Almagro, an old companion of his in his two first unsuccessful visits to the coast. These now claimed a share of the spoil. This, however, was compromised by Pizarro's influence and address, and the division made. And now the Inca claimed his liberty, as that for which he had paid the price. The stipulated amount of the ransom had not, indeed, been fully paid. But a far larger sum than the Spaniards had even dreamed of had been already divided among them; such a ransom, in short, as had never been paid by any prince before. Pizarro admitted the justice of his claim, and caused the notary to prepare an instrument in which he fully acquitted the Inca of further obligation in respect of ransom. But justice and right are feeble motives to one in Pizarro's situation, when self-interest so evidently dictated an opposite conduct—when there was no public opinion to enforce the rights of the feeble, and none but the unhappy captive himself to urge his own claim. Pizarro meditated a new act of treachery, a fit complement to the first. He first postponed the Inca's liberation, on the plea that his detention was indispensable to the safety of the Spaniards till they should be reinforced. A report naturally arising among the Spaniards that the Indians meditated an attack, gave a handle for a further detention; and, in fact, it was not difficult to find excuse

for a quarrel with the captive prince, and a plausible excuse for taking his life, now that he had become embarrassing to them. The judicial form of murder was, of course, the one selected as the surest and safest. The charges against him were that he had usurped the crown, and put to death his brother Huascar; that he had squandered the revenues of the country since the conquest by the Spaniards, and lavished them on his kindred and minions; that he was guilty of idolatry and adulterous practices, indulging openly in a plurality of wives; and, finally, that he had attempted to excite an insurrection against the Spaniards.

It is not necessary to point out the absurdity of most of these charges: the sentence was already predetermined; and, under such circumstances, any other indictment would have served as a colourable plea for executing it. The discussion among his judges—the Spanish officers—turned entirely on the probable good or evil that would result from the death of the Inca. It was a question of expediency merely. He was found ‘guilty,’ and sentenced to be burnt alive in the great square which had witnessed the carnage of his subjects; the sentence to be carried into execution that very night. The Dominican, Fra Vicente, added his signature to the warrant of execution.

When the sentence was communicated to the Inca, he was greatly overcome by it, and he exclaimed with tears, ‘What have I done, or my children, that I should merit such a fate; and from you, too!’ addressing Pizarro, ‘who have met with kindness and friendship from my people—with whom I have shared my treasures—who have received nothing but benefits from my hands.’ In the most piteous tone he implored that his life might be spared, promising any guarantee that might be required, for the safety of every Spaniard in the army—even double the ransom he had already paid, if time were given him to obtain it. Pizarro was visibly affected, and he turned away from the Inca. ‘I myself,’ says his brother Pedro, an eyewitness, ‘saw the general weep—but he could not, if he would, perhaps, have saved him in opposition to the unanimous voice of his own followers.’ And Atahualpa, when he saw that prayers and entreaties were fruitless, recovered his self-possession, and from that time submitted to his fate with the fortitude of an Indian warrior. Two hours after sunset the Spanish soldiery were assembled by torchlight in the *plaza* to witness the execution of the sentence. Atahualpa was led out chained hand and foot, Fra Vicente at his side. When the fallen prince was bound to the stake, with the fagots that were to kindle the pile around him, the friar holding up the crucifix, made a last appeal to him to embrace the faith of his conquerors. All

such attempts had hitherto naturally been in vain; but when the Dominican promised him that by submitting to be baptized, the death of torture purposed for him should be commuted for the milder form of strangulation, he yielded, and went through the ceremony, and received baptism by the name of Juan de Atahualpa, in honour of S. John the Baptist, on whose day the event took place. He immediately suffered death by the *garrote*, a mode of punishment by strangulation used for criminals in Spain.

Atahualpa was, at the time of his death, about thirty years of age, well made, and handsome, but that his eyes which were blood-shot, gave an expression of fierceness to his features. His frame was muscular and well-proportioned, his air commanding, and his deportment in the Spanish quarters had a degree of refinement, the more interesting that it was touched with melancholy. He is described, and it is the description of enemies, as bold, high-minded, and liberal. He showed great penetration and quickness of perception. His exploits as a warrior had placed his valour beyond dispute. The best homage to his talents and power over the minds of his people, is shewn in the reluctance of the Spaniards to set him at liberty. They dreaded him as an enemy, and they had done him too many wrongs to think he could be their friend—yet his conduct towards them from the first had been friendly, and they repaid it with imprisonment, robbery, and death. How little the Spaniards thought of the cruelty and iniquity of which they had been guilty, may be shown by two instances. Garcilasso says, ‘But now to consider that an Indian, who was an idolater, and who had been guilty of such horrible cruelties as Atahualpa had been, should receive the sacrament of baptism at the hour of his death, can be esteemed no otherwise than as an effect of the infinite mercy of God towards so great sinners as he was, and as I am.’ And Sancho, Pizarro’s private secretary, seems to think that the Peruvians must have regarded his funeral honours as an ample compensation to Atahualpa for any wrongs the Spaniards might have done him, since they at once raised him to a level with the Spaniards.

Such was the end of the tragedy of Atahualpa. It would not be easy to find another instance of a change of fortune so sudden and so unprepared, as that which hurled this monarch from the secure throne of a magnificent empire, in the short space of a few months, to prison and a malefactor’s death. Here was no long succession of reverses, no series of defeats from a long-dreaded rival, no gradual decay or corruption preceding the fall of this empire; but, in the height of its pride and strength, dwelling apart and secure, behind its natural rampart

of mountains, having no intercourse with, or knowledge of any power without, and no dissensions (at the time) within, a population of millions fell before four hundred strangers, who had come among them they knew not how or whence, as though dropt from the clouds. By the side of the exploits of Pizarro we cease to wonder at Thermopylæ and Marathon, or that 30,000 Macedonians should have sufficed to conquer Asia; but it is necessary to be on our guard against allowing the splendour of the achievement to seduce us into forgetfulness of the iniquity, cruelty, and avarice, which animated and guided the adventurers, and the selfish passions to which this signal exertion of moral energy was made subservient.

ART. V.—1. *Anthologia Ozoniensis, Decerpit* GULIELMUS LINWOOD, M.A. *Ædis Christi Alumnus, Londini.*

2. *Arundines Cami, sive, Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus Canori, Collegit atque edidit* HENRICUS DRURY, A.M. Cantabr.

A THIRD edition of the elegant *Arundines Cami* bears witness to a growing reaction in favour of humane studies, and a widening diffusion of classical taste and feeling. We augur equal success for the newly published sister work—rival we will not call it—the *Oxford Anthologia*, edited by Mr. Linwood of Christ Church, a scholar acknowledged to be as sound as he is brilliant.

Why should Mr. Linwood think it necessary to anticipate, or worth while to disclaim, as he does in his preface, the charge of unworthy (*pravo studio*) imitation? If the example set by Mr. Drury was good, how can the following it be discreditable either to Mr. Linwood or to Oxford? As for a certain outward resemblance in the size, type, and general ‘getting up’ of the two books, (each being an *édition de luxe* in the prevailing taste,) these are matters which publishers may be left to settle, without exposing editors to a charge of plagiarism. At all events, the public has nothing to complain of. We have two good books instead of one. And as there is ‘ample room and verge enough’ for both, we wish them both fair speed—*Arcadas ambo—cantare pares.*

Were the prize of song to be awarded by our arbitration between the competing minstrels of *Isis* and *Cam*, we should be as much puzzled as Virgil’s Shepherd, and like him we should have to pronounce a special verdict: ‘*et tu dignus, et hic.*’ For if in the *Arundines* we find more of airiness and variety, the *Anthologia* is not inferior in poetical spirit; while in classical purity and correctness it has perhaps a slight advantage. We venture, however, to prophesy, that, when the *Anthologia* shall have reached a third edition, it will be freed from the only defect now imputable to it, having enlisted a larger corps of contributors in various departments of classical composition.

Collections such as those before us, free-will offerings at the shrine of the ancient Muse, are, we frankly own, more to our taste than University Prize Poems, good as many of these undoubtedly are. The good Prize Poem in general (for there are some favourable exceptions) is good in parts rather than as a whole; the seams are too visible; the ‘*unctura*’ is wanting. A prescribed subject is often against the grain; and a defined length sometimes cramps, sometimes leads to diffusiveness. The

grace and zest of freedom are seen in the unlicensed compositions of the truly elegant scholar.

But whether the poetical spirit of our present academic youth exhale in Prize Poems or in Prolusions, it may be thankful to have escaped times when a forced and false or maudlin loyalty was the sole inspiration of our Universities; when on notable public occasions every University man who could, by possibility, ferruminate half-a-dozen verses in Latin or Greek, Hebrew or Syriac, Persian or Arabic, Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, or English, was laid under contribution and forced into print, for his own and his Alma Mater's very questionable honour. We have three portly folios on our shelves full of these academical lucubrations, in the shape of Epicedia, Gratulationes, Plausus, Epinicia, Strenæ Natalitiæ, and the like. These, too, were, in their day and in their way, *éditions de luxe*,

‘Chartæ regiæ, novi libri’—

issuing—the earlier (of Oxford) e Theatro Sheldoniano,—the later e Typographeo Clarendoniano, illustrated with frontispieces of those buildings, and sometimes with trite allegorical engravings, as of Apollo slaying Python, of Fame blowing her trumpet, &c. They extend from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I., awkward times for loyal poetry, and attended indeed with no little awkwardness to the poets themselves, and to the Universities imprinting and endorsing their effusions. A few specimens, by the way, of this curious and now little remembered literature may not be unamusing to our readers.

Among the earliest of these collections we find Epicedia on the death of a personage, whom, at this distance of time, we regard only as the fortunate instrument of a great providential work, which his profound dissimulation and keen perception of self-interest peculiarly fitted him to accomplish. We speak of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, restorer of the English monarchy in the person of Charles II. Dying ten years after his great achievement, in enjoyment of the wealth, rank, and honours he had thus earned, Monk's glorification was a mark of loyal devotion to the re-established throne and sovereign. Accordingly, the introductory verses by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, (Dr. Mews of St. John's,) ‘in obitum invictissimi herois ‘Georgii Ducis Albemarlæ,’ are inscribed ‘ad Regem.’ Although the well-paid services of this ‘most unconquered hero’ after the abdication of Richard Cromwell are, naturally enough, the chief theme of eulogy, his petty exploits in the needless and fruitless Dutch wars are swelled into mighty triumphs; an exaggeration for which our Oxford poets might plead the example of Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*. The Puritans, of course, are castigated with

a vigour and unction which might have given Butler a few good hints for his *Hudibras*. The Vice-Chancellor calls the Rump Parliament 'infamis cauda Senatûs,'— 'Cromwelli proceres, fungosa propago, Quos vulgi sentina dabat Lernæque paludes;' the Regius Professor of Divinity (Allestree), adding false quantity to false taste, speaks of 'democraticæ fæces, tenebrionum perduellium cœtus, et hypocritarum sancta turba latronum.' But we are particularly amused by the rich variety of appellations under which the defunct hero figures in Latin. Monkus, Monkius, Monkæus, (eminently ludicrous in the Vocatives, Monke, Monki, Monkæe,) Monachus, Monnachus, Georgius, Albemarlus, Albemarlus, Aumerlus, Aumalius, thrice the *tria nomina* of a noble Roman.

The death of a reigning sovereign is an event of sadness and joy; the sorrows of memory are tempered with the pleasures of hope; the parted luminary must be followed with tears, the rising sun must be worshipped with smiles; 'le roi est mort, vive le roi,' said and wrote M. de Chateaubriand; and in a like epigrammatic spirit, 140 years before him, Dr. Beeston, Warden of New College, thus concluded his loyal effusion on the death of Charles, and accession of James the Second:

'Flevimus amissum; vivum venerabimur: Angli
Justa datis Carolo, date non-injusta Jacobo.'

We have spoken of these compositions as inspired, for the most part, by a false or maudlin loyalty. And what milder judgment may we pass on lines so fulsome as the following, applied, not by a grandiloquent schoolboy, but by the Public Orator of the University, to one of the most immoral sovereigns that ever sullied the British throne?

'Ingens et clemens! dominator maximus orbis
Atque tui! patriæ lege et amore parens!
Majestas vultu, seditque in pectore candor:
Musa solet talem pingere mente Deum.'

with much more in the like strain. The pensioner of France 'ingens!' The puppet of Louis XIV. 'dominator maximus orbis!' The licentious Charles 'dominator sui!' Faugh!

One and the same Vice-Chancellor, Gilbert Ironside, had the rare felicity of prefacing and presenting the poetical compliments of Oxford on two occasions very distinct in character, though near in time; namely, in 1688, 'Strenæ Natalitiæ in Natalem Serenissimi Principis Walliæ;' in 1689, 'Vota Oxoniensia pro Serenissimis Guilhelmo rege et Maria regina.' On the former occasion it was Dr. Ironside's ill fate to have concluded his own verses thus:

'Sit bonus O! sit Avi quo magna superbiat umbra!
Et sibi præferri quem velit ipsa soror!'

For which last line some former and probably Jacobite possessor of our copy has marginally substituted:

'Quem sibi præferri *noluit* ipsa soror.'

On the second occasion, however, the Vice-Chancellor wisely deals more in generals than particulars, and hides politics under a cloud of high-flown compliment, identifying the joint sovereigns within a very few verses with Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Minerva, Pan and Ceres, Phœbus and Cynthia; and what little allusion he makes to political affairs assumes the same allegorical covering:

'Vivite felices; vobis tutantibus aras,
 Sinceram temerent nulla venena fidem.
 Isiacas nunquam Tiberinus adulteret undas,
 Nec *multum* insinuet pigra Geneva lacum.'

These lines seem to intimate some slight fear on the part of the worthy Vice-Chancellor, lest the draining off of the waters of Tiber should prove to be a letting in of those of Geneva; and in the expression '*nec multum*,' &c. we understand him to convey a timid hope that the Genevese influx may confine itself to the northern side of Tweed.

The glorious campaign of 1704 demands a recording muse; and the groves of Academe ring with the praises of Marlborough and the Whig Ministry. Of the general a poet sings:—

'Victrices Anglorum acies, tardumque cruore
 Danubium, et virides Churchillii in vertice lauros
 Multa canunt omnes; a cunctis exigit heros
 Carmina, Marlburioque omnis debetur Apollo.'

An orator lauds the government:—

'Hactenus vidimus imperatorum et militum præsidia Reginæ patriæque non defuisse; ne illis vicissim Reginæ patriæque desint præsidia, sapientissimi Senatores optime providerunt, qui cum ad tuendam Principis dignitatem, ad conservandum Reipublicæ et Ecclesiæ statum, tum ad omnia militibus necessaria suppeditanda, voluntate, studio, mente, et voce mirifice consentiunt, &c.'

'Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.' We are in the year 1713; Harley and St. John, by the grace of Mrs. Masham, have supplanted Godolphin, and Ormond has grasped the bâton of Marlborough; the Peace of Utrecht has closed, with small credit, a glorious and generally successful war; and at the 'Comitia in Honorem Annæ Pacificæ,' the young Tory poets and orators are allowed to run riot in the expression of their antipathies and predilections. Thus:—

'Quid si Marlburius cecidit? Felicior Anna repperit Ormondum.'—

'Viret Harleii corona civica, dum rapacium Imperatorum laurus, heu, nimia profusione sanguinis et nummorum acquisitæ, marcescunt, et caducas demittunt frondes.'

And the same orator is permitted to give a pretty broad hint of his party views in regard to the then deeply interesting question of the Succession: 'Neque sera posteritas ullos
'nisi PRINCEPS STEWARTIADUM (*sic*) sempiternæ celebritatis
'æmulos, Britannico insidentes solio conspiciat.'

Within less than one year from this time, Queen Anne's death prostrated in the dust the full-blown hopes of the Jacobite party; and, in 1714, the University of Oxford presented its 'Pietas et Gratulatio,' adorned with some learned, and many noble, names, to the first British sovereign of the Brunswick line:—

'Non iterum audebit sacros corrumpere ritus,
Nec struere occultos perfida Roma dolos.
Stabit honos templis, stabit tibi; protegis aram
Tu sceptro, et sceptrum protegit ara tuum.'

So sings the then Regius Professor of Divinity, afterwards Archbishop Potter.

We wish we could find room for a graceful and pleasing elegy, contributed on this occasion by Smalridge, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of Christchurch, Almoner to Queen Anne and King George I. But here we must close these extracts. We need hardly say that we have not awakened them from their long sleep for the purpose of casting a slur on that noble university, which, during those troublous times, remained essentially faithful to its well-known 'Church and Throne' principles; and, while asserting the rights of monarchy, firmly repelled its unlawful and unwise encroachments. We only wish to exhibit the inconvenience and impropriety of making the public and political occurrences of the day the subjects of academic exercises. For, although the custom of printing such collections at our Universities is obsolete, we are sorry to see that public events of fleeting interest are still sometimes announced as subjects of poetical composition: for instance, 'the Death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester,' some years since at Cambridge. Topics of this kind (always excepting such rare and peculiar occasions as, for example, the death of the Princess Charlotte) strike no chord in the youthful bosom, kindle no enthusiasm, suggest no natural imagery; the ideas will be constrained, the composition cold; and, generally speaking, the competitors for such prizes have their prototype in the Athenian Theognis, whom his lively countrymen nicknamed Snow. We, for our part, give a very decided preference to such genial outpourings of the unconstrained muse as we find in the volumes of Mr. Drury and Mr. Linwood.

Of the poems in the Oxford Anthologia more than half are translations, chiefly from English, a few from French and

Italian, poetry; the rest original compositions, including twenty-two selections from the 'Carmina Quadragesimalia,' or Lenten verses, of Christ Church.¹ Both departments, original and translated, are of high merit: if the original poetry seems to us superior, it is only because our critical taste in translation is more fastidious, and to translate well more difficult than to compose well. A translator must, in the first place, choose a good subject; that is, he must select a passage capable of being classically rendered into Latin or Greek; and he must adopt a suitable rhythm for the purpose. And then, if he means to translate, and not merely to paraphrase, he must so translate as to represent the spirit, the whole spirit, and nothing but the spirit of his original; yet his work, when completed, must be so pure and perspicuous, so classical, in short, that scholars, unacquainted with the passage in its native form, might easily mistake the version for an original. When this ideal is not attained, it is either because the subject is ill chosen, or because the translation is badly executed. Read, for instance, the following translation from Shakspeare, by Mr. W. B. Jones, of Queen's College:—

• There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me As if I were their well-acquainted friend; And every one doth call me by my name. Some tender money to me, some invite me;	• Nemo 'st eorum qui obviam occurrunt mihi Quin me salutet hinc tam familiariter: Me nomine unusquisque compellat meo. Aliu' da targentum, aliu' cenatum vo- cat;
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¹ Some of our readers may ask for information respecting these Lenten verses of Christ Church. It was the practice, in former times, for the younger members of that great college to write Latin elegiac exercises (of about fourteen to twenty lines), instead of the present weekly themes. A copious collection of these is preserved in the Censor's Box. The best were anciently recited by the determining Bachelors of Arts in the Natural Philosophy School at the time of Lent: whence their name of Carmina Quadragesimalia, or Lenten Verses. Dean Cyril Jackson took great interest in having these exercises well done; but about thirty years ago, the custom fell into disuse.

Two selections were published at Oxford, in 8vo, in the year 1723; both are now scarce. Of those which exist in MS. many are by persons of literary and political distinction. Lord Wellesley revised and privately printed his own exercises in a little volume entitled 'Primitiæ et Reliquiæ,' A.D. 1840. Some few of Lord Grenville's in the Christ Church MSS. (as *Judea Captiva*, *Mors Fatalis*, *Rubecula*, *Orestes*) were published by him in his 'Nugæ Metricæ.' Many pieces, otherwise excellent, are disfigured by the blemish of the short vowel remaining before words beginning with *sc*, *sp*, *sq*, *st*, which seems to have been considered allowable prosody during the last century. We have taken some pains to ascertain the authors of the Carmina Quadragesimalia published by Mr. Linwood: and we are enabled to assign Nos. 1, 8, 9, 21, to Mr. Canning; Nos. 5, 11, 22, to Lord Morpeth (probably the present Earl of Carlisle); No. 7, to Lord Dartmouth; Nos. 17, 20, to Mr. Hallam; No. 16, to the late Lord Mansfield; Nos. 10, 15, to the late Lord Holland; No. 14, to the late Lord Lyttelton. The authors of the remaining pieces we have not been able to identify.

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Ev'n now a tailor called me in his shop,
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wives,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.'

Hic propter officia grates agit mihi;
Ostendit ille merces, utque emam rogat;
Dudum in tabernam me vocat sartor suam,
Monstransque pannum quem mea caussa emerat,
Exinde formam corporis dimensus est.
Per pol inanes insidiæ sunt hæc, puto,
Habentque in urbe hac Thessalæ veneficæ.—Pp. 52, 53.

Here Mr. Jones has chosen his subject and his rhythm judiciously, and in his masterly translation, he has done ample justice to both. We remember that Sir Walter Scott headed many of his chapters with quaint mottoes ascribed to old plays, but really written by himself, in imitation of the elder dramatists. And we venture to say the lines here quoted might appear as a recovered fragment of Terence, without the most acute scholar being able to impeach their genuineness from internal evidence alone.

Turn now to Mr. Bode's Latin version of Lewis's well-known and once popular ballad, 'Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.' Who would mistake this for a classical relic? We say nothing, now, in disparagement of the execution. It is, indeed, translated, for the most part, as a man of Mr. Bode's learning and ability might be expected to translate, and contains many good lines. But Mr. Bode's choice of an original, we must pronounce, in this case, to be bad. We do not much admire Lewis's ballad in itself: its revolting subject, adapted to a public taste which had been depraved by the fictitious horrors of novelists, and still more, it may be, by the real horrors of the French Revolution, is insufficiently compensated by the full and rich flow of a well-chosen and then novel rhythm. But how unfit for translation into an ancient tongue is a mediæval legend of *diablerie*: how utterly unclassical the conception and carrying out of the story! The daughters of Danaus, those husband-murderesses, toil fruitlessly and endlessly in Tartarus. The dreadful Furies, mythic avengers of domestic blood, haunt and torture the living Orestes. Adulterers suffer in Virgil's hell. But where in ancient mythology do we hear of any woman paying, alive or dead, so dire a penalty for the crime of jilting an earthly lover? Even of Apollo's faithless mistresses the punishment was lighter: Coronis fell by the arrows of Artemis, (Pind. Pyth.) that is, by natural death: Cassandra was punished by the incredulity of those who heard her oracles:

Ξυναιδέσσα Λοξίαν ἐψευδάμην.—
Πῶς οὖν ἄνατος ἦσθα δαίμονος κότφ;—
Ἐπειθον οὐδέεν' οὐδέν ὥς τάδ' ἤμπλακον.—*Æsch. Agam.*

Imagine in the ballad was guilty, it is true, of perjury; but then we know the classical proverb—‘*perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter.*’ The ghost is not less unclassical. Clytemnestra’s spirit in Æschylus appears only to rouse and instigate the sleeping and lagging Furies. Ghosts, indeed, as appears from Horace’s fifth epode, and the Ovidian Ibis, were sometimes supposed to emerge from the shades, and pursue on earth the destroyers of their life or fame. But in these instances—few as they are—the spirit is represented as haunting the vision of the conscious criminal alone: like Duncan’s ghost at the banquet of Macbeth, it was seen only by ONE. Now, how would Æschylus or Pindar, Virgil or Horace, have regarded such imagery as we find in this ballad—a gigantic stranger sitting down to supper in sable armour, frightening the dogs, making the lights burn blue,¹ unclosing his vizor, and exposing to the guests ‘a skeleton’s head,’ on which

‘The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about;’

then, after a public address to Imagine, winding his arms around her, and sinking ‘with his prey through the wide-yawning ground;’ whence they both return to hold a quarterly dance and ghoul-feast, in company with other ‘pale spectres?’ Doubtless any master of ancient song would have done what ‘all present’ are said to have done, ‘turned with disgust from the scene.’ We repeat, then, that, although Mr. Bode might exhibit skill and scholarship in translating this ballad, he could not possibly give us a pleasing representation of such an original, especially as he was obliged to depart from the peculiar rhythm, which we think its only striking merit. Mr. Bode’s untoward subject leads him to use such expressions as ‘*Virgineum testor numen*’ (I swear by the Virgin), and ‘*spectri inane caput*’ (a skeleton’s head). Yet we think such a phrase as ‘*hoc cœlum, hunc testor solem,*’ would have been better in the former place, while, perhaps, the ‘*ossea larva*’ of the Ibis might have suggested a more classical and intelligible version in the latter. A translation ought not to need re-translation in order to be understood. There are some faults in Mr. Bode’s poem, independent of the subject; and he will, perhaps, allow us to suggest a few emendations. Why the comparative form ‘*mollius,*’ in v. 4, and again ‘*segnius,*’ in p. 173? Surely the positives, ‘*molliter,*’ ‘*segniter,*’ are more proper. In the lines p. 172—

¹ It is curious enough that, while Christians associate sulphur, as to colour and smell, with the Prince of impure spirits, to the ancients it was an agent and emblem of purification.

—‘ tandem nova nupta profatur,
Edere sic tremulas hospitis ausa preces’—

we object to ‘hospitis preces,’ and think ‘profatur’ a heavy word: why not simply

‘ Vix longa silentia rumpens
Sic audet tremulo murmure nupta loqui.’

In the same page we have

‘Di tale ex oculis Superi defendite monstrum,
Quale oculis visum virginis attonitæ.’

Is ‘defendere *ex oculis*’ Latin? And from whose eyes? Surely this must be an oversight for ‘a nobis.’ Again:

‘ Motibus alternis vermes repere *per artus*,
Luseruntque oculis temporibusque cavis.’

What propriety is there in the words ‘*per artus*?’ They cannot be used of the head; yet the ghost’s head alone is here discovered. We doubt the syntax of the second line; but let that pass. In p. 175.

‘ Virginis hæc inter teneros complectitur artus,
Dum trepidos ululans mittit ad astra sonos.’

As this stands, the subject in the second verse is the same as in the first; not the lady, but the ghost. Mr. Bode should have written ‘*quæ*’ for ‘*dum*.’

We dislike the plural ‘*lætitiæ*,’ and protest, energetically, against the restoration of ‘*amplius haud*,’ which, after long and much abused toleration, has now been generally banished from our public schools, without, as far as we have heard, any juvenile *émulate* in its favour, or even a meeting of ‘noblemen and gentlemen educated at Eton,’ to petition the Provost and Dr. Hawtrey for its recall.

Mr. Bode is far more happy in his original compositions. The following poem is especially graceful and pleasing:—

‘DEPRECATIO AD CYNTHIAM.

‘ Errabam taciti solus per littora ponti,
Quum vix compositas aura moveret aquas:
Vix oculo poteras fluctus servare trementes,
Vix lentum pelagi concipere aure melos.
Quicquid erat, gratum cordi suadebat amorem,
Alma quies cœli, blanda loquela maris;
Quippe videbantur lenes tua ferre susurri
Nomina, te cœlum, te placida unda loqui.
Ergone miraris soli tibi dedita corda,
Cynthia, mandati non meminisse tui?
Jussisti sane ex illo me littore conchas
Et quæsita algæ dona referre tibi;
Jussisti—et circum passim levis alga jacebat,
Rarior et concha calculus ante pedes.

Ast ego non algam potui, non cernere conchas,
 Exposuit frustra tum mihi pontus opes;
 Scilicet ante oculos tua versabatur imago,
 Hæc mentem, sensus, omnia surripuit.
 Quare aut dedoceas immensum pectus amorem,
 Errori aut parcas, nam tuus ille fuit.—P. 215.

We should prefer 'poteram' in the third verse to 'poteras,' on account of the confusion between an abstract second person here, and an actual one afterwards.

No translation can be good, as we have already hinted, which is not perspicuous; and none perspicuous, which is not fully intelligible, without reference to its original. In illustration of our meaning we quote the following by Mr. Goldwin Smith of Magdalen:—

'Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood;
 E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot;
 The flight is past, and man forgot.'
King.

'Ut radians alto delabitur æthere sidus,
 Ut Jovis in cælo præcipitatur avis;
 Ut matutina stat ros argenteus herba,
 Dædalus ut primo vere renidet ager.
 Flatibus ut rapidis verrit freta turbida
 ventus,
 Ut natat in placida lucidus orbis aqua;
 Sic importunis hominum lux credita fatis
 Vespere debetur, nocte redacta perit.
 Illicet emoritur, ventus, fugit orbis ab
 unda;
 Gloria in autumnno verna sepulta jacet.
 Æstu ros abiit, sidusque recessit in um-
 bras;
 Fugit avis penna præpete,—vixit homo.'
 Pp. 162, 163.

Here, upon the whole, we have an excellent translation; but not, we think, quite perfect, owing to a want of perspicuity in the sixth line, where 'lucidus orbis' cannot certainly be identified as a bubble; and in the seventh, where the case and government of 'fatis' are ambiguous. 'Æstu ros abiit' seems weak; and the epithet 'placida' scarcely proper, seeing that bubbles must be caused by some commotion of the water. We would suggest, therefore, in the sixth verse—

'Ut tumet in summa spumeus orbis aqua;'

in the seventh—

'Lux tua talis, Homo, est;—ab avaris credita fatis;'

in the ninth, to avoid the repetition of 'fugit'—

———'collabitur orbis;'

in the eleventh—

'In præceps abiit sidus; ros aruit æstu;'

which also gets rid of the weakening 'que;' the inversion of the clauses in this place being open to no objection.

We wish we could find room for some of the *Carmina Quadregesimalia*; vigorous all of them, and in pure taste. We observe one false quantity. 'petiturus,' in p. 289; for which we suggest 'visurus.' And in p. 299 the Indicative forms, 'movenet,' 'inest,' ought unquestionably to be Subjunctives.

Among the contributions of acknowledged authors, especial mention is due to the compositions of those illustrious statesmen and scholars, Lord Grenville and the Marquis Wellesley. None in the whole volume are, upon the whole, more elegant, none more vigorous, none more classical. Of the specimens which follow, the two first are Lord Grenville's, the two latter by Lord Wellesley:—

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.'

Ben Jonson.

'Hoc sub marmore conditur
Illa, et perpetui munere carminis
Digna, et flebilibus modis,
Illa, et Pembrochii mater, et inclyti
Sidneii soror: huic parem,
Aut forma, aut animo, aut nobilioribus
Puleri dotibus ingent,
Nullam, Mors, poteris cedere victimam,
Donec te quoque Temporis,
Strages ulta tuas, conficiet manus.'

'Salve, quæ placidi grata sub imagine somni
Subrepens, vitæ claudis amica diem,
Mors pure tranquilla, in quam matura senectus,
Præscripta rerum sorte soluta cadit!
Non tibi fatidici exardent diro igne cometæ,
Non tremit adventu conscia terra tuo;
Nec præsaga canit ferali carmine bubo,
Nec rabidæ auditur vox ululare lupæ.
Verum ubi terrestri mens functa labore quietem
Expetit, inque suas gestit abire domos,
Corporeis lente vinculis exsolvitur, et se
Vix sentit vita deficiente mori:
Ut levis arboreos autumnus sidere fructus
Molliter in patrium decutit aura solum.
Tum socia composta manu, notosque Penates
Inter, habet facilis lumina fessa sopor;
Quin et amicorum curæ lacrymæque sequuntur,
Et modica instaurat funera justus honos.
Alta petant alii, et perituræ laudis amore
Sanguineum insistant ambitionis iter;
Hac mihi sit, tacitæ decurso tramite vitæ,
Hac demum in cælos scandere posse via.'—Pp. 222, 223.

'Dilecta cæli progenies, Pudor!
Puro supremus quem Pater æthere
Demisit in terras, potentem
Rite vagos revocare mores
Ad sancti Recti limina; et addere
Insanienti vincla Licentiæ,
Mentemque delicto paratam
In media cohibere culpa:

Secretus imo corde nocentium
 Curas, et acres exacuis metus,
 Scelusque furtivum sequaci
 Exagitas face certus ultor.
 At innocenti gratior assides
 Menti magister : gaudet enim tuæ
 Parere tutelæ, vigetque
 Voce tua stabilita virtus.
 Tu castitati te comitem admoves
 Semper decorum : non oriens aquas
 Aurora fulgentes colorat
 Splendidior, variumque cœlum,
 Quam tu pererras virginum amabili
 Genas rubentes luce modestiæ,
 Rosasque vivas per venusta
 Ora seris, nitidumque collum.
 Tu claustra avaræ dura aperis manus ;
 Fœdæque somnos rumpis inertiae :
 Tu cogis imbellem frementes
 Militiæ tolerare fluctus.
 O nostra lenis pectora temperes !
 Semperque præsens, et precor, integrum
 Fidis per infestas tueri
 Illecebras vitiosorum.'—Pp. 202, 203.

'Occiduum late pelago jactata sub axem,
 Dum secat ignotas Anglica classis aquas,
 Ante oculos tandem, post longa pericula ponti,
 Frondoso attollit se Tiniana jugo.
 Hic deserta loca atque angusto limite clausos
 Secessus cœli mitior aura fovet.
 Circa halant sparsi secreta per avia flores,
 Mollior et teneros porrigit herba toros.
 Hic vitrei fontes, et ripa interlita musco,
 Et stat cœrulei purior unda lacus.
 Nec tenues absunt pluviae, mediosque per æstus
 E gelido spirant flamina viva mari.
 Tunc silvas inter pubescunt aurea mala,
 Apricisque viget citius odora jugis,
 Pollentesque herbæ, succoque imbuta salubri
 Gramina per vacuum serpere visa nemus.
 Sis deserta licet, fessis tamen hospita nautis,
 Non frustra in medio, stas, Tiniana, salo.'—P. 271.

Mr. Linwood's volume is adorned with several gems from the treasury of a very good scholar and poet, whose sudden death, almost while the pen is in our hand, we notice and deplore :—the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, Dean of Manchester.—These are beautiful lines :—

'Vidi : sed neque me genæ
 Fulgor purpureus, nec gremium mihi
 Pulcrum surripuit, neque
 Lucentes oculi, splendida sidera, aut
 Collum candidum nive.
 Vidi : sed refugit mens, quia ferrea

Linguae garrulitas; quia
 Nil pectus muliebre aut tenerum gerit.
 Non uno Venus improba
 Cunctos consequitur vulnere: lacrymis
 Hic foedans tacite genas
 Incumbit miseris semper amoribus;
 Hic mutat vagus in dies
 Lectos instabili corde cupidines.
 Te fulgentia lucidi
 Præstringunt oculi fulgura; te genæ,
 Et labri nimius nitor;
 At jucunda meos aura modestiæ
 Sensus perdomuit magis,
 Et molli retinet pectora vinculo;
 Quantum nec potuit nitor,
 Quantum nec levitas, imperiosaque
 Pulcræ forma superbiæ.
 Me demissa solo lumina languide
 Dulci pelliciunt face;
 Me simplex tenera quæ rosa subrubet
 Et mutabilis in gena;
 Me casto trepidans corde juvat pudor.'

But the 'Magnus Apollo' of the *Anthologia* is Mr. Booth of Magdalen. About one-third of the work is due to the prolific pen of this gentleman. And we are bound to say that his compositions are in general so excellent, that we have no reason to complain of their frequent occurrence. We scarcely know whether his original or translated pieces are the better: on the whole, perhaps, we prefer the former. Many of Mr. Booth's best poems are, unfortunately, too long for citation: as, for instance, that on the present Queen's accession,—the Death of Socrates,—the translation from Philips's *Splendid Shilling*,—'Andromache ad Hectorem,' and others. The following extracts are but a very inadequate specimen of the many admirable contributions with which this accomplished scholar has enriched the *Oxford Anthologia*:—

'There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream, And the nightingale sings round it all the day long; In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream, To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song. That bower and its music I never forget, But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year, I think—is the nightingale singing there yet? Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?	'Spissa rosæ texunt in Medi umbracula ripa, Tristis ubi totos flet Philomela dies. Dulce mihi parvæ, ceu somnia læta, sedenti Sub roseo visus tegmine cantus avia. Illa vident memores umbracula semper ocelli; Ille meæ nunquam cantus in aure silet: Sæpius at mecum vernas meditata sub horas, 'Luget adhuc illic nam Philomela?' rogo. 'Num, mihi qui fulsit, solitus manet ille roseto, Quod placido Medus præfuit amne, rubor?'
--	--

No, the roses soon withered that hung
o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered,
while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their
flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when
summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it
dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a
year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to
my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm
Bendemeer.'

Moore.

*Uredula, quid volui? melior cito tran-
sijt ætas;
Pensilis in tremulas et rosa fluxit
aquas;
Pressa sed ex ipsa sudavit gutta me-
dulla,
Quam tenero carptæ flore dedere
comæ.
Totus et æstatis, vivax æstate peracta,
Mansit in expresso rore superstes
odor.
Nec secus, abstrusum mens elicit ante
vigorem,
Gaudia quam pereant non reditura,
memor;
Deliciasque breves nimium, fructumque
caducum,
Qualis erat, talem spiritus ille refert.
Tam mihi sic animo, Medi quæ littus
inumbant,
Usque nitent, oculis quam nituere,
rosæ.'*

We are not well satisfied with 'tam mihi sic animo' in the
last distich; and would prefer reading it thus:—

'Quamque oculis olim, tam menti nunc quoque fulgent,
Quas placido Medus præfuit amne, rosæ.'

'As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright:
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she, who meant no mischief, does it all.'

*Ut silet ipsa suum nescitque lucerna
nitorem,
Forma verecunda simplicitate decet:
Quæ temere, hæc certa jaculatur pulcra
sagitta;
Et gravius, quæ non vult tetigisse,
ferit.'—Pp. 162, 163.*

'Aureus est, mea lux! qui te mihi jungit amantem,
Annulus: exemplum, quod moneamur, habet.
Aureus in sese velut hic redit orbis eundem,
Aurea perpetuo sic eat orbe fides!'—P. 241.

'Tangere si qua potest viventium cura sepultos,
Nec pia dat tumulo munus inane fides;
Hanc cape rorantem lacrymis, mea nata, corollam,
Carpta semel nulla quæ revirescet aqua.
Has cape, nata, rosas, similes quas viva colebas
Ipsa tibi, pulcras pulcra, brevisque breves.
Hei mihi! prima cadit toto rosa gratior horto:
Gratior et cunctis prima puella cadit!
Te tamen ornabit vivax post funera virtus;
Ut manet in sicco flore superstes odor.'

Mr. Holden, now Head Master of Uppingham School, holds
a high rank among the Chœrentæ of the Oxford Anthologia.
His translations of Cowper's Boadicea, and of Glover's political
ballad, Hosier's Ghost, (why has not Mr. Linwood assigned it to
its acknowledged author?) are both in very masterly style. Nor
is he less successful with Scott's description of Melrose Abbey.

'If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright, 'Si vis Melrosam, quam sit formosa
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight; tueri,
For the gay beams of lightsome day I, pete cum coelo pallida luna nitet;
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray. Namque coruscantes Sol qui jacit aureus ignes
When the broken arches are black in night, Irridet cano moenia victa situ.
And each shafted oriel glimmers white; Ast arcus fracti quum nocte teguntur,
When the cold light's uncertain shower et albet
Streams on the ruined central tower; Quæ videt Eoum longa fenestra polum;
When buttress and buttress, alternately, Quum vaga per mediæ fastigia diruta turris
Seem framed of ebon and ivory; Lux gelida incerto desuper imbre cadit;
When silver edges the imagery, Quum vasta alternis exstant fulcimina formis,
And scrolls that teach thee to live and die; Hæc ebumum referunt, ista videntur ebur;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave, Quum color effigies et scripta argenteus ambit,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave, Quæ te rite docent vivere, rite mori;
Then go—but go alone the while— Quum super antiquum bubo canit omina bustum,
Then view St. David's ruined pile; Raucaque longinquo murmure Tueda fremit;
And, home returning, soothly swear Tum pete Melrosam solus: tacitusque pererra
Was never scene so sad and fair.' Templâ nimis longo collabefacta die;
Inde domum repetens tecum fateare necesse est
"Pulcrrior hoc non est flebiliorve locus."—Pp. 102, 103.

We give ample credit to the ability shown by Mr. Holden in his Greek Sapphic version of Campbell's *Last Man*; but modern Greek Sapphics give us little pleasure. The few surviving fragments of ancient Sapphic poetry are insufficient to supply us with a model of style and dialect: and for this reason it is much to be regretted that Sir W. Browne's mistaken kindness should have inflicted on Cambridge an annual Prize Poem in this metre.

Mr. James Lonsdale's prolusions show him to be a worthy inheritor of his father's exquisite taste and learning. After so many Elegiac extracts, we are glad to have an opportunity of citing a good Virgilian passage:—

'Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black wings Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove From under Heaven; the hills to their supply Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist, Sent up amain; and now the thickened sky	'Interea assurgens nigra Notus evolat alis, Tellurem late complexus, et æthere ab omni Miscet agens una nubes; alimenta mi- nistrant Et madidas colles nebulas, fuscumque vaporem Summittunt; et jam densatus nubibus aër
--	--

Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rushed
the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen ; the floating vessel
swam
Uplifted, and secure with beak'd prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings
else
Flood overwhelmed, and them with all
their pomp
Deep under water rolled ; sea covered
sea,
Sea without shore ; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters
whelped
And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous
late,
All left, in one small bottom swam im-
barked.'

Milton.

Instar nigrantis tecti stetit ; inde fu-
rentes
Præcipitantur aquæ, et rapidis ruit im-
bribus æther ;
Nec mora nec requies, dum tota erepta
periret
Ex oculis tellus ; media sublimis in
unda
Apparet ratis exsurgens, rostrataque
prora
Per medias equitabat aquas ; alia omnia
vincit
Fluctus, et humanum fastum, ac morta-
lia tecta,
Torquet ibi penitus correpta sub æquore
pontus
Volvitur in pontum, deerant quoque
littora ponto ;
Regalesque domos inter, sedesque su-
perbas
Luxuriæ, pelagi monstra, atque imma-
nia cete
Exponunt foetus ; tantaque e stirpe re-
licta
Nabat in exigua tabula domus una su-
perstes.—Pp. 146—149.

In Greek Versification the Coryphæus is Mr. Riddell of Balliol. All this gentleman's compositions are executed in a masterly manner, redolent alike of sound learning and refined taste. The following are charming specimens :—

'Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown :

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.'

Shakespeare.

'I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean ;
I'm wearing awa
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld there, Jean ;
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Μόλε δὴ μόλε μοι, Θάνατ', εὐχόμενον,
πλευρὰν δ' ἐχέτω κυνάρισσος ἐμήν'
ἀπὸ δῆτ' ἀπὸ μοι πνεῦμα ποτάσθω,
κτείνει γὰρ ἄβρὰ κτείνει με κόρη.
νῦν δὴ λευκὴν ἐσθῆτα νεκρῶν,
μελανόστικτον σμίλακι πάσαν,
σπεύσατ' ἐμὴν χάριν, ὥ ξυναρέσθαι
τῶν πιστοτάτων οὐδ' εἰς ἄρ' ἔτλη
μοῖραν θανάτου.
μηδ' ἐπὶ πλεκτὴν χάριν ἀνθήρη
βαλέτω τις ἐμῇ λάρνακι λυγρῇ·
μηδὲ τις δασυὶ πρόβλητα φίλων
καὶ σώμ' ἐπίθῃ δειλαῖον ἐμόν.
μήχως δ' ἀχέων μυριοπληθῶν,
ἀποκρύψαθ' ὅπου μή τις ἐταίρων
πλαγχθεὶς δυσέρως
τύμβον παρ' ἐμόν γόνον ἦσει.

Pp. 42, 43.

Φθίνω, φθίνω, φιλόστη,
χιδὼν ὅπως δὲ ἦρος'
ἀποφθίνω, φιλόστη,
εὐδαμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῆν.
ἔκει μὲν ἄλγος οὐδέν,
ἔκει δὲ κρυμὸς οὐδεὶς
γελανὲς αἰὲν ἡμῶν
εὐδαμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῆ.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean ;
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean ;
She was both guid and fair, Jean ;
O ! we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean ;
My soul lings to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean ;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.'

Burns.

σὺ δ' εὐσεβεῖ, σὺ δ' ἐσθλὴν,
παῖω πόνον μὲν ἄρτι,
λαμπρὸς δ' ἐσόψομ' αὖθις
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῇ.
ἐκεῖ καλῶν ἀρίστη
παῖς νῦν φίλη μετοικεῖ·
τῆς δ' ἐφθοροῦμεν αἰνῶς
εὐδαιμόνων τότ' ἀκτῇ.

σὺ δ' ὄγρον δμῖ· δμορξαι·
ψυχῇ ποθεῖ χαλᾶσθαι
θεοὺς δ' ἔχω προκύμπους
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῇ.
καὶ χαίρε' μοι, φίλῳτῃ·
βροτῶν μὲν οὖτις ἀλκή,
ἀλλ' εὖ ξυνούσιν ἔσται
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῆς.

Pp. 66, 67.

We have already quoted, with especial commendation, a Latin translation of Shakspeare by Mr. Jones of Queen's: the subjoined specimen will show that this gentleman is not less happy in Greek composition:—

'Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
Ding, dong, bell.'

Πᾶ ποκά μοι γεννατὸς Ἔρως, πόθεν ἔρχεται
πότ' ἄμμε;
ἐκ τεῦ δ' ἔβλασσε, κρατὸς αἴτε καρδίας;
πόθεν τεκνωθεῖς, πῶς τραφεῖς πεφύκη;

Τῆνος ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν, ἐμὴν δοκεῖ· εἴτ'
ἐβακολήτο
λεύσσων, θανὼν τ' ἐν σπαργάνοισι θάπτε-
ται.
ταφέντα δ' αἰάσωμες αὐτόν· αἰαῖ.
αἰαῖ, αἰαῖ.

Pp. 76, 77.

Among the other names which grace Mr. Linwood's collection we find those of Mr. C. Wordsworth, Mr. Butler, Mr. Lingen, the Messrs. Palmer, &c. Their several contributions, *παῦρα μὲν ἀλλὰ μάλα λυγέως*, are just enough to whet our appetite for the larger banquet, which we anticipate in a second edition. The Editor himself, with what we cannot help calling an excess of modesty, has given us very little from his own stores. The author of the following beautiful translation need fear neither invidious comparison with others, nor the Catullian reproach of being 'too much a poet.'

'We met! 't was in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me:
He came; I could not breathe;
For his eye was upon me.

He spoke; his words were cold,
And his smile was unaltered:

Πλησίον ἵστατ' ἐμοῦ· πολλὺς δ' ἐς ταυτὸν
ὄμιλος
ἤλυθεν· ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν ὥστε μ' ἀλευ-
μενος.
ὥς δ' ἴδον, ὥς ἀπνευστον ἔλεν δίος εἰσο-
ρόωσαν·
οὐδ' ἀφέρειν θυμῳ ἐμῷ προσερχομέ-
νου.
ἵστατον αὖ προσέειπεν, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ', ὥς
τὸ πάρος περ
μειδίων, ψυχρὸς δ' ἔπλετ' ἐς ἄτα λόγος.

I knew how much he felt ;
For his deep-toned voice faltered.

I wore my bridal robe,
And I rivalled its whiteness ;
Bright gems were in my hair,
How I hated their brightness !

He called me by my name,
As the bride of another :
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother !

And once again we met ;
And a fair girl was near him :
He smiled, and whispered low,
As I once used to hear him.

She leaned upon his arm ;
Once 't was mine, and mine only :
I wept ; for I deserved
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride !
At the altar he 'll give her
The love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.

The world may think me gay ;
For my feelings I smother :
Ah ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother !'
W. Haynes Bayley.

ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν γὰρ ἔληθέ μ' ἔχων μάλα
κῆδεα θυμῷ
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀστεμφές φώνεεν, ὥς ἐφίλει.
λευκὸς μὲν μοι πέπλος ἔην, νυμφεῖον
ἀγαλμα,
τοῦ δ' ἐφάνην αὐτῇ καὶ πολὺ λευκότερη.
κόσμοισιν δ' ἥσκητο κόμαι πολλοῖσι
φαινοῖσι,
ὥς δ' ἐμοὶ ἐξ αὐτῶν στυγνὸν ἔλαμπε
σέλας.
καὶ τότε φωνήσας σεμνὴν μ' ἑνόμηνε
δάμαρτα,—
μῆτερ ἐμή, σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' αἰτίων ἐσσί
κακῶν.
καὶ πάλιν αὖθις ἴδον. καλὴ δὲ παρίστατο
κούρη,
χείλεσι δ' ἐν μαλακοῖς ἡδὺς ἔπαιξε
γέλωσ.
ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ γελῶντος ἴδον ποτὲ φαιδρὰ
πρόσωπα·
ἦκα δ' ἀπὸ γλώσσης ἔρρεεν αὖθις ἑπη-
χειρὶ δ' ἐρειδομένη, τῇ ἐγὼ πάρος ἦρη-
ρεῖσμην,
εἶχετο,—φεῦ λυγρῆς ἦ μ' ἔλεν ἀμπλα-
κίης.
δὴ τότε δάκρυα θερμὰ χέον, καὶ γὰρ τ'
ἐνόησα
ὥς χάρις ἡ πρόσθεν πᾶσ' ἀπόλαυε βίον.
καὶ τήνδ' ἄρ' γαμέει· τῇδ' ὄρκια πιστὰ
ταμόντων
ἀμφοτέρων, ἔσται κοινὸς ἔσαιεν ἔρως.
ὥς ὀφελὲν ποτ' ἐμοί—τί δὲ ταῦτ', δεσ-
φρον, δλύεις ;
σοῦ γ' ἔλαχεν πολλῷ πιστοτέρην ἄλο-
χον.
καὶ ποτὲ τίς τ' ἐρέει—πένθος δὲ μοι
ἔεται ἥτορ·
ὥς ἄρ' ἄγεις πολλαῖς ἡματ' ἐν εὐφρο-
σύναις.
ὥς ποτὲ τίς μ' ἐρέει· σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' ὄσ'
ἄλαστα πέπονθα,
μῆτερ ἐμή, πάντων αἰτίων ἐσσί κακῶν.
Pp. 180—183.

Here we must bid farewell to the Oxford Anthologia ; and at the same time we would express our earnest hope that Latin and Greek versification may never cease to flourish in our English schools and colleges. We know no better method of training the youthful mind to that sense of grace and beauty, the development of which we hold to be one of the great purposes of education. The theoretical arguments by which this opinion may be supported are too large for our present limits. But we believe that few, if any, of our readers will be disposed to question the value and efficiency of those intellectual exercises which powerfully assisted in training to their full grandeur such minds (among many) as those of Milton and Gray, Barrow, Johnson, and Hallam, Grenville, Wellesley, and Canning.

ART. VI.—*The Western Luminary, June 2.*

THE name of the Bishop of Exeter is one, the bare mention of which brings the recollection of many services done to, and many labours undergone in behalf of, the Church. In the particular sphere of his own diocese, his great knowledge of his clergy, his readiness to assist them with his advice and authority, his protection of them often against hostile lay influence, and his sustained episcopal care and vigilance in general, have made him much looked up to. On the general area of Church politics his Lordship is always ready to come forward and advocate the Church's cause, even where it is most unpopular, and where he has to do so single-handed. It is right to preface any remarks upon any proceeding of the Bishop of Exeter's with this cheerful and hasty acknowledgment; first, because such an acknowledgment is absolutely demanded; and next, because it will give to such remarks, even though they come from an objector, that friendly colour which they are intended to have.

We are alluding now to the late judgment delivered by the Bishop of Exeter, on the Rev. William George Parks Smith, for having placed certain ornaments on the communion table of St. John's Chapel, Torquay, on Easter day of this year; the ornaments in question being two vases with flowers, and a cross which acted as the support of the alms dish. It is not to be supposed that when a prelate of the Bishop of Exeter's general doctrinal views, and tone of mind, comes forward in this way to check the ornamenting of the altar, that he does so on the ground which the ordinary objector to such a proceeding would take. We do not expect him to entertain any opinion against ecclesiastical ornature in general, or against the ornamenting of the altar table in particular. Nor, on looking into his judgment, do we find he does: we see no protest in it against ornament or symbolism in itself. He does, indeed, express an opinion against the propriety of the use of the cross, in connexion with the Lord's table; but it is not as a symbol that he objects to it, but as an unsuitable symbol; one which, 'instead of exciting the mind to due contemplation of the triumphant issue of our Lord's sufferings, tends to chain it down to the sufferings themselves.' Differing, as we do, from what appears to us rather a hypercritical distinction to draw with respect to the use of the cross as a symbol, we yet see plainly that the objection is only one of detail, and not one of principle. Indeed, his Lordship, throughout his judgment, is very particu-

lar in impressing upon us that it is a legal decision which he is delivering on the subject in hand, and not a theological one. He tells us that he has nothing to do with the rightness or wrongness of such and such ornaments in themselves, but only with the question of fact, whether our Church allows them or not. To the use of flowers he has no kind of objection on general grounds, asserting it to be sanctioned by the practice of the very earliest and purest ages of Christianity. We are only then concerned with a question of law in the present case; nor, should we have the misfortune to differ from the Bishop of Exeter upon it, shall we differ from him in any other capacity than as an ecclesiastical lawyer.

After examining, then, the Bishop of Exeter's judgment with all the attention of which we are capable, we must confess ourselves unpersuaded by it. It exhibits great gravity, seriousness, moderation, charity—but not, in our judgment, law. It has all the characteristics of a perfect legal decision except that one. We have seldom read a document, in point of style, temper, and every external and incidental feature, more worthy of a bishop. If grave and quiet dignity could ever claim the attributes of law, it would do in the present instance. Indeed, the style of the document appears to be the more perfect in consequence of a latent consciousness of something which it is to supply; a sense of the burden which rests upon it, of impersonating that law which it cannot solidly produce; it seems to feel the weight of original legislation. Admiring, we say, as we do, the truly episcopal tone and style of this judgment, we yet cannot allow them to supply that void, which their powerful fascinations cannot wholly conceal; the absence of a strict legal basis; the want of actual support in our ecclesiastical statutes for the judicial conclusion he arrives at. Of the obnoxious ornaments in question we will select one to try the case upon. The cross upon the altar of St. John's, Torquay, (it appears to have been only a cruciform support to the alms dish, and not to have been introduced upon the altar *as* a cross,) we need not for this purpose include, just at present, in our remarks. The Bishop of Exeter condemns and excludes flowers as absolutely as the cross. The single case of flowers, then, will try the legal character of his decision, just as well as both ornaments together.

It is maintained, then, by the Bishop of Exeter, that, according to the rubrics, canons, and regulations of the English Church, flowers are 'unauthorised things,' and that to place them either on the altar, or elsewhere in the Church, is an offence 'against the laws ecclesiastical.' And the ground on which he pronounces this decision is, that there exists nowhere

in the canons or rubrics of the Church 'any express or implied direction so to do.'

Now it is obvious, in the first place, that to connect the Bishop's premise with his conclusion, one very large assumption is necessary; the assumption, viz., that whatever is not ordered is prohibited. This assumption, we repeat, is necessary, and it is a very large one. Certainly when we are told positively that such a thing is an offence, we naturally expect to hear some positive ground for calling it so; when it is said that a certain ornament is 'against the laws ecclesiastical,' the natural question one immediately asks is, What law prohibits it? To this question the Bishop of Exeter is obliged to reply—None. Is this a very satisfactory confirmation of a very solemn charge? Were the Bishop of Exeter even content with calling the use of flowers dubious, and questioning the authority for it, the case would be different; but he calls it positively illegal: this positive illegality being at the same time not caused by any single law being transgressed. The positive charge turns out to be supported by a purely negative premise; and the reason why an act is against a law, is, that no law has commanded it. It is obvious this kind of law is not that on which ordinary courts of justice proceed. For an act to be a criminal one in the eye of civil justice, it is not enough to say that no law commands it; you must show that some law forbids it.

Indeed, when the Bishop of Exeter comes to explain what the law ecclesiastical, which he speaks of,—the law of which his lordship is the faithful administrant, and which causes all this illegality in flowers,—*is*, it turns out to be, not actual law, but the strong conviction of the necessity of law, in his lordship's own mind. It turns out not that there *is* law, but that there ought to be. The judge falls back upon *à priori* arguments, and asks what is to be done, and how the Church can go on without such law as he is supposing to exist. He argues, we shall be all in confusion, and everybody will do what he likes, unless there is such law; it is impossible that the Church can mean this: therefore there must be such law: therefore there is. The nature of the case proves it.

'The very nature of the case, the general requisition of uniformity, and the positive enactment "that no form or order of Common Prayer, administration of Sacraments, Rites or Ceremonies, shall be openly used, other than what is prescribed and appointed to be used," all alike lead to the same conclusion, that it is not lawful for any person whomsoever, to introduce novel ornaments at his own discretion. In truth, where would the claims of such discretion end?

'If one person may at his pleasure decorate the Lord's Table with a cross, another may equally claim to set a crucifix upon it; whilst a third might think it necessary to erect some symbol of Puritan doctrine or feeling, to mark his reprobation of his Romanizing neighbour.'

Whatever may be the force of this reasoning, (for the substance of the passage is its reasoning,) as showing the great need of law, it cannot be said to go far towards demonstrating the fact. We have a positive assertion that such an act is positively illegal; and to prove this, we have first a simple and pure assumption, viz., that everything is illegal which the law does not enjoin; and, secondly, an argument from the necessity of the case to support this assumption. A somewhat aerial proof this of a solid matter-of-fact charge. The truth is, there are not sufficient data in our ecclesiastical law upon which to found such a judgment as this. The law is vague on these points, and vague law cannot be that definite prohibitor which the Bishop of Exeter would make it. Certainly it is always in a judge's power to extract any conclusion out of any premises, to found certainty upon doubt, and decision upon silence; but in that case it is the judgment, and not the rubric or canon, which is the law; and the judge is virtually acting as legislator, and not administrator.

We cannot see, for example, how any candid person could deny that an exactly opposite judgment to the Bishop of Exeter's could be given by any Bishop in his own diocesan court to-morrow on grounds at least as strong, reasonable, and fair as the Bishop of Exeter's. Let us suppose the case of flowers upon the altar brought before any one of the Bishop of Exeter's brethren on the bench, who had less yearning for legal certainty, and was more in favour of open questions than his lordship. He might give some such judgment as this: he might say—Here is a case brought before me of a clergyman placing flowers upon the communion table in his church; the act is stated to be an offence 'against the laws ecclesiastical;' and I am to decide whether it is such an offence. Now, I look into the laws ecclesiastical of this realm, and I see no law whatever forbidding such an ornament. I cannot, therefore, upon ordinary legal principles, declare that this ornament is *against* the ecclesiastical laws. Nevertheless, I am willing to admit, that if laws are vague, authority must occasionally step in, give its order, and claim obedience, upon the natural ground that clergymen should obey their bishops in things indifferent. But as the question then becomes not one of strict law, but one of general propriety and decency, I must, before I bring my own episcopal authority to bear, require proof that the ornament was in some way improper, indecent, and unsuitable to one of our churches. I am quite ready to hear evidence on this point; but, till then, I must decline condemning every single ornament which may
 * used in or about a church, simply because it is not specified
 he rubric and canons.—We cannot imagine, we say, how a

candid person could object to these grounds of judgment. The judge proceeds upon acknowledged principles of equity and fairness; nor would it be easy to find fault with him. Here is a judicial line, then, which might be taken to-morrow in any diocesan court in this country, the equity of which people could not deny; and yet the line is exactly the opposite one to that which the Bishop of Exeter has taken. It is a question which naturally suggests itself in this state of the case, whether a judgment can tend much to settle a question which may be met immediately by a perfectly sound and equitable judgment the other way; whether legal indefiniteness should not create to a certain extent legal modesty; and whether, when two opinions can be fairly given, it is for one of them to come forward unnecessarily and monopolise the solemnities of law.

But we must confess we are not content with putting such a judgment as we have been supposing, and the Bishop of Exeter's, on par; and asserting that one has as much to say for itself as the other: for we think the latter would have clearly the superiority, in point of law. For it is expressly declared in our Rubric, that 'the chancels shall remain 'as they have done in times past;'—a clause which must certainly be taken to be more in favour of ancient ornaments used in the chancel, than against them. Moreover, although flowers on the altar are nowhere mentioned in rubrics and canons, they are obviously in keeping with, and almost a part of, a whole class of ornaments which our Church has all along, and does now, recognize and use. We decorate our churches with evergreens at Christmas and Easter,—at Christmas the practice is universal, and at Easter it is common in many parts of the country. And in many churches flowers are used as well, by immemorial usage. 'The *flowers*,' we read in the Gentleman's Magazine, '*with which many churches are ornamented on Easter-day*, are most probably intended as emblems of the resurrection, having just risen from the earth in which, during the severity of the winter, they seem to have been buried.' Again, in the account of Queen Elizabeth's progress, in the same Magazine.—'In returning from Woodstock (A.D. 1575), the queen passed some days at Reading, and attended Divine Service at the church of St. Laurence, where a seat was fitted up for her in the chancel, with a traverse and hangings of arras. The pulpit was then ornamented with new cloth, and the church *was strewed with flowers*.'

But this is old obsolete usage, it will be said. Let us go, then, into the interiors of some of the London churches of the present day, on the principal Church festivals, and see what is done there. We can assert then, that, unless the custom has altered³

within the last half-dozen years, flowers, either accompanying holly and evergreens, or by themselves, are used now as ornaments on the principal festivals, in the following London churches, viz.—St. Dunstan's in the West; St. Clement Danes; St. Augustine and St. Faith; All Hallows, Bread-street; St. Mary, Aldermary; St. Mildred's, Bread-street; St. Antholin's, Watling-street; St. Swithin, London Stone; St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; St. Giles, Cripplegate; St. Clements, Clement-lane; St. Saviour's, Southwark; St. Leonard, Shoreditch; St. Ethelburga; Christ Church, Spitalfields; St. James, Bermondsey; St. John, Hampstead; St. Margaret's, Westminster. In some of these churches the flowers are at or near the altar, in others they decorate other parts of the church; but the use of them as ornaments in some way or other has existed in the churches from time immemorial.

Now we do not notice the use of flowers which still prevails in some of our churches, for the sake of the fact itself only,—although the fact itself is enough to show that the Church has sanctioned and does sanction such ornaments,—so much as to notice the natural connexion of the use of flowers with her positively universal usage with respect to evergreens, holly, misseltoe, &c. If you have a thoroughly established custom with respect to evergreens, it does appear to us in no small degree frivolous to exclude flowers in toto from the scene. It is not in the nature of ornature, of whatever class, so absolutely and rigidly to move within a groove as this distinction would make it. Nature is free herself; and a certain degree of freedom is guaranteed to us, in the fact of being allowed to employ her treasures. The green leaf and the flower grow side by side in her domains, and it is an act of some violence to dissociate them altogether in the ecclesiastical use of them as decoration. The use of evergreens, if freely and liberally conceded, carries the permission to use flowers with it,—so far, at any rate, as that no one could seriously and definitely exclude them. There is a natural connexion: the use of evergreens shows that a certain class of ornament is admitted into our churches, and the flower is one of that class. It comes in with the general custom which introduces holly and misseltoe, bay and rosemary. We quote an extract from a learned work on Christian customs, which shows how this connexion has always existed:—‘The innocent and expressive, and at the same time beautiful ornament of flowers,’ says Dr. Rock, ‘was not forgotten by the ancient Christians in the decorations of their churches, but especially their altars: St. Augustine (de Civitate Dei, l. xxii. c. 7) particularly mentions this custom, when he notices the renunciation of paganism for Christianity by the expiring Martialis, whose son-in-law, after praying with much fervour at the foot of St. Stephen's altar,

‘approached as he was going away, and carried off from it some of the flowers that were placed there, and conveyed them to the couch of his dying relative. St. Jerome (Epist. iii.) particularly panegyricizes his friend Nepotian for his devotional assiduity in adorning the walls of the church with a variety of *flowers and the boughs of trees*; and St. Paulinus of Nola refers to the same practice, when he describes the manner of celebrating the annual festival of his patron saint, St. Felix, in the following verses:—

‘Ferte Deo pueri laudem, pia solvete vota:
Spargite flore solum, prætexite limina sertis:
Purpureum ver spiret hyems, sit florens annus
Ante diem, sancto cedat natura diei.’

‘Hymn praise to God, ye youths; discharge your vows,
Strew flowers around; the threshold weave with boughs.
Let hoary winter sigh like purple spring;
And the young year his earliest garlands bring
Before their season; thus shall nature pay
A fitting homage to this hallowed day.’

Rock's Hierurg. p. 748.

We observe here the green bough and the flower go together. St. Jerome's friend adorns his church with ‘*a variety of flowers and the boughs of trees*,’ and Paulinus says,

‘*Strew flowers around; the threshold weave with boughs.*’

Indeed, no one can recal his recollections of the Royal Oak festivities, in his schoolboy days, without seeing that flowers are natural concomitants of the green bough, as used for decoration. We can testify that on that occasion there was always a copious admixture of flowers with the green leaves. In admitting, therefore, the latter, our Church cannot be said to exclude the former ornament, but rather to invite it: that is, unless she herself makes the distinction, which she does not do.

And if, on these grounds, flowers are a legitimate decoration for the church interior in general, the next step we have to make is not a difficult one. For surely nobody can assert that our Church intended the altar to be *less* ornamented than the other parts of the church: various canons and rubrics show exactly the contrary. The candlesticks on the altar, the ‘carpet of silk’ or altar cloth, the greater richness of the clergyman's dress, when officiating there, (for we must remember that a cope is the clergyman's *legal* dress in the administration of the holy communion,) and other circumstantialia, partly of custom, partly of rule, show, though one of them may have become practically obsolete, that our Church's intention certainly is not that the sacrarium of the church should be less decorated than the

other. Indeed, everybody will admit, that our custom and usage has always been, and is, to make more of that part of the church than of the other parts, and distinguish it in some ornamental way. If on any occasions then flowers may be used in other parts of the church, certainly a considerable *onus probandi* lies upon those who would make the altar-part an exception, and deny it the ornaments which the general fabric is allowed.

Thus much for the special case of which we have had to speak,—of flowers upon the altar. We will add, that as a general test for deciding what decoration is, and what is not, intended by our Church; the test—where there is no prohibition of the particular ornament in question—of fitness, harmony, analogy to admitted ornaments, the test, *i.e.* of which the case of flowers would be an illustration, appears a much fairer one, than any which would rigidly confine all such ornaments to the actual legally and specifically commanded ones. The latter rule, proceeding as it does on the pure and arbitrary assumption that the Church prohibits everything she does not command, could not support a moment's examination, were it not for the apparent difficulty which attached to any larger and more liberal test of admissibility. This difficulty it is which has dictated the legislation in the diocesan court at Exeter, on the late occasion: though we must remark at the same time, that it did not come forward of itself, but was rather invited and pressed to make its appearance. This difficulty, however, we are persuaded is not so great as some suppose it to be; certainly not great enough to justify the rigid line, if that line is, upon its own merits, untenable. The course would certainly be much smoother for the ecclesiastical judge, if we had an accurate rubric or canon, distinctly specifying what was to be on the altar-table, and distinctly prohibiting everything else. But it is very questionable whether the ornamenting of the altar is a subject for such exact rubrics; for the altar is, after all, a part of the church interior, though a most solemn part; and just as no rubric could assume the power of accurately determining how the Church fabric in general was to be adorned, and what specific architectural mouldings, symbols and devices were to be used; so, though in a less degree, a rubric would be going beyond its sphere in accurately specifying every single ornament which was to be used with respect to the altar. The early Church had no rubrics at all about the altar; the early missals contain none; the present Roman missal has a rubric, but a vague, and evidently an intentionally vague one. And after all, it is not too hard a matter for an ordinarily sensible and an ordinarily fair judgment to determine what kind of ornaments and

symbols are in general keeping with our recognized Church ornature and symbolism, and what are not. Nobody could deny, for example, the use of one kind of ornament, which we have mentioned, viz., that of evergreens on certain occasions. Nobody again would deny that the use of the plain cross was very largely sanctioned in our Church. It is repeated over and over again on the outsides of most of our churches. It appears in all shapes and in all positions in the interior; on windows, on the floor, on the centre of the altar, either carved on it, if the altar is a stone one, or else braided on the altar cloth; again above the altar, either in relief on the wall, or painted in rich colours, as in the Temple church. The symbol of the cross, in some connexion or other with the Lord's table, is decidedly sanctioned by the usage of our Church. We maintain then that a cruciform shape for the support of an alms dish, and that flowers on the altar, have general facts in our Church's usage to support them; the former in the public admitted usage of the plain cross, the latter in the public admitted usage of evergreens, especially as this has actually been accompanied with the use of the specific ornament—the flower—from time immemorial, in many of our churches. It is not so difficult, practically speaking, to distinguish between some ornaments and others, and to see that some are in agreement with Church usage, and others not. It is not difficult to see that some have our Church's external tone and character upon them, and others not. And when the Bishop of Exeter says, 'If one person may, at his pleasure, decorate the Lord's table with a cross, another *may equally claim* to set a crucifix upon it;' it is obvious that he is saying what is not correct: another could *not* equally claim to set up a crucifix; i.e. if by 'equally claim' the Bishop of Exeter means claim with equal justice. For the public use of the cross, as a symbol, is sanctioned by our Church: that of the crucifix is not.

In conclusion, we cannot but express our general regret that the Bishop of Exeter should have taken (what we will venture to call) that ultra-legal view of the present subject which he has; and given a judgment which appears to us alike deficient in that equity and discrimination which are so natural to him. We should have not expected from him a decision which went so purely on an arbitrary assumption, as this one does: the assumption that the Church prohibits whatever she does not specifically command. It is, of course, easy for a judge to make such an assumption; and when he has made it, it is still more easy to apply it to the case in hand, and say this is not ordered, therefore it is prohibited. But this is a kind of law, which various general principles prevent us from regarding—his Lordship will excuse a word which we should be so willing to apply to

himself, though we feel compelled to withhold it from his law—with much respect. It is too wholesale, too rough a kind of law; it wants discrimination, it wants balance. It is law as it were, in a green state, before it has become seasoned, and certainly long before it has attained its proper fineness and polish. We would wish also, if such law were to be awarded, that there had been some other subject for it, than the simple and innocent ornament of flowers. We do not want to confine the operations of stern ecclesiastical justice; and yet it must be confessed she does not appear to advantage when she directs her frown at those simple innocent and primitive ornaments. Nature—and we hope it is not very wrong in her—cannot help asking, What harm can those simple innocent flowers do? Having already discussed the question of law, we can afford, without giving up our rights, to bring in the *argumentum ad misericordiam*, as a slight auxiliary. It is hardly putting our laws and canons ecclesiastical in a dignified position, to array them in such severe majesty against the simple innocent ornament in question. Might not a bunch of flowers be spared? And might not the Church be spared the invidious appearance which attaches to so solemn a judicial contest with so meek and inoffensive a criminal? The occasion brings back to our recollection a solitary fragment from a schoolboy's first effort at Latin verse, meant to be descriptive of the sportsman's occupation:—

‘Et parvas volucres bombardæ cædere magna.’

In English,

‘And little birds with a great cannon slay.’

We need not point out the disproportion of the weapon to the victim.

ART. VII.—*Ninfa. Eine Novelle.* Brockhaus, Berlin.

SOMETHING of the same reserve which hinders our countrymen from speaking fluently and idiomatically in foreign languages, seems also to have restrained us from composing in them. There is not, it is true, the same indispensable necessity for a corresponding outward gesture and expression, when a person is writing a book, as there is when he is conversing with spirit. The hands need not leave their accustomed position close by the sides; and the shoulders are not called upon to execute any un-English shrugs, whether dubitative, suggestive, or confirmatory. But still the sober English thoughts get sadly discomposed in any foreign attire. They can no more adapt themselves to the broken jerks and startling antitheses of a modern French sentence, than the palate of a true-born Englishman can to *hors d'œuvres* and sour wine. And to our proper credit be it spoken, they refuse to grow into a long, straggling, ill-mannered German sentence. Generally speaking, one of our countrymen must wellnigh have renounced his nationality before he can hope really to shine in a foreign language: and long before he has arrived at this perfection his 'morale' is apt to be too far gone for him to write anything which will repay the trouble of reading. The common every-day interests of foreign society seem in an especial manner beyond our reach. When any works written by Englishmen, in French, have been acknowledged classical by our scrupulous and critical neighbours, they have been mostly abstract in their character. An oriental tale, or a history of times in no immediate connexion with the present, is a test indeed of intimacy with a language; but how much less searching than a novel, with all its tumult of incidents, and flashes of various character; and on the other side of the Channel it does not require the anti-Anglican mania of M. Dumas and his fraternity, to make their romantic descriptions of our life and manners here utterly ridiculous in the eyes of a better instructed reader. So we can hardly calculate on versatility enough in ourselves to keep us to the exact point in our social description. The strong probability is, that our characters will appear in a kind of Sunday attire, which they never wore in all their lives. They will talk politics as if they had lived all their lives under 'Magna Charta' and the

Habeas Corpus Act; and religion, like the divines of the seventeenth century.

The work which we have culled out of the garden produce of recent literature, is certainly worth our readers' notice. It is written in German; and, as report says, by a young English lady. And it must be confessed, that this work could not very well have been written in English. Apart from all peculiarities of idiom, there is something about the very vehemence of passion, which it sometimes undertakes to represent, and the simplicity of its moral intention, which makes it an un-English book. Now-a-days, in fact, we hardly see a new book made up out of the good old standard materials of jealous husbands, afflicted wives, and accomplished hypocrites. The most popular works of the day are bent upon unveiling the finer shades of character. They love to trace the certain course by which some fault of subtle texture comes to overcast the character by degrees, without employing any vast machinery of seduction. And, moreover, they maintain most religiously a native and domestic character; seeming to pride themselves on making months and years of their narrative pass on without once taking the reader out of the merest daily life; and yet, casting over all the hues of some tranquil and nameless interest. Our readers will presently confess how unlike is all this to the strong emotions, highly-wrought situations, touches of pathos, and strokes of satire with which '*Ninfa*' is astir almost from end to end. All of these ingredients seem fairly and simply transplanted to a foreign soil, or rather to be its true and native growth. But it is time to let our readers judge for themselves. Accordingly we will introduce our three friends, Michael Richter, Wilhelm von Neuenburg, and Otto von Cageneck; German travellers, and, as the ennobling '*Von*' informs us, not all of the same rank and condition in life. Wilhelm, in fact, is the only son of the prime minister to the Grand Duke of ——. Richter is his distant connexion; half travelling-tutor, and half friend. Otto is—our readers will soon see what. We find them at Sorrento, sojourners at the *Piccola Sirena*; and from this point we may launch them into the story.

A conversation between the three companions in their room is interrupted by a cry of joy from the sea-shore, which drives them all quickly to the window. The cause of it is soon made clear. A light pinnacle is landing just below them, and two ladies just stepping ashore, both remarkably dressed; one as a shepherdess, white-robed and straw-hatted, and 'requiring only 'a crook in hand to be a shepherdess complete, such as one sees 'on Dresden china. The younger of the two seemed a *Madonna della Seggiola*, just alighted on earth; with dress, scarf and

'head-dress in exact imitation of Raphael's masterpiece. Her face, too, seemed as like as possible to the Madonna, so far as distance allowed it to be seen.'

"A most remarkable appearance," said Richter at last. "Where can they be going, and what can the strange dress mean? Look! look! Wilhelm; see how like she is to the Florentine Madonna. Is she not an ideal, an ethereal creature, a living picture of æsthetic beauty? What a divine spirit must dwell in such a tabernacle!"

"So ho!" cried Otto! "Fire and flames again? Well, in heaven's name go on? Amusing, 'pon honour! Sweet, lovely, wonderful, indescribable, divine! Now we shall have his reverence in the clouds again. Another word, and I shall solemnly proclaim her—a fright!"

"A fright!" shrieked Wilhelm and Otto, at once.

"Well, if it must be so, I won't say a fright, precisely; tidy looking, perhaps. So pale, though—don't you think the poor thing looks ill? But what in the name of all nonsense does this ridiculous masquerade mean? Saw ever mortal the like? What's that affair that she's got her head into? Ah! now you can laugh at last. I've made a joke at last, it seems, and you're envious, both of you. You stare, as if you saw a ghost; and, in the mean time, I can't see whether the child's straight or crooked. However, there's some fun brewing; and, your humble servant must needs have a finger in the pie.

The host, when consulted, announces that there is to be a mass at church for the soul of the Principessima Corsini, with a *tableau vivant* thereafter.

'The church of St. Antonia stood open. Its high arches were tapestried with all the colours of the rainbow, multiplying and softening the rich evening light, until it hardly seemed to belong to earth. All the places were occupied—mostly by ladies full dressed in white, and wearing long white veils. In place of the altar-piece there hung a deep red curtain. As no seat could be found, our three friends placed themselves behind a pillar close to the high altar. Suddenly the organ stopped. The church darkened, and a hundred men's voices, at least, uplifted a *Miserere*, without instrumental accompaniment. The strange absorbing enchantment of such a choir must be heard to be understood. The moment it closed, a single female voice began a *Stabat Mater*. A voice—but what shall we call it? Too deep and moving for a soprano, too pure and flexible for a contralto. Both voices seemed to unite their excellences. It was like a necklace with every two pearls seemingly alike, while nearly every one is richer and larger than that which comes before it.

'Wilhelm and Michael had both of them a true and deep feeling for music; and even our friend Otto was pleased, and did not stir hand or foot. Presently a choir of female voices united with the one which had moved them so strangely. But the wondrous angel voice rang on above them all. At last the ministering harmony fell gradually away. Gently, and more gently, the one rang on; and melted in a long dying fall. All was hushed to the most utter silence. The priest took the Host in hand. All bowed, and crossed themselves as the little bell sounded; and, as if this had been a signal, the whole church was at once illuminated. As if kindled by one enchantment, a thousand tapers blazed out in a moment. The sudden change from darkness to light enhanced the wonder, and the church seemed on fire from end to end. Men's voices rang out in a heavenly symphony, mounting by degrees from piano to fortissimo. Slowly the crimson curtain arose. Our friends could hardly believe themselves awake. There before

them sat the Madonna della Seggiola; only larger and more beautiful than the original, as they could not help confessing. Cherubs with golden wings formed the background, and enclosed the picture in a living frame. The lady of the morning it was of course. She represented the Madonna, and began forthwith an *Ave Maria*.'

Wilhelm's solitary meditations are interrupted by Otto, who tells him that Richter's happy boldness has already made the acquaintance of the ladies unknown. In fact, the time of year has so completely stripped Sorrento of all visitants except invalids, that the Countess Falkenstein accounts any stray traveller of due rank and fortune to be a godsend to her evening parties. Their early call is therefore welcomed most heartily by the courtly lady-mother and her fair daughter Ninfa.

"I hope the festival of yesterday pleased you," said the Countess. "I myself arranged the whole; and cannot say that it disappointed me. To confess the truth, they wanted me to undertake the Madonna's part. I could not make up my mind to it, however. As long as ever the Count is absent, I have made a vow to wear nothing but white. The dress of the Madonna has several colours in it; and therefore my daughter supplied my place." So saying, she cast her eyes down to the ground like a bashful maiden of fifteen.

The gentlemen could hardly keep from laughing. Otto, however, replied with comic gravity, "Your ladyship has been cruel to us, if not to yourself, in disappointing us of the high enjoyment of seeing you as the Madonna—all for the sake, too, of a vow so burdensome. Could you not, however, have represented an angel all in white."

"Flatterer!" cried the Countess, relaxing into a smile. The next moment, however, she was grave again; and continued with many deep sighs, "My vow has not been too hard to bear, perhaps. But yet my life has passed so mournfully since I made it. Married in my earliest youth—then living in perpetual care and anxiety for my beloved husband—a protectress to my darling child, yet unprotected myself. Only think that I have had to deny myself every pleasure of my age, all the change and melting colours of the toilet. Ah! my trials have been hard, after all."

All this delighted our friend Otto marvellously. His expressions of interest and condolence poured forth like a flood, while Wilhelm could scarcely contribute a solitary Alas! As for Richter, he had been repelled all along by the kindly yet evidently condescending reception which the elder Countess had given to his choicest flowers of rhetoric. It could not be doubted that to him she was less free and fluent than to his two friends. He had been so little used to society, that things appeared strange to him, which to Otto and Wilhelm seemed quite natural. He felt himself cast into the background, and was chilled and annoyed. However, the change in his demeanour did not escape the notice of Ninfa; and although she could not guess what had occasioned it, what she saw was quite enough to move her to sympathy. She accused herself of having neglected him for his extraordinary ugliness, and endeavoured to draw him into conversation.

"I have remarked," she began, "that like myself you have a taste for antiques. Look at this ring. It is Etruscan, and therefore older than the Roman relics, whose name is Legion amongst us. The child which you see there is called Day: he has an old man's head, and is, therefore, considered to represent Wisdom. He it was who introduced religion and its sacred mysteries among the Etruscans. The tall man underneath there is Tarchon.

He denotes the aboriginal inhabitants of the country ; and, as you see, he is busy with husbandry, and has just dug out the little god from the soil. Am I not happy to have such an antique as this for my own ? It came to my father quite by accident, and he made me a present of it.'

"It is indeed a most beautiful and precious ring," replied Richter. How strange, too, that after its burial of a thousand years it should be as perfect as if it had just been wrought by the best lapidary of our time. But it surprises me more by far, that, young as you are, you have possessed yourself of such various information. Your judgment in works of art astonishes me. Things seem born with you, which others have to achieve with years of trouble and industry.'

'The Countess received his praise with the most entire simplicity. "Oh, I am only too fond of such treasures : my collection in Florence is considerable, I assure you. It does me so much good to see many beautiful things about me. With anything beautiful before me I feel completely happy and contented." Ninfa had hardly said these words when she was sorry for them. What a contradiction to all ideas of beauty was the person who sat before her. She was on the point of giving another turn to the conversation, when Richter interrupted her quickly and gravely :

"You are right," he said, "most right, your words are right, and yet I am sorry to have heard them from your lips. You have aroused a desire within me for a blessing which I never missed till now. I feel deeply and sorrowfully that I shall never be one of those things which you wish to have about you."

"Oh," she cried, blushing with innocent confusion, "I spoke only of these lifeless prettinesses ! What an interpretation you have put upon my words ! Besides this, too, the man who possesses a fair and noble soul can never, never be called ugly !"

The *abandon* with which the authoress casts herself into foreign manners throughout the book is certainly remarkable. There are two volumes, and with small exceptions the whole action of the first passes at Sorrento, without the introduction of any other characters than those who have now been made known to the reader. It is true that the Count Falkenstein comes in to precipitate the middle catastrophe, (so to speak,) but his character does not blend much with the general details. The reader will be interested by Ninfa's abode in a convent at twelve years old, preparatory to her first communion. This episode, too, helps to remove the apparent improbability that such a daughter should have been brought up by such a mother. We forbear to extract this ; and pass by in like manner another episodical convent scene, which is a comic version of the history of Gertrude in the *Promessi Sposi*. The despair of the old grandee, Ninfa's grandfather, when his daughter is beginning to be *passée* without a suitor, the romantic young German Count, who is taken by the lady's resemblance to the Venus de Medici, and saves her at the last moment from taking the veil, the innocent convent gossip and grief at the loss of an expected sister, we may leave to the zealous reader, and hasten onward towards the German scenes of the second volume.

In the mean time, however, both Richter and Wilhelm become each other's rivals without knowing it. The former has the advantage, which his position as mentor affords him, the chance, namely, of discouraging Wilhelm, and diverting him from the pursuit; and the disadvantage of a fine engagement at home, of which Ninfa is aware.

'Ninfa bestowed her entire confidence on Richter; her father-confessor, as she called him now and then. Entire, do we say? Richter himself was wellnigh convinced that it was so. And yet there was one subject which neither of them, in fact, seemed much inclined to touch upon. There never was a word spoken between them about Wilhelm. Michael seemed to avoid it on purpose: in fact, when the conversation would have turned upon his friend, he always knew how to give it some other direction.

'And Ninfa blushed if she only thought of Wilhelm, and even to mention his name seemed to her a kind of treason, she knew not why. That she loved him, indeed, she had not the least idea. How could she possibly? She had been Caroline's bosom friend; and Caroline's love was so different from what she felt. Caroline had been betrothed from her youth, and love and friendship wore the same guise in her deep but impassioned heart. And since Ninfa had seen the inmost recesses of that loving heart unveiled before her, she considered herself experienced in love affairs.

'Wilhelm and Ninfa lived in a happy golden dream. Up to this time they had never spoken a word of love, only they both felt that they could not live without one another. In the evenings, while Otto and Richter were paying court to the volatile and pleasure-loving lady mother, the two lovers would wander for hours in the garden, and talk on without having an idea what about. Either of the two felt such unbounded pleasure in hearing the other's voice, that they cared little or nothing what they said, or how. To be side by side—to look in one another's eyes, what could the whole world do to trouble such happiness as this? Often they would sit for hours together at the brink of the ponds, and watch the gold-fish, without speaking a single word. As lovers go, many of them, perhaps, might find this wearisome; but to Ninfa and Wilhelm the time passed fleetingly away, and evening after evening the announcement of supper took them completely by surprise.

'Of course the Countess noticed that her daughter had made what she called a conquest of Wilhelm. On the whole, she was not displeased. As for a true affection for a youth of no estate, and recent nobility, she considered such a thing impossible. With a proud maternal pleasure she saw her daughter treading in her own footsteps. Ninfa's health grew stronger every day, and her beauty developed along with it. And her mother, in the kindness of her heart, was glad enough to find such a distraction for her daughter; persuaded, too, that it must necessarily work well upon her. She considered this a favourable opportunity for Ninfa's initiation into the abstruse science and mystery of coquetry. Strange to say, too, the Countess was not the least jealous. Imprimis, Wilhelm was too young for her; and secondly, she really loved Ninfa too well to grudge her any "conquest" whatsoever. Nay, even should Wilhelm get slighted at last, and blow out his brains in despair, she was prepared to congratulate her daughter on this "triumph,"—one, unfortunately, which she herself could not boast of ever having achieved. With these pleasant thoughts in her mind, she never remarked that the puckered-up corner of Otto's mouth could hardly repress a smile, as he lisped out his compliments with more of derision than of flattery in them; nor that Richter's eyes were wandering in utter abstractedness,

while his tongue was showering the most worn-out compliments upon her; nor that both Otto and Richter, alike, were sure to catch the first opportunity to get politely rid of her, and find some other company for the evening. Of all this, the good lady saw nothing. Vanity is blinder than love—if that can possibly be.

The comment on the double assertion in this last sentence is the gradual but complete mystification of Richter; proceeding onward through a course of discursive morning lessons in science, German literature, Tyrolese music, and the like, Richter's knowledge is extensive without being at all profound, but he is admirably well able to adorn any subject by his eloquence. In him Ninfa seems for awhile to have regained her lost friend the Abbot. With him she is all intellect, animation, and confidence—hanging on his descriptions of German life and manners, delighting in his descriptions of the solar system, and sharing with him her enthusiasm for the divine poet of her birthland.

'One morning Richter was received on his early call by Ninfa with even more than her usual frank kindness. He saw at once that she was in no common mood. An enchanting inspiration flashed from her eyes, and she seemed possessed with that indescribably soft and tender gladness, which seemed to float around her like a glory, whenever she was deeply moved. She greeted him with a free open smile, and, with a voice tempered to a softness all her own, began before he could speak. "Thanks for coming just now. I have just had a great delight indeed. You come to share it, at the very moment when you are most wanted."

"I feared that my call was too early," replied he, in a tone of interest. 'Important business kept me at home last night, and therefore I ventured—'

"You never come too early," she interrupted; "least of all to-day; I fell just this moment upon a passage in my Dante, which will enchant you, as it has done myself. Only look!" And in that solemn chant, so peculiar to Italian women, and yet so different from singing, she recited the heavenly lines:—

"The other joyance meanwhile waxed
A thing to marvel at, in splendour glowing
Like choicest ruby stricken by the sun.
For in that upper clime effulgence comes
Of gladness as here laughter: and below,
As the mind saddens, murkier grows the shade.
God seeth all, and in Him is thy sight,
Said I, blest spirit! Therefore will of His
Cannot to thee be dark. Why then delays
Thy voice to satisfy my wish untold,
That voice, which joins the inexpressive song,
Pastime of heaven, the which those ardours sing,
That cowl them with six shadowing wings outspread,
I would not wait thy asking, wert thou known
To me as throughly I to thee am known."

'Here she stopped; her voice trembled, her eyes filled with tears—she closed the book quickly, arose, cast back her bright silken hair from her temples, as if a sudden heat had fallen upon her, and took several quick turns up and down the room. This was her manner always when she

was much moved or strongly excited. As she read, she had not looked at Richter, and even now seemed unconscious of his presence. This was probably the reason why she did not remark the strange expression which his features were assuming by degrees. She was busy only with her own feelings; and strove with all her might to master her emotion.

Richter also was stirred to the utmost, and could hardly keep down his intense eagerness. Still he managed to be rid of all its outward signs by the time that Ninfa's composure began to return; and she looked on him with the entrancing smile, and half languid glance, which he knew so well. "Only see," she said, in a tone so gentle that it seemed the faint and distant echo of the sound which still rang in his ear; "only see what a child I am. Since my dear friend Fioravanti died, I had not read these lines aloud till now. Doubtless, it was remembering him which made me so excited just now. Am I not a very child?" She laughed, but it was plainly because she must otherwise have wept.

"Dear Countess," replied Richter, in his most earnest tone, "why call yourself childish, when you are in the very mood which makes you lovely beyond all former loveliness?"

"Strange," continued Ninfa, without noticing his words; "strange that these lines should now have come home to me for the first time. And the dear old man used to tell me, that sooner or later, I should get quite a new understanding of them. Now the time is come; I read them with him, and found them beautiful—and nothing more: but now, now they ring and peal within me, like echoes from heaven. 'This melody of words, and tones, and feeling, *can* belong to heaven alone.'"

For all the world Richter could not have interrupted her. Never had he seen her so beautiful till now. Her soul flashed out from her eyes, and shut all other loveliness out of sight. Had Ninfa been ill-favoured even, she must have seemed beautiful in the light of this heavenly expression.

"O this book!" she went on, as if to herself. "The beautiful, great, noble, good, all are here. Much still remains obscure to me; but to the initiated, it must be a paradise indeed. Even to me, I divine that it will some time or other unfold itself. How beautifully says Dante of Virgil. '*Mi misce dentro alli segrete cose*,'—and why should not I find a Virgil to unveil all these secrets before me."

Ninfa seems to possess that truly feminine power of discriminating, both in herself and others, between the intellect and the heart. Thus, as far as Richter is concerned, she has no idea that her admiration for his talents can be interpreted into any personal favour; and as to herself she cannot conceive that her various endowments and high enthusiasms point out to her any higher vocation than simple love to Wilhelm. His inferior strength of character, his uncertainties on philosophical subjects, and (to her) incomprehensible self-scrutinies, do not make him less an object on which her whole heart may rest. So that she is, as it were, two beings—the one filled with high intellectual aim and aspirations; the other domestic, loving, and submissive. With this hint, the course which the tale must take will be plain enough, and so we can afford to set the reader down at Richter's love declaration. He comes in the forenoon, without knowing that Wilhelm and Ninfa have met at break of day. And as far as her absence of mind allows her to think of him at all, Ninfa

believes that all along he is speaking in Wilhelm's behalf. By degrees he succeeds in working on her emotions by his glowing descriptions of Wilhelm's fatherland.

"By the side of the lake of Como, I learned first to know this ravishing seductive Italy of yours. There were its thick-studded terraces, its halls, its palaces, all full in view. Myrtle and laurel are the shade around your houses. The soft west wind breathes through aged cypress and olive groves, very shrines of that true Italian mystery, the *dolce far niente*. But here underneath this cheerful unclouded sky, there springs a lulling sultry breeze; it unnerves me with its softness—all my best powers faint within me. The sensuous strives against the spiritual. I begin to doubt whether nature or art has done most for what I see around me. As upon the land, so I look upon its lively daughter. Not bent on attracting only, but on dazzling with her brightness; not content with happiness, if it is not brilliant;—anxious for love indeed, but for admiration also, she sets forth her beauty and her talents to view, and hurries us headlong into ecstasy and amazement. How far otherwise I felt only three days before, as I stood by the soothing Tyrolese Achensee. There the quickening breeze had life, and power, and action upon its wings. There I felt as if all things great and good were within my reach. Parted off from the rest of the world, lie the clear waters; right underneath, the mountain fir and pines; all is mirrored in the lake; and nothing from without this kindly circle ever comes to disturb its waters. Just so is it with the German wife and mother. Her peaceful life flows gently and evenly like a brook between its forest flowers. Far away from all the noise of admiration, she wishes only to be loved, and to make others happy. No passionate epic is her life—but a gentle idyl, set forth and realised in home happiness. In the south, the noblest constellations come forth to view; but we in our northern skies have the steady pole-star of love. Resolve, then, whether you can live for this or no!"

"Ninfa could contain herself no longer. She took eagerly the hand which Richter held out to her. "May he who knows all, be my witness!" said she, with a failing voice. Then she dropped his hand, folded her own together, looked first up to heaven, and then down on Richter; and with a deep sigh, and bright smile, at once said, "With God's help and your support."

"Quickly and with emotion he replied, "Do not expect too much from me, I am but a weak and sinful man. But one thing there is, in truth, which makes me more than all other men; it is, the right which you confer on me, your choosing me out of all mankind to know and love you indeed." He seized her hand, and was about to embrace her. She sprang up like lightning, cast her hands upwards, and cried out in horror, "What is this? In heaven's name what does this mean? Are you out of your senses?"

"Pardon me, sweet angel," he interrupted, "after the avowal which you have just made, I thought I might look for more than words from your lips."

"Avowal?" returned she, with a look of alarm, pressing her hands to her brow, as if to call something to mind. Then as if her thoughts had suddenly found place and order, "Oh what a fearful misunderstanding. I would have treated you as a friend, as a brother—as the friend of my beloved, and now—"

"As a brother! a brother, Countess! You would have trusted me as a brother! In truth if I *have* then deceived myself, the blame does not lie at my door! Who could have put any other meaning than I did on every word and glance of yours. Ah! I see it all! What I once was to you, I know right well! This knowledge, this comfort, is mine for ever. Yet

you can thus cast me off—you can make sport with a true, honest, loving heart; and for whose sake? a foolish, insipid boy! You cast yourself on his bosom; and Baron though he be, you will never, never, find any happiness there. Oh! I know, know right well, wherefore I am rejected. You shall see though! I will climb step by step to rank and eminence! Being what I am—nay, look not so proudly and condescendingly upon me—I can choose a bride from the noblest families of my fatherland. Being what I am. . . .”

““You do well to remind me,” said she with more composure. “A bride! Yes, in truth! Here is my valid excuse from all that you would cast upon me. In my language, one affianced before God and man, and one married, are the same. For this reason it never for a moment struck me that you could so misinterpret what I did or said.”

““As to my God, I know best how I stand with Him,” stammered Richter, all pale and crestfallen; “as for my engagement, it is broken off, because of your confession of yesterday.””

Ninfa's father, the Count Falkenstein, is a *blasé* gamester. Her mother, too, appears on watch for fear of losing the triumphs of a year at Paris amid the glitter of the Imperial Court. Ninfa is too important, to be thus dismissed from the household; continual persecutions at last induce her to elope with Wilhelm. Richter assists the couple on their flight, and succeeds in obtaining a promise of secrecy as to his ill-timed wooing. At the same time, he is fixing slowly and surely the toils in which their happiness is to be entangled for ever. To make Ninfa miserable among her husband's family, to disgust her with the Grand Ducal Court, and all its belongings, to make her jealous of Wilhelm, and Wilhelm of her, are the somewhat complicated means by which he is to accomplish this desirable end. Richter's implements are the Prince himself on one side, a fair cousin, Ottilia, on the other; the exceeding immorality of the high and illustrious circle, and the mean and discordant natures of the house of Neuenburg. When we add, that the plot has to be furthered by the untoward appearance of Wilhelm embracing Ottilia—that Ninfa has to be detected in the Prince's arms—and that half-a-dozen conversations are broken off by accident, just when they were on the point of leading to a happy explanation, the reader will suppose that the authoress has made up in the second volume for the simple structure of the first; if not annihilating space and time, yet still putting some force upon events to make two lovers unhappy. Besides, the plot would have failed altogether, if Wilhelm had had the least idea that Richter was other than his best friend. Ninfa, of course, could not betray the love scene, but then her suspicion of Richter would grow with all appearances of his intervention in family matters, and would naturally have been expressed to Wilhelm.

Before the end of the first day poor Ninfa has made many mis-

takes. For the first the married pair do not arrive till two o'clock, the Baron's dinner-time being invariably one o'clock, and his afternoon hours belonging to his prince and his fatherland. Secondly, she almost faints away on coming among her new relations. Thirdly, her faithful dog, Leone, finds his way to the drawing-room, and commits devastations innumerable in his eager happiness at finding his mistress again. Then she is for awhile alone in the cabinet, looking at the plates from the Florentine gallery, where Richter finds an opportunity of instilling some drop of bitterness. Lastly, and worst of all, Wilhelm is detained long and long from her when the evening party is over.

"Still up?" asked he, with a look of anxious surprise. "That is not right of you. You will hurt your health with it."

"Don't be angry, dearest Wilhelm," replied Ninfa softly. "I could not sleep without first asking you to forgive me. I have behaved myself to-day like a child—like a mere child. I feel this, and it grieves me. To-day I know too well that I have not impressed them well. But to-morrow, to-morrow. To-morrow all of them shall love me. I love them all—who love you, I must love."

'No discomposure could stand before such tenderness of words, and looks yet more. Wilhelm sank into her arms, and whispered among his kisses, "Who could help loving thee, thou child of light and innocence?"'

After some time spent in this way, came Wilhelm's answer as to where he had been so long. Augusta, his eldest sister, had been sighing most deeply, as often as he looked her way across the supper table, and afterwards, with a look of solemn secrecy, had besought him to wait for her till all the company were gone. At last this longed-for moment arrived. She bolted the door, drew Wilhelm into the farthest corner of the room, in order to disburden her heart without disturbance—which she did with many sighs and tears. She had made a discovery, a fearful, terrible discovery. Even yet she had hardly recovered the power of speech. From broken fragments only could Wilhelm conjecture what had so grieved his poor sister. She had seen Ninfa standing by Richter's side with a book open before her—a book containing prints outrageous to all morality, and all religion—and Ninfa had not been ashamed to leave one of these actually open on the table for all the world to see.

Now for the palace—the old dusky German mansion, with its Italian portico and *jalousies*—it frescoes, its transplanted olive and myrtle trees—its mimic Rome in the pleasure-grounds—in fact, its zealous, but vain, attempts to perform its master's bidding, and transfer its stubborn German aspect into that of a light and gay Italian villa; and, above all, for 'the Countess,' its somewhat ambiguous lady paramount.

Ninfa and Adela (the second sister) were both of them

presented to her. She received them both with condescension, and with the coldest, stiffest formality. Ninfa drew modestly backward as soon as she could. Adela, on the other hand, remained standing like a statue, until the Countess could not help offering her a seat. Compelled though this favour was, and accompanied with ungracious words and tones, Adela was still charmed, and proceeded to improve the opportunity for some deeply intellectual remark.

The concert began. A young and talented pianist, who has since achieved an European reputation, performed a composition of his own, with much skill and depth of feeling. His bashful modesty, however, seemed on the whole to have done some injury to the general effect of the piece.

Next to him Adela was led to the pianoforte. Without notes she began a much more difficult piece than her predecessor's—as the washerwomanlike elbow movements, and the astounding din, most plainly proved. Whether it was played without faults, whether Adela thought as the composer did about it, we confess our doubts. That it was played with the utmost precision, and made an incontestibly deep impression on the majority of the assembly was proved to demonstration by the storm of applause which followed.

'Next several concerted pieces were performed in masterly fashion by the whole orchestra. Between them German songs were interspersed—some grave, some gay. This evening, however, the Prince seemed insatiable. After the programme was exhausted he called aloud for an Italian song—so loud, indeed, that his command was heard at the other end of the saloon.

"My daughter-in-law is from Italy, your Highness, and she sings a little Italian," cried a voice from the other end.

'All eyes turned that way. Every face passed sentence of condemnation on this unheard-of breach of court etiquette. The Baron's small eyes sparkled with shame and indignation; however, his influential eloquence availed even now to abate the storm which was threatening upon the Countess's brow.

"The best excuse, Baron, the most *éclatant* satisfaction that you can make, is to persuade the Baroness, your daughter-in-law, to sing us some real Italian song," replied the Prince, in answer to the inexhaustible flood of excuses which the minister poured forth.

'With the deepest bows the courtier withdrew from the illustrious neighbourhood, rushed to Ninfa, took her by the hand, and led her to the piano, informing her by the way of the Prince's command. Up to this time no one had noticed her at all. Her simple white dress, her soft pale countenance, gained her no regard among the bedecked and bedizened crowd. In spite of the constant society in which she had lived, she felt confused by the Baroness's ill-bred mistake; and there was something unpleasing in the slight roughness with which the Baron asked her to sing, and led her to the piano. Her first chord was false. She wished to rise again, excuse herself, and ask the Prince for a little delay, but was not able. As she strove to cover herself, her anxious eye fell upon Wilhelm, who, unobserved till now, had taken his stand beside her. One look upon him and she was

transformed. Her barcarole was a perfect piece of art, or rather of nature, for feeling cannot be taught nor learned. Proudly Wilhelm looked upon his fair young wife, who, he pronounced, had never sung so well before.

'Inspired by his happiness Ninfa replied by a song of triumph to the urgent request of the Prince. The effect was magical. The whole company was in transports. The general admiration found voice in a redoubling murmur of applause. Ninfa's eyes beamed with joy; not so much for the storm of bravos which greeted her, as from the inward delight which smiled upon her from Wilhelm. She rose slowly, placed her arm within her husband's, and returned towards her former place.

'Up sprang the Prince to bar the way. "Once again—Oh, once again the barcarole," cried he. "Once more, O mighty mistress of song! Never in my life heard I such divine sublimity;" and Ninfa could not do anything else but obey. The applause was yet more stormy and general than before.'

Poor Ninfa, however, has ruined her chance of winning hearts at home. Adela is cast hopelessly into the shade by her performance, with none of the good temper which enables people to bear the loss of a certain triumph. The poor mamma has, by her own unfortunate act, overthrown her favourite daughter, and she therefore gives up Ninfa as incorrigible. His Highness the Prince conceives that he has at last found a congenial spirit, and is unremitting in his attentions. Indeed, his rapturous expressions will sometimes try the skill of a translator. For the next few months, however, Ninfa, in her new house, has few troubles except her own continual failures in matters of domestic economy, and the ridicule of Ottilia, whose perpetual good-humour is not always considerate on the delay of all letters from Italy.

'One evening Ninfa had succeeded in getting a walk with Wilhelm alone in the garden. The weather was unusually warm and cheerful. You might have fancied yourself south of the Alps. Wilhelm was almost melancholy; but Ninfa danced and floated along like a light butterfly just loose from the chrysalis, and spreading its untried wings for the first time. She skipped along with Leone by her side, and hovered round her husband as if it was a trouble to her to remain on earth.

'With mingled feelings Wilhelm followed her with his eyes. Charmed as he was with the grace of her movements, he could not rid himself of the anxious thought "She is too ethereal—too ideal, for this life of ours! She belongs to a higher sphere. How can I possibly make her happy? Every day I discover new sides of her character!"

'Most true were his thoughts—he did not understand her. Thence it was that Ninfa was always surprising him with her many-sidedness.'

The first breach of confidence is most unwittingly committed by Ninfa. In place of the long-expected message of love and forgiveness from Sorrento, comes a nonsensical epistle, full of nothing but fashions, and conquests, and lap-dogs' illnesses.

'The blush of joy on Ninfa's cheek passed quickly into the darkness of shame. And when Wilhelm asked eagerly for the contents of the long wished-for letter, she was already sunk in painful thought.

"Is your mother angry? Can she never forgive me for robbing her of her dearest treasure?" cried Wilhelm eagerly; "or has any misfortune happened to her and your father? Come, let me see. What can have put you out so?"

"Could Ninfa exhibit her mother's weakness in all its naked deformity? Before Wilhelm?—she doubted and wavered. Before Ottilia?—that would be too much to bear. What could she think or say? With beating heart she folded up the letter and said faintly, "Never mind, dear Wilhelm; don't read it! It contains something—nothing which could interest you. My mother is well, and sends her love to you." So saying she turned quickly to Ottilia, and began to speak hastily and confusedly about the fashions of Paris.

Wilhelm seemed turned to stone. He got red all over, and took several turns up and down the room. It was plain that he was deeply aggrieved by the withholding of the letter. Secrets where the most entire confidence had been and still ought to be! "Ottilia," he said, after a while, "perhaps my wife wishes to be alone; are you disposed for a walk?"

"With the greatest pleasure," was Ottilia's answer, and they set out.

Presently in comes the old Baron. Since her musical triumph she has completely won his courtier heart, although on the rest of the family Richter's slander has already been telling.

"Not able to make him happy!" interrupted the Baron; "who can have put such a notion into your head? Ottilia, was it? In such matters trust nobody! She is a good creature, and of great use to you, but not the best judge in your case. You know she once had thoughts of Wilhelm herself."

"Thoughts of Wilhelm!" cried Ninfa anxiously.

"Only such thoughts as a girl naturally thinks about a young fellow when they are both pleased with one another. Wilhelm was attentive, and she liked his attentions well enough. Perhaps she would have been here instead of you but for Wilhelm's Italian travels, and his falling in love with you, my angel."

"Strange that Wilhelm should never have said a word to me about this," said Ninfa, thoughtfully.

"So, so," laughed the papa, "do you really think that a man tells his wife all his college tricks and love affairs? Don't think of such a thing! It would be too comical. In a word, it's not the thing. Only mind now you don't say a word of this history. You're not foolish or fanciful; and that's why I love talking with you freely and openly. As for Ottilia, make use of her, but don't let her lead you astray. Now we'll talk of business. Do you know, my darling, all our happiness depends on you?"

"How—how so?" cried Ninfa, astonished.

"Are you so—what shall I say—blind or discreet as not to see what influence you have with the Prince? If you don't know it already, hear and be glad. Your power over him is unbounded!"

"Good heavens!" cried Ninfa, "what have I done? It is not my fault; I have done nothing to make it so."

"We won't talk of that, my child," he interrupted, with a meaning laugh. "Yes, yes, I understand. With me, you know, there's no need for play-acting."

"Play-acting!" cried Ninfa.

"Yes, tragedy or comedy; it's all one. My time is precious; it belongs to my prince and my fatherland."

The upshot of all this is, that the place of confidential secre-

tary is all but vacant; that it will probably be filled by a creature of the Countess; and that, if this is done, there is an end of the ministerial favour; so it is Ninfa's 'duty' to beg this place for Wilhelm.

'The Baron went off in haste. Ninfa stood petrified. All her thoughts were dark. "Duty—duty," she murmured. No sunbeam came to enlighten her, and she repeated, "What is duty—my duty?"'

At last, as if waking from a dream, she rose to leave the room, and found herself in the presence of his Highness the Prince. The whole room was filled with a scent of heaven-knows-what strong essences, most disastrous to Ninfa's delicate sense. Like other children of the south (who, by the way, care little for bad smells), she found the whole race of perfumes intolerable.

The Prince was dressed more elegantly than ever. No little time and trouble had been expended on his toilet, which was, to use his own expression, a '*cosa stupenda*.' His hair was wonderfully black, his lace-adorned linen wonderfully white. The most inexplicable wonder of all, however, was, how his hands could ever have got into their primrose-coloured coverings, and his feet into the narrow-toed patent-leather boots! His whole round body seemed as if it had been poured out into a mould. Not less wondrous was it to see him, cribbed, cabined, and confined as he was, executing, with marvellous activity, an uninterrupted series of the most graceful bows and reverences.

'*"I come,"* he said, after a few introductory flowers of excuse for his early call, "*in order to entreat from your kindness the supremest of all favours. Listen, most fair and honoured lady. In a few days my birthday will be here; I have determined to keep it as it was never kept before. Music—music is to set the crown on the divine festivity, and therefore must the high-priestess of music be translated thither. Am I understood, or no? Without thee, most genial and most wondrous, the feast would lose all its joy, all its value, all its meaning!"*

'Ninfa blushed; and she was never so beautiful as when she blushed. A blush or smile seemed to kindle her into brightness. Alas! that this kind of blush should be so soon forgotten, and never—never recovered. Laugh and shed tears as you will, fair actress, but can you bring back the rose-tint at your pleasure?

'The Prince stopped, for Ninfa's beauty confounded him. Presently, however, with renewed warmth and many repetitions he went on. "*Music—music must ennoble the day. Original, frappant, unheard of, stupendous, must be the festivity! But music is the crown of all! Hear then, most gracious, most glorious one! The seven hills which I have been raising in the palace gardens are all but finished; the lesser buildings and monuments which are to make old Rome young again among our German vineyards are completed; but darkness still enshrouds them. The day which gave me life shall also bring forth the light of the world to view. Original, frappant! My own thought. You laugh your approbation? Oh, I know it, I foreboded it! But still this is not all, most gracious! most genial! My Rome has yet neither a St. Peter's nor a Coliseum, and yet there is but one hill*

left. Only one! What can we do? Ah! you laugh again. Ah! we are congenial spirits. Yes, you have already divined the thought—the stupendous idea! Rome without St. Peter's cannot be thought of; and Rome without the Coliseum is not Rome. We must surpass the ancient masters even! We must have both in one. On the one side the imposing façade of St. Peter's, on the other the Coliseum!"

Of course Wilhelm is informed by his kind friend, Richter, of the Prince's *tête-à-tête*, an hour and twenty minutes long, and returns full of jealousy from a bachelor's party; he is comforted by Ottilia.

"Only think, Wilhelm; can't the Prince have made a morning call without your supposing it an arranged thing between him and Ninfa? May things not have happened to hinder her just when she was going to tell you of the visit? All that Richter has seen and told you *may* be true. The Prince *may* have chosen this moment to find her and talk to her alone; he *may* have gone away pleased with his visit; but does this teach us anything save what we know already—that the Prince has a great notion of Ninfa's loveliness, and that he would give his eyes at any time for a *tête-à-tête*? On Ninfa there rests no blame—not the slightest shadow of a suspicion!"

"O thou angel of peace and love!" cried Wilhelm in rapture, springing from one extreme to the other; "you have brought me back to life again. You have scattered my doubts to the winds! Yes—yes, she is, she must be innocent! How shall I thank you, dearest—dearest Ottilia?" He flung his arms around her, pressed her to his heart. "You have made me so very happy, utterly miserable as I was. Oh, you are an angel indeed!" And so saying he pressed a kiss upon her lips.

"There was a slight noise in the room, both sprang up, looked towards the door, and hardly breathed. "It's nothing," whispered Ottilia; and they sat down again, and talked for some time confidentially."

But Ninfa had come down in search of her Missal, had heard the last words, and stolen upstairs again with crushed heart. When he comes upstairs she cannot hinder herself from lying still as if asleep; so the explanation is put off. The next day Adela's betrothal is to be celebrated, for our friend Otto has at length made up his mind, and proposed to the fair would-be Parisienne. The Prince is to be present, and the Baron earnestly hopes that Ninfa will accomplish his cherished hope. Indeed, by this time her continual broodings have persuaded her to give this proof of her affection to her unworthy husband, or, perhaps, that all may still be well if she succeeds.

"One thing, only one," cried the Prince, "now remains before us. What genius has conceived must genially be carried out. That it may be so, we want you above all things else, most gracious, most lovely one! Without you the whole sanctity of genius would take its flight; therefore I have a most humble prayer . . ."

"And I too," said Ninfa, quickly, "have a prayer to your Highness; a prayer which—"

"It is granted from this moment," replied the Prince, in his tone of—
"on," "granted though it were the pinnacle of impossibility."

"possible, it is not," said Ninfa, shrinking, however, as she said the

words; "it is completely in your Highness's power. The confidential secretaryship—"

"It is yours, dispose of it at your pleasure; the place is yours," rejoined the Prince; "but now for my favour in return. You, fairest and most genial one, must lay with your own snow white hands the first stone of my Santopietrocoliseo! This you must do, or else cast me into the most utter confusion—the most boundless misery!"

"O certainly, most certainly," replied Ninfa, hardly able to keep herself from laughing; "this I promise with all my heart." . . .

A malignant joy shone on Richter's face when he saw the attention of the Prince directed to Ninfa alone. When she followed the Prince to the window he could hardly control the excess of his joy. Step by step he approached, until at last he reached the pillar close by them. While his ears were busily engaged in one way, his eyes roamed about the company as if in search of some one. At last Wilhelm appeared at the door, and he sprang to meet him.

"Was I wrong to tell you, yesterday, that the Prince is mad for her?" and his eye guided Wilhelm towards the place which he had just left.

"If he is," said Wilhelm sulkily, "does that concern you?"

"Me? not at all; but you, perhaps, a little;" said Richter, with a sarcastic laugh. "Even if you are free from childish prejudices, it must still touch you somehow. Your lady's prudence is such that she will rule all the realms of court favour. She can supplant the Countess, help you on to all kinds of eminence—"

"What do you mean? Are you gone distracted?" interrupted Wilhelm, sharply. "No such nonsense, pray."

"The nonsense would have turned to sense, however, if you had been in my place just now," said Richter, with calm self-possession.

"Have you heard anything? What—what have you heard?" said Wilhelm. It was plain that he could hardly help crying aloud.

Richter saw this; took him gently by the arm, and said, "You shall know all. Don't draw attention here. Indeed there is no need for me to speak. Use your own eyes and that will be enough."

Next morning Wilhelm reproaches Ninfa for her treachery in Ottilia's presence, and Richter comes in *à propos* with a summons from the Prince to Wilhelm, and remains to try and discredit Ottilia, who knows him of old.

Ottilia had been too prudent to mingle in the conjugal strife, but too little endowed with delicacy or self-control to leave the room—the one thing which she ought to have done. As soon as Wilhelm had passed the threshold, and she saw Richter giving him some final message before he went, she ran up to Ninfa, kissed her on the forehead, and whispered gently, "Compose yourself only, and all shall be set right. I'll come back presently;" and so speaking she ran to the door.

The kiss felt like a brand on Ninfa's forehead. She laid her cold hand upon the place to cool the burning pain. Except for this movement she remained cold and lifeless as a statue.

"She must be got rid of," whispered Richter, as he approached, with meaning in his looks: "Without one moment's loss she must be removed! You know not how much lies on the cast—nothing less than your life-happiness!" He stopped, but Ninfa could not speak. After a pause he went on. "How you have erred towards me. Scorned the truest, most faithful heart! But why moan for the past; we will rather care for the future;—for her destiny, who is dearer to me than all the world beside." Again he

stopped for an answer. None came. Ninfa had neither thoughts nor words at command. He began anew. "Above all, must that smooth deceitful snake be driven away!"

"Yes, a smooth deceitful snake she is," replied Ninfa slowly, and speaking as if in a dream.

Richter listened as in silence; but Ninfa seemed to sink again into utter abstraction. He took up the word again and said:

"Yes, indeed, you may well call her a snake; but how wicked, how poisonous she is, you can have no notion. Insatiably seductive, but ambitious and covetous yet more. Even the Prince she has tried all means to entangle."

"The Prince," said Ninfa, in the same dreamy tone as before, "only the Prince?"

"Oh, yes, she did all that was in her power, but in vain unfortunately. Now she has set other toils than these, and with more good fortune. It cannot be doubted; Wilhelm is not indifferent!"

Ninfa raised her sunk eyes, and looked with anxious inquiry upon Richter. He continued:

"Would that I could say of him as of myself—such an outcast can have no charm for me. I love—and with what a love! but he? one can see it in his looks and bearing—he loves her!"

"What!" gasped Ninfa, with a voice of anxious trembling, "what do you say? O my God, what was it? Call it back again; say that it is false—false—false!"

Richter's half-compassionate, half-triumphant eye scattered her last remains of composure, and she shrieked the last words in the anguish of her spirit.

"If I only could," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "How well I can interpret your error. Your pure soul cannot bear the thought of such blasphemous iniquity; but it is too true. My eyes and ears have witnessed it. He—loves—Otilia; passionately, as only an inconstant sensual man can love. I myself—"

"Hear, Richter," interrupted Ninfa, restored on a sudden to her full consciousness and power of will; "What are you venturing to say to me? What are you saying in my presence about my husband? Do you know what loving means? What love can do, and bear, and endure, and believe, and hope? And you—are you not the man whom he calls his friend, and has over and over again spoken to in friendship? Either because he is your 'dearest friend,' as you have often called him, it pleases you to put my love to the proof, or else you are stooping to vile calumnies! I pardon you for both, but only on condition that you never mix yourself up any more with my love, or with any other affairs of mine. No excuses," she added, with an air of proud command, seeing Richter about to defend himself, "not another word! You must see plainly that nothing now remains for you but to leave the house."

Richter obeyed her like a child. Indeed, he had never for a moment imagined such a wonderful power of self-command.

Ninfa goes to the grand stone-laying. And here the authoress marshals her characters for the final burst. Richter is there, with a packet of letters ready to prove to demonstration that Ninfa had a second love correspondence on hand, the very time of courtship. The Countess is mad with passion, the Prince with passion. Ninfa faints at the pianoforte, carried off to another room by his Highness. Wilhelm

violates court etiquette in the most unheard-of ways, and has to be taken away almost by force. Richter and Otto come in just as his father is listening to his vindication of himself, and his charges against Ninfa.

"If what I tell you were insufficient, father," said Wilhelm, "my friend Richter can lay other proofs before you; proofs in writing which no one can doubt or contradict either."

"What proofs have you?" said Otto, with some vehemence, to Richter. Richter drew out from his pocket the lines which he had that morning showed to Wilhelm, and gave them to Otto.

He read them; sprang upwards as if something had struck him, forced the paper on to the Baron, and went out in haste, saying, "In the name of all nonsense, wait a minute or two for me here!"

The Baron read several lines. "What has this childish absurdity to do with your jealousy?" cried he inadvertently. "Who is the letter from? What is the date? and how did you come by it?"

Richter began. "This fragment is from a most interesting collection, written to some person unknown, by your daughter-in-law, at her time of courtship, and just after it. I have given my word of honour never to tell whence I got it—but it was a large collection; written most beautifully by one hand!"

"Is not this a leaf from the same?" cried Otto, rushing in at the moment, and hardly able to get out his words for want of breath.

The new paper is the beginning of the same letter with the words, "To Wilhelm; my own Wilhelm." On their first separation, Ninfa, being unable to communicate with him, had written daily letters, pouring out her whole heart. Richter had found means to open her *escritoire*, taken out some of them, and in turn dropped one sheet out of his pocket. This had been picked up by Otto, and till now forgotten. "Is it too late for all to be well?"

A terrible scene presented itself. Ninfa, still in her ball-dress, lay before him, pale as a corpse. She was only partially on the bed; for her feet touched the floor. Her left hand grasped the curtains convulsively. Her hair, adorned with flowers, hung down in confusion. Her cheeks were pale; her eyes fixed; but their light was not gone.

..... The third night passed; and still there was no change in Ninfa's state. Hardly could it be made out whether she was alive or no.

Ottilia, utterly wearied out by long watchings, fell asleep upon a pillow. But Wilhelm's feelings were still a death to sleep. At last he came listening through the joining of the curtains for any sound or movement.

The curtain rustles. "Is it possible!" Poor Ninfa moved.

Trembling, and with an almost powerless hand, he drew back the curtain. A change had come over her. Once more those magnetic soul-eyes smiled as they met his; full of brilliancy and life; once more they spoke with all the numberless play of light and shadow.

..... "Once on earth, now in heaven—together—bright—divine!" she whispered.

Wilhelm raised her head from the pillow, and saw once more the soft, joy-anguishing smile, now passing into heavenly brightness, and not mingling with tears on earth. She stretched out her arms towards him; speechless he sank within them; and more holy and blessed than her first all-promising kiss was this her last all-fulfilling one.

There remains little for us to remark. If the book is to appear in English, as reported, we much desire that it should

be re-written by the authoress herself, instead of being translated by another, or at least partially altered. Its whole sentiment would lose much by a literal rendering; and this must plead our excuse for greater freedom in construction and translation than even a reviewer generally thinks fit to claim. We have endeavoured to speak as the authoress would have spoken in English, not as she speaks in German. One passage in the book seems to us to be a blemish in an artistical point of view: it is a certain 'University sermon,' delivered by Richter, and brought up against him by Otto. The kind of versatility which it supposes is not justified by any approach to the humorous in Richter's character, so far as it comes before us. It has the air of a true story hit upon in Germany, and laid upon the already overburdened shoulders of the *mauvais sujet*. We hope that it may be omitted in any future German or English edition.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Letter, addressed, by permission, to Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart., M.P. By HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, M.A. Vicar of East Farleigh.*

2. *Correspondence [of the Rev. G. A. Denison,] with the Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education.*

No person acquainted with the public course of events amongst us, with respect to education, for some time past, can fail to observe one leading tendency in it—and that is the tendency towards the establishment of what is called a ‘State-Education.’ We do not say this tendency, because it exists, will be successful; but, that it exists everybody sees. In fact it is quite impossible that it should not, under the circumstances of the country. The mere fact of an increasing population is enough of itself to cause it. Voluntary contributions become a feeble support to such a vast work, and the pecuniary aid of the government becomes necessary. But if the government gives pecuniary aid, it has a natural right—nay, it is its duty, to see that its money is properly and usefully spent. Here, then, the interference of the state comes in; and when once the state does interfere, though for ever so confined and specific a purpose, its interference has a necessary tendency to grow: a finger once in, the whole hand struggles to follow; and in the exceeding difficulty of confining any specific functions to their own line and groove—for an ingenious arguer is never at a loss to find a connexion, and will soon educe a whole educational empire out of a single right such as that of inspection—the state advances from one claim to another, and extends its power.

Moreover, all permanent boards, committees, councils, all regularly constituted gatherings of human heads, have insatiable self-aggrandizing propensities. The fact that they have one department in their hands, is an argument that they should have another. They make it a simple addition sum. Cabinets come under this remark; they like adding to their departments of labour, duty, and influence. As soon as they have brought one field under their superintendence they want another. This is what we mean by the centralizing principle: when a body exists with important functions and offices, upon a law of moral gravitation, other functions and offices from time to time gather about it. Indeed, it is a most curious and interesting trait in human nature—the zeal with which individual members of any body, corporation, committee, cabinet, will always try to enlarge the powers of that body they belong to. A person might suppose beforehand that only generous people, and those

who were absorbed in social sympathies, would thus work for the honour and power of the bodies to which they belonged: but this is not the case. The most selfish people will do so as well. Men identify *themselves* with the system and society to which they are attached: the elevation of the latter is their own elevation; its enlargement theirs. They feel a swelling and expansion of the internal self, when the body to which they belong prospers and grows. How else can we account for the unwearied cupidity and uniformity of self-aggrandizement which characterize the policy of some great nations. One individual statesman and another comes, but the policy continues the same. Every individual statesman in succession carries it on, with as much ardour and zeal as if it were the aggrandizement of himself or his own family for which he was working. How does this come about, but from the cause, that the nation, or rather that concentration of the nation—the government—of which all these individual statesmen are members, is identified in their own imagination with themselves; and that they feel a personal interest in its aggrandizement. Thus with respect to cabinets—it does not signify to what political party statesmen belong, whig or tory, radical or conservative, all, one after another, like increasing the influence and the functions of the cabinet. The cabinet is their club, as it were; they are proud of their club. In whatever predecessor and successor may differ, in that they agree; they are cabinet-men: they follow up one another's policy so far as regards the exaltation of the cabinet. Indeed, who can deny the pleasure which there must be when half-a-dozen men find themselves sitting round a table, debating about the affairs of the nation. There they are—the nation, the actual collective personage herself:—*O Dea certa!* They feel themselves inspired with a sense of calm and undeniable importance. They are within the penetralia, into which nobody else can come; and all the world outside is waiting for what they in that conclave do. Why, it is an admitted fact in human nature, that ten common-councilmen cannot meet together to debate about sewers, without feeling a mysterious dignity; and many a person dates from that attendance those exalted impressions of the destiny of the human race, which ever afterwards haunt him. And how much must this pleasurable enlargement of mind be increased in the case of a board to which the affairs of the nation are submitted? Every statesman makes much of the cabinet, and wants it to grow. And thus, first by one addition, and then another, the cabinet does grow. Thus the Home Office has grown considerably of late years, and corporations are more under its power than they were. The new poor-law is another

department of influence it has got; for the Poor-law Commission, view it as you please, is virtually a branch of the Home Office. Thus stipendiary magistrates have got a place in different towns; and every body feels and knows, that though the collision has not yet come, there will be one some day or other between the 'great unpaid' and the Home Office. Thus two or three years back Sir James Graham wanted to get the medical profession under the control of the Home Office. We do not say that this extension of cabinet influence is not often wanted, and often useful; we only notice the fact that it does so extend. The state of things may invite it in many instances, but the answer is never a reluctant one; there is an appetency for expansion which works from within it. In England, indeed, this cabinet-propensity receives considerable checks from the press, and from parliament. The popular and free tone of debate in the House extracts a *quid pro quo* from the growing portfolio. The more departments of work a minister has on his hands the more cross-questionings he has to answer. He is baited and teased. This operates more or less as a drag on the extension of cabinet control. For it becomes a question whether it is worth while to have the power if you are to pay thus for it. But the cabinet-animus still pushes on, and is only modified, and not subdued.

Moreover, on the European field, one cabinet sets an example to another. If the cabinet of this or that country has large powers and wide functions, the cabinet of another country thinks it ought to have the same; otherwise there is a standard of cabinet influence set, to which it feels it does not come up. A sort of generous emulation prevails among the different fraternities. On the education question this feeling, if it tells at all, must tell powerfully upon the cabinet in this country. For this collective personage must really say to itself on this question—we are sadly behind-hand. All the great cabinets of Europe have national education in their hands, as one of their departments of work, except ourselves. All, except the English one, have their portfolio of public instruction. We are behind the rest of the world here. An English cabinet naturally feels somewhat tender on this point, a little ashamed; it would rather not be the fox without the tail; it would not be sorry for some opportunity of attaining an equality with its European rivals on this head.

We have been giving reasons of a general kind, why an English cabinet might easily be supposed to lean, as far as its own wishes were concerned, toward a system of state education; the reason, viz., that cabinets, like other permanent boards, always wish to get every thing they can into their hands; and

would wish to have education, as they would like to have any other addition to their domain. But besides this, there is a special reason which operates in the matter of education; education being connected with the subject of religion. The theory indeed of the political liberal disclaims, on the part of civil government, any wish to interfere with the religious ideas of a nation, or any individuals in it; and accurately distinguishes between the end of civil government, which is simply secular good, and the end of a religious society or a church, which is moral and spiritual good. But it is observable that his practical line, when in power and office, is one which does considerably interfere with religion. Having a decided bias against one kind of religion, and for another, his system of State-education enables him to encourage the one at the expense of the other. We will explain.

There is a strong tendency in a certain class of political minds to view religion as simply subservient to the purposes of a nation's temporal and political welfare. It may be said that this is only a particular *aspect* in which they *view* religion, and that their situation obliges them to view it in that aspect. But the truth is, this aspect of religion, though it be only an aspect with some minds, approaches, in the case of others, to being vitally, substantially, and positively their idea of the use of religion—their one idea. For such minds are in this difficulty—a worldly and materialistic character, confirmed in them by the unceasing activities of a political life, gradually confines the whole scope of the thinking faculty in them to this present visible system of things; and prevents them from realizing, from believing practically in a future state. On the other hand, the existence of the religious principle stares them in the face as a *fact*, an undeniable fact in the world. What are they to do with it? They are obliged to find a province and a purpose for it; and not realizing for it an eternal province, they assign it a temporal one. They make religion a part of the order and mechanism of this present visible system. Its tendencies under proper management, are seen to be useful, to be salutary. It allays discontent, it represses violence, it smooths the inequalities of the social system. It does good work on the side of quiet and order; as other natural principles do in promoting activity and progress; and just as in the moral system refuted by Butler, the principle of conscience took its place, as *one* of the principles and affections of our nature, and no more; so in this theory, religion takes its place as a useful element, along with many others, in our character, as members of the social system. The very ultimate scope of the religious faculty is thus forcibly 'verted and bent straight inward, upon that very world, from

which it naturally looks directly away; religion is made something physical, terrene: and a whole style of language which rises up on the subject, positively imbeds it in time, and connaturalizes it with the tangible and visible world. Take the spirit, for example, of the following passage:—

‘Bacon well knew to how great an extent the happiness of every society must depend on the virtue of its members; and he also knew what legislators can, and what they cannot do, for the purpose of promoting virtue. The view which he has given of the end of legislation, as the principal means for the attainment of that end, has always seemed to us eminently happy, even among the many happy passages of the same kind, with which his works abound. “Finis et scopus quem leges intueri atque ad quem sanctiones et jussiones suas dirigere debent, non alius est quam et cives feliciter degant. Id fiet si *pietate et religione recte instituti*, moribus honesti, armis adversus hostes externos tuti, legum auxilio adversus seditiones et privatas injurias muniti, imperio et magistratibus obsequentes, copiis et opibus locupletes et florentes fuerint.” The end is the well-being of the people. *The means are the imparting of moral and religious education*; the providing of everything necessary for the defence against foreign enemies; the maintaining of internal order; the establishing of a judicial, financial, and commercial system, under which wealth may be rapidly accumulated and securely enjoyed.’—*Macaulay's Essays*, vol. i. p. 394.

If it be said that this passage only regards religion in its political aspect, and does not commit itself against its other aspects, such a defence may be true in the letter; but it is obvious what the general bias and substantial spirit of such philosophy is. Such the end which a certain class of political minds theoretically or practically assign to religion. And accordingly, they encourage, and give their special countenance and praise to that kind of religion which appears most in harmony with this object, and most to exclude other and more transcendental ones. They prefer what they called the common and neutral religious ground—the ground on which all religions agree—to any particular religious creed whatever. They prefer, that is, a negative, latitudinarian religion; that being the one which, in their opinion, contains most sense and least sentiment; exhibits the pacificatory side of religion, or its use, without the zeal, or its abuse; gives the mind much consolation, and never any pain; and, in short, is the proper religion of a practical man.

Now this kind of religion a system of State-education affords means for encouraging. The simple exclusion of the subject of religion from the school at which education was given would do this to a certain extent. For though the scholars might get the most dogmatic religious instruction from the most zealous religious teacher elsewhere, still the entire separation of such instruction from his main line of education would create in the scholar's mind a sense of unreality

with respect to that instruction, which, in the politician's eye, would be desirable. But a system of State-education may do more than this; for it may proceed actually to teach that neutral, negative, and latitudinarian religion. It may take upon itself, *i. e.*, to teach religion to a certain extent—to teach those religious truths which all creeds have in common, leaving the scholar to go to his religious teacher for the special and distinctive truths of his own particular creed. This, it must be observed, is an advance in the cause of latitudinarianism, upon the simply exclusive method. The simply exclusive method confesses itself defective; but the one which includes a certain extent of religious teaching assumes an air of completeness. The exclusive one, again, keeping its pupils wholly under the state's eye as regards confessedly secular instruction, allows them to be wholly under their religious teacher's eye for their religious instruction. But the other places them under the State teacher for one part of their religious instruction, only sending them to the religious teacher for the other part. And here, in teaching such neutral religious truth, the State would be virtually encouraging and propagating a distinct religion of its own—a religion of that favourite sort which we have been alluding to. For who can deny that, if a formal and direct separation is made between what is termed common and neutral, and what is termed peculiar, in religion; we are virtually, as a whole, recommending the former, not as a mere subordinate part of some religious truth beyond it, but as a whole and distinct religion of itself? What is common and neutral becomes thus one religion on one side, as opposed to the various differentiae, as so many other religions, on the other. The peculiar creed suffers from the division; the neutral or negative truth gains. The tendency of the system which would teach neutral and common religion in the school, leaving the pupil to learn his peculiar creed elsewhere, is to make the pupils think that the former is the *necessary* truth, the latter the unnecessary; to fix strongly on his mind and imagination the one as the solid substance, the other as the accidental appendages.

For these reasons, we say, all cabinets, as cabinets are ordinarily constituted now, like getting the department of education under them. First, they like getting every thing under their control which they can; secondly, they have a special liking for controlling education. The State likes the idea of a State-education, because it likes the idea of propagating its own religion. It is not so impartial a religionist as it professes to be: it has its own religion, which it likes to propagate. The politician of the class we are speaking of has a real pleasure in

seeing a certain idea of religion his own, viz., spread and gain ground in a country.

With respect to Lord John Russell's Cabinet, however, there is no need of any general arguments of this kind. We have not to guess at what *its* bias is with respect to national education. We are told expressly that the wishes of the present Government (could they do what they wished) are in favour of what is called State-education; and also that the system of State-education they would choose would be one which taught religion to a certain extent; *i. e.* which introduced a negative or neutral religious teaching, such as all creeds are agreed in, the differentiæ of belief being left for the ministers of each persuasion to instil. An extract from a pamphlet, entitled 'The School 'in its relations to the State, the Church, and the Congregation,' attributed to Mr. Kaye Shuttleworth, and considered to be an official document, will show the Government's general leaning toward a State-education.

'In every instance in which the authority of the State to interfere for the education of the people has been questioned, the doubt has been suggested by some antagonist authority. The abstract objection to the interference of the Government has been prompted either by some real practical grievance, or by the desire of some dominant majority to refuse an equality of civil privileges to the minority, or by a combination of these two causes. The abstract justice of the exercise of this power by the State would never have been called in question, if it had not appeared to threaten some existing interest, or failed to acknowledge some manifest social right. In France, where the Government and the University have represented the ideas prevalent during the Imperial and Revolutionary eras, the Roman Catholic Church has claimed the freedom of education, and the Jesuits have been the most able and persevering expositors of that doctrine. In Belgium, the Protestant Government of Holland had established a system of combined education, on the basis of religious equality for Protestant and Roman Catholic communions. The authority of Holland was naturally odious in Belgium; and some great legislative and administrative errors had been committed by the Government, both in the courts of law and in the schools, wounding national instincts and rights as represented in language and local customs. But the sense of these injuries was inflamed and rendered intolerable by the industry with which the Roman Catholic clergy availed themselves of every means to irritate the public mind against the combined system of education. The impolicy of the Government of the Netherlands in other particulars might have failed to produce the Revolution of 1830, if the clergy of the Roman Catholic faith had not determined to resist a system of education, however efficient, which reduced the majority to the same level of civil rights with the minority of the religious communions, and which, for this purpose, excluded from the combined schools instruction in the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith, reserving them as the separate duties of the clergy. These were the circumstances which induced the Roman Catholic clergy to proclaim the doctrine of the *freedom of education* from all interference of the State.

'The immediate secular consequences of the success of this outcry from the Roman Catholic clergy in Belgium were most disastrous. Throughout Belgium the King of the Netherlands had established schools after the

model of those in Holland, distinguished for their admirable organization, and for the skill, care, and success, with which the instruction of the scholars was conducted. From the revolution until a very recent period, elementary education in Belgium has been in ruin; presenting an ominous contrast between the results of the power of the State directed with skill to the establishment of an efficient system of instruction, and *the impotence of that freedom of education* which (evoked to satisfy the claims of religious zeal, and to aid a patriotic resistance to the errors of a foreign Government) produced in the schools nothing but failure or confusion.

'These are the most remarkable instances in Europe, in which the *freedom of education* from all interference of Government has been asserted. In both cases the objection arose from an authority antagonist to the State: in both that authority was a dominant religious party, and the objection embodied a double protest. One part of this protest consisted in a desire to possess in the schools full opportunity to inculcate the entire doctrine of the Church; the other part of this protest consisted in a refusal to admit the civil power to the control of education, lest it should grant equal privileges to the minority. The first of these two objections is reconcilable with civil and religious liberty; the second is subversive of it.

'It is the characteristic of such controversies, that the interests of the common people are sacrificed to those of the middle classes: the well-being of the State is postponed to promote the triumph of a party.'

The reader will observe that this passage condemns throughout 'freedom of education,' and upholds State-education. Another extract from the same pamphlet will show the *kind* of State-education which the Government preferred.

'One of the earliest proposals of the Committee of Council was the establishment, in 1839, of Normal and Model schools. The constitution of the Normal school was necessarily declared by the Government; but though no such intention had been entertained, this constitution was at once regarded by almost all religious parties as a type of the constitution of schools which the Committee of Council intended to establish throughout the country. *The Normal and Model schools were to be institutions of combined education, upon a religious basis. It was declared that "religion was to be combined with the whole matter of instruction, and to regulate the entire system of discipline;"* that "religious instruction was to be regarded as *general and special*; that periods were to be set apart for such peculiar doctrinal instruction as might be required for the religious training of the children; that the chaplain should conduct the religious instruction of children whose parents or guardian belonged to the Established Church; that the parents or guardian of any other child should be permitted to procure the attendance of the licensed minister of his own persuasion, at the period appointed for special religious instruction, in order to give such instruction apart; that a licensed minister should be appointed to give such special religious instruction, wherever the number of children in attendance on the model school belonging to any body dissenting from the Established Church should be such as to appear to this committee to require such special provision." It was intended, as before stated, that the general religious instruction should resemble that given in British and Foreign schools from the Holy Scriptures, without peculiar interpretation, and that such doctrinal instruction should be given only at times set apart. The constitution of the Normal and Model schools was to be one of combined education on a basis of religious equality. As the various religious communions refused to accept any assurance from the Government that

the constitution of this school was not to be regarded as a type of a pre-determined plan of national education, the reception of this proposal must be regarded as that which would have attended an attempt to establish a system of combined education on the basis of religious equality. Considered from this point of view, the results were most instructive as to the state of public opinion and the condition of parties in the country.

'This supposed scheme of *combined national education* received such unqualified and persevering opposition on the part of the Ecclesiastical Establishments of England and Scotland, and of the Conference and congregations of the Wesleyan connexion, that it was not only very soon withdrawn, even as a constitution for the Normal and Model schools, but the proposal itself so far endangered the existence of the Committee of Council on Education, that the Parliamentary grant of 1839 was, after prolonged discussion, only carried by a majority of two; and the House of Lords voted, by a majority of 111, an Address to the Queen, which a considerable number of peers and prelates carried to the foot of the throne, praying that Her Majesty would be "graciously pleased to give directions that no steps should be taken with respect to the establishment or foundation of any plan for the general education of the people of this country, without giving to this House, as one branch of the Legislature, an opportunity of fully considering a measure of such importance to the highest interests of the community."

More follows respecting Sir James Graham's bill of 1843, for connecting schools with manufactories. On the whole, we are told now officially that the country has been for some years past undergoing a process of testing on the subject of education; been subjected to a series of experiments, contrived by the Governments of the time being, for ascertaining what its sentiments were on this great question: whether it would have a State-education, or any modification of it. The expressions of public opinion have been carefully gathered throughout, and the conclusion been drawn, that the country would have no State-education whatever. But the wishes of the Government are still declared to be the same that they were, viz., for a State-education which teaches a State religion; which inculcates the neutral and common truths of all creeds. Even Dr. Hook's plan, we are told in the document from which we have quoted, was not satisfactory to Government for this reason: *i. e.*, because it did not let the State teach religion.

'The Government had never wavered in its adherence to the principle adopted in 1839, *that religion should be mixed with the entire matter of instruction in the school, and regulate the whole of its discipline;*'

and therefore the Government did not like Dr. Hook's pamphlet. On the whole, then, we have a sufficient avowal of what the private wishes of Government are. We know what its real *beau idéal* of a system of national education is: viz. a State religious education; teaching those large, safe, and general truths, which all Christians hold in common.

We have not made these remarks with any hostile view to the present Government, whose conduct to the Church, so far

as the public and formal conditions expressed in the Minutes of Privy Council go, has been hitherto fair and equitable. It seems only due caution however, in our dealings with a Government of the present day on such a tender subject as education, to be on our guard; to keep in mind what the honestly *avowed bias* of the cabinet,—so far as their own educational views are concerned—is; and to take care, though the main entrance is shut against such views, that they do not insinuate themselves into the present scheme through any minor channels, or openings in the working details. For if the ministry have a real bias one way, however they may subordinate it to general conciliatory aims, and make formal terms and arrangements in the other direction, we must expect this bias still to operate indirectly, and be trying to work its way. We must expect, however courteous tempered and calm a struggle it may be (and far be it from us to wish it ever should assume another character), still a struggle; and that struggle to be more or less always going on, sometimes underneath the surface, sometimes above it. For we are dealing with a party who disagree with us naturally, and only agree artificially.

Indeed, we are sorry to say symptoms have already appeared of indirect endeavours on the part of the Committee of Privy Council, to turn present arrangements in the direction of their own favourite views; and introduce latitudinarian elements into the teaching and the management of our schools. The Government's bias, as we have said, is in favour of a system of comprehensive religious teaching. Now there are two principal ways in which such a system of teaching could be introduced; by interference with the school *books*, and by interference with the school *managers*. An alteration of the religious character of either the manual of instruction, or of the board or committee of management in whose hands the school is placed, would greatly tend to the accomplishment of this object; and we are sorry to state that in both these ways, symptoms of interference have appeared.

First with respect to the school books. Every body knows that the Church Catechism is the fundamental manual of religious instruction used in our Church schools. Now, we are bound to say that no direct interference has taken place, or any positive dictation been employed, with respect to the use of this manual. But it is no less certain that Lord John Russell has, from his seat in the House, strongly and significantly recommended a partial disuse of it. On this subject we will quote from an article which appeared some time since in an able weekly contemporary; which begins with recommending for the Church the line of courteous distrust generally in its dealing with the Government the educational question.

'We have already expressed our own satisfaction with the Ministerial scheme, and our opinion that it will be the wisdom and duty of the Church to act upon it in a generous, zealous, *but by no means too confiding spirit*. This feeling is far from being shaken by the proceedings of the last week or two. Those who have read Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's pamphlet will perceive that that velvet foot can occasionally put forth a giant claw, which, though it may be immediately intended for the benefit of his Dissenting brethren, is equally at the service of Churchmen, who may obstruct his plans.

"When, therefore," says the incipient minister of education, "*freedom of education* from the interference of Government becomes the war-cry of any party, will it not be suspected that they seek the interest of a class rather than the welfare of a nation; that they prefer popular ignorance to party insignificance; the liberty to neglect the condition of the people rather than the liberty of progressive improvement?"—P. 20.

'The alterations necessary to bring this sentence to bear upon any future vindication of ecclesiastical independence in these matters, are not difficult to suggest. But the following is, with all due respect, levelled directly at the heads of us, his (present) allies.

"If it should be found, that in any parish a Church of England school alone exists, that this school is aided by the Government, and that there are communicants of dissenting congregations too poor to provide for the education of their children, and who cannot conscientiously permit them to attend a school in which instruction in the Catechism and Liturgy is required from all the scholars; it would become their lordships to inquire whether the managers of the school feel themselves under the obligation of duty to enforce this condition. Such a result would be to be regretted, and it is believed would be rare; but if it existed, it would become the Government to deliberate in what way education could be provided for the children of religious parents, who conscientiously objected to permit their children to be taught the Catechism and Liturgy of the Church."

'There is a passage in Lord John Russell's speech to the same effect. We quote a few lines.

"I am aware of what I think is a very great hardship in many of the Church schools in this country—the existence of a rule disallowing children to come to them unless they learn the Church Catechism and attend the Church on the Sabbath. With respect to this rule, we neither promote nor encourage it by this scheme. If we had made it a condition of these grants that the fundamental rules of these schools should be departed from, we should thereby have lost the advantage of any of these schools which are properly conducted."

'Again,—

"I should see with great pleasure any improvement in the rules of Church schools on this point. I cannot, however, force any change on them. I cannot believe that this grant of 100,000*l.*, part of which is to go to them, would entitle the Ministers of the Crown to impose terms on these voluntary schools which, of themselves, they are not willing to adopt."

'Observe that the very principle on which the Catechism and services of the Church are to be dispensed with is this—that the Church should accommodate her teaching to the prejudices of those who dissent from her doctrines (how widely is not said), if such dissidents will otherwise be excluded from the temporal benefits of a good education. And this is claimed by those who, almost in the act of making the demand, deny her title to be educatrix of the people. It is not said certain doctrines, which you, the Church of England, make, are pernicious, and you must withdraw them—it is not said, certain of your formulæ are liable to misconstruction, and you must keep them in the background—it is not said, you have

accepted from us the task of educating the people, and you must exclude no British subject from the advantages which we intend them to have,—it is not said, we are ready to assist you to educate your own people, but your negligence or lukewarmness forfeits your claim for assistance; but the Church is called upon to subordinate her spiritual to her temporal capacity, and to cease teaching what she holds to be true and necessary, so far as your so doing interferes with your value to us.

‘How far the teaching of the Catechism may be wisely dispensed with by particular clergymen, at their own sole discretion, and with a view to particular cases, is a question for individuals. But we need hardly state our conviction that the acquiescence by the Church in such a claim as we have stated—a claim to limit the teaching of the Church by the convenience of the State—would be a mortal blow to the prospects of Church Education in England.’—*Guardian*, April 21.

We think with this writer, that with respect to the Church Catechism, it would be difficult to lay down an absolute universal law against all dispensation in the use of it; for we think there might happen particular exceptional cases. We would not judge a private tutor harshly, for example, who took the son of a dissenter under his care, he himself being a churchman. We would not charge him with an actual violation of Church principle; or would we pronounce it, in all cases, absolutely and in itself wrong for a Church schoolmaster to instruct the child of a dissenter, treating him as such. We can imagine exceptions here; though, of course, nothing would justify a Church schoolmaster in relaxing an iota of Church doctrine with respect to a child who was a member of the Church. However, imaginary exceptions have no right to exert an influence beforehand upon a general rule. Practically speaking, there can exist no shadow of a doubt, that a relaxation in the use of the Church Catechism, in compliance with a Government’s suggestion, would be the introduction of simple latitudinarianism into our schools; and therefore we entirely agree in the distrust expressed by Mr. Denison, in his correspondence with Mr. Kay Shuttleworth on this subject, parts of which we shall extract.

‘East Brent, Cross, Somerset,

‘April 23, 1847.

‘Sir,—It will be in your recollection that I made an early application to the Lords of Committee of Council for Education for a grant to provide a pupil teacher and a stipendiary monitor for the schools of this place.

‘I think it right now to say that very considerable misgivings have been created in my mind by what fell from Lord John Russell, in his speech on Monday the 19th instant. Lord John is reported to have said, that “*he regarded it as a great hardship that the managers of Church Schools should make it a condition of admitting children to their schools that the children should learn the catechism, and be made to attend the Church on Sundays.*”

‘He is further reported to have said, that “*so much did he disapprove of such a regulation being enforced, that he should consider its existence in a place as a special ground for a grant to other parties than the managers of Church schools, in order to meet what he regards as so great an evil.*”

‘Now, as under no circumstances whatsoever could I consent to admit a single child to a school of which I have the control and management

without insisting most positively and strictly on both these regulations to which Lord John Russel takes so strong exception, I am under the necessity of requesting you to have the goodness to inform me whether my acceptance of any grant for the purposes above mentioned, or for any other purpose set forth in the present minutes, will be construed as imposing any obligation upon me to bend, in the very smallest degree, my school regulations, so as to make them fall in more exactly with the views of the Government.

‘I may be allowed to add this one remark;—that if her Majesty’s Government are prepared, according to the tenour of Lord John Russell’s speech, to constitute themselves judges of the cases in which they are to call schools into action, the operation of which shall be in direct opposition to that of the Church schools, it can hardly fail to appear to the Church that any advantage to be derived by the country at large from the adoption of “the Minutes” must necessarily be most dearly purchased at such a price.

‘I have the honour to be, Sir,

‘Your obedient, humble Servant,

‘GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.’

‘To the Secretary of the Committee of Council
for Education, &c. &c. &c.’

‘Committee of Council on Education,

‘Privy Council Office, Downing-street,

‘May 12, 1847.

‘Reverend Sir,—‘I regret to say that your letter, dated April 23d, has been mislaid, and that I am obliged to depend upon my memory for any reference to its contents.

‘The conditions of their Lordships’ grants are contained in their Minutes, and there is nothing in any Minute agreed to by their Lordships which can either now or hereafter place you under any obligation, moral or legal, to regulate the religious instruction of your schools otherwise than you may conscientiously approve, or which can give any persons a claim for admission to those schools, except upon conditions which you may deem consistent with your duty.

‘You will exercise your own discretion in applying for aid.

‘My Lords of course refrain from entering upon any *merely theoretical* considerations as to the constitution of Church of England schools in their relation to bodies dissident from the Church.

‘I have the honour to be, Reverend Sir,

‘Your obedient Servant,

‘W. K. SHUTTLEWORTH.’

‘Rev. George Denison,

‘East Brent, Cross, Somerset.’

‘East Brent, Cross, Somerset,

‘May 23, 1847.

‘Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th instant.

‘The feature of the Government plan which induced me to apply for assistance was the *strict impartiality* with which, as originally set forth in the Minutes, it proposed to deal with the Church, and the various sects which do not belong to the Church:—in such a method of dealing, the Church, with a just confidence in her own strength and the goodness of her cause, was prepared to acquiesce.

‘But I regret to be *now* obliged to say, that it appears to me to be *altogether impossible* to reconcile this profession of *strict impartiality* with the fact, that although the Government do not contemplate any

direct interference with the religious teaching and discipline of Church schools, it is their avowed intention to throw all the weight of their influence and advice and encouragement and authority into the scale of a modification of such teaching and discipline, in all cases in which it may appear advisable to them to do so, in order to the more unrestricted admission into Church schools of the children of Nonconformists.

'This is, in plain language, nothing else than to lead men's minds to the setting aside of the Creeds of the Church Catholic, with a view to what is called "more general education."'

We need only allude, in addition, to Lord John Russell's second and very recent speech (June 25,) on this subject, for confirmation of such suspicions.

Thus much with respect to the Catechism and school *books*: we now come to another, and a good deal more formidable, interference with respect to the school *board of management*. If a Government wanted gradually to alter the exclusive character of Church schools, it would naturally address itself to the board of management, and endeavour to insinuate some change into the practical constitution of that important adjunct of the school. And this is now being attempted; and attempted, we are sorry to say, not in the way of mere advice or suggestion, but officially. On this subject we shall have to quote largely from a most able and forcible pamphlet, the title of which is prefixed to this article: we mean Mr. Wilberforce's Letter to Sir Robert Inglis, 'On the danger of State Interference with the Trust Deeds of Church Schools.' It is by means of a certain proposed alteration in the Trust Deeds of Church schools that the change in question is now being insinuated. Many of our readers, perhaps, may never have heard before of the existence of these mysterious documents; and the idea of any important and fundamental change in the religious character of a school being practicable through them will be highly novel; but a little consideration will suggest that there are many classes of documents, equally occult and mystical in their character, which have nevertheless an indubitable importance; and any change in which would soon bring most perceptible consequences. We allude to such documents as wills, conveyances of estates, and the like. Little does the rich landowner generally realize the fact, which is nevertheless most certain, that his magnificent park, and all the farms which lie scattered around it, are attached to his person by the invisible influence of one mouldy bit of parchment. He may pass a life, and hardly think of this parchment once. And yet one slight alteration, the omission of a name, the subtraction of a figure, in this bit of parchment, would effect the greatest change which could possibly happen to him in this world, in his capacity of landlord. The trust deeds of the

school-room are briefly those documents which determine to what parties the building belongs: if they give the building in trust to a dissenting corporation, it then belongs to the dissenters: if they give it in trust to a Church corporation, it then belongs to the Church. And whoever owns the building, has, we need not say, the control as to the uses to which it is to be applied. The reader will, perhaps, now start and say, what, are the trust deeds altered, as to the actual party to whom the Church school-room is conveyed? We answer, no: the school-room is conveyed as before, to the clergyman and churchwardens, who, by a recent Act of parliament, are constituted a Corporation, capable of holding property in trust. But to this conveyance a clause is now added, attaching to it the condition that the school shall be under a certain specified committee of management. Of the particular constitution of this committee we shall have to speak shortly; and it will be the most important point to speak of; as it is there that the above-mentioned bias of the Government chiefly shows itself. At present we will confine ourselves to the simple fact that there has been interference with the trust deeds; and that those are most important documents to be interfered with. Mr. Wilberforce shall explain:—

‘ And now, what is the new measure of the Committee of Privy Council? I need hardly say that the legal character and position of every school depends wholly upon the provisions of the deed by which it is conveyed to trustees. A gentleman who allows a school to be opened on his property may of course shut it up when he pleases, and till he does this he may regulate its character as he will. It has no legal character—no legal existence. No public body however would be justified in expending anything upon a building which may be at any moment applied to other purposes. The National Society, therefore, and the Committee of Council, have always made it a condition of their grants that the site should be conveyed to trustees, who are henceforth the legal owners of the school building. But the deed which makes it theirs, limits their power; by requiring that they shall for ever allow a school to be held there, and it usually makes provision for the government of the school, the appointment and removal of master and other teachers, and the like. Upon these particular provisions depends the legal character of the school for all future time. Should any dispute arise who shall be master; what shall be taught; whether any prayers shall be used, and if any, what; who shall be allowed to visit the school, or to teach in it; these and all similar questions must be decided by those to whom the management is committed by the deed of trust.

‘ In the trust deeds of our existing schools no one system is laid down. The whole direction of some, and the appointment and removal of the teachers, is intrusted to the clergyman of the parish, or to the incumbent and churchwardens, either with or without a power of appeal to the Bishop. This is often the case, even where the school is in fact administered by a Committee; and in such cases the Committee have no legal power. But even where the deed provides for the existence of a Committee, its constitution is exceedingly various. Some deeds provide for an election of the Committee annually, or for life; others merely direct that it shall be elected by the subscribers to the school, leaving them to

regulate these particulars from time to time. Sometimes the incumbents of three or four neighbouring parishes constitute the Committee, sometimes the proprietors of certain estates. In other cases the systems are combined, some members being elected, and others *ex officio*. Sometimes a right of appeal from the Committee is provided. Sometimes this precaution has been omitted.¹

'Whether any uniform system is desirable is a separate question—in fact, none has existed. Specially be it observed, that no authority, either of Church or State, has hitherto attempted to enforce any one set of rules. Neither as a condition of union with the National Society, nor as a condition of receiving aid from the Parliamentary grant, has any limitation been imposed upon the discretion of the founders of schools. Both the Society and the Committee of Council have required a trust deed, to secure the permanent continuance of the school, and neither of them have hitherto interfered any further than this with its provisions. From such interference, indeed, the Committee of Council was debarred as long as the Concordat of 1840 should continue in force. The question of inspection was quite insignificant compared with such a claim.

'Thus the founders of schools have hitherto been allowed to settle the terms of management as they have thought best, and I believe no inconvenience has as yet resulted from a degree of liberty which was certainly much in accordance with our institutions. *In the present season, however, all has been changed: those who have accepted grants from Parliament have, for the first time, been required to insert in their school-deeds a "management clause," specifying the persons by whom the instruction and government of the school shall be directed, the master and other teachers appointed, controlled, and removed, and this for all future time.* It is no longer permitted them to omit this clause altogether, and so leave those powers in the hands of the trustees; nor are they allowed to draw it up in accordance with their own views, but certain clauses, prescribing the whole system of management, have been prepared by the Committee of Council, and one of these they are required to adopt. Thus in exchange for a small grant towards the original erection of the building, Government now claims for the first time to dictate the whole system by which the school itself shall be regulated for all future time.'

It is very true that the trust deeds have often been a dead letter. But this will not always go on; when our recent educational movements have worked some time, they will be looked into.

'But it were most imprudent to assume that this state of things will be permanent. Daily experience assures us that few legal deeds are operative until after many years. Deeds of marriage settlement are now as general as the marriage of those who have any property, and how few of them are ever consulted, as long as the lives and mutual harmony of the married pair continue. During the halcyon days the deed sleeps unnoticed, and the place where it is deposited is sometimes actually forgotten. But should discord and separation arise, or should one or both die, it is changed at once from a dead letter, a mere form, to a living and active law. It comes out from its obscurity: it regulates the whole concerns of the family. Need I add, that if such a deed contains any inconvenient or unjust provisions, any obscurities or defects which affect its validity; many years will elapse before their existence is suspected? It is when change of

¹ these instances have come under my own observation in schools aided by Parliamentary Grants.'

circumstances make a deed important, that its practical tendency is for the first time tested: until then it resembles, in everything but the power of revocation, the will of a living and healthy man, written and laid by in obscurity. Now the trust deeds of our schools are strictly their deeds of settlement. We have not yet seen how they will work whenever circumstances shall arise, which shall call them into practical operation.

'And that such circumstances will arise, and perhaps very speedily, I hold to be unquestionable. It is not merely that as the original managers pass away, we must look to the deed to settle by whom they shall be succeeded; but already much has happened to involve the question. Popular education has hitherto been a neglected subject; at this moment all parties are exerting themselves to wipe off this reproach. I heartily rejoice at the movement—may it continue and extend. Still we must not reckon upon the advantages which result from this increased attention, together with the quietness of neglect. Alexander Selkirk would have been glad of neighbours, but he could no longer have said, "I am monarch of all I survey." As population increased, he would have found the need of fences—fences moral as well as physical, of title deeds as well as hedges. In this point of view the new Minutes of Council have greatly increased the importance of the deeds by which the government of our Church schools must be regulated. To govern a neglected institution, is an unobtrusive act of Christian charity. To nominate a master to a school in which he will hardly obtain daily bread by daily labour, unattended with honour or notoriety; this cannot be esteemed an enviable act of patronage. Neither will men be more zealous to exercise it, when they find another condition which is now not unfrequently in practice annexed to it—namely, that he who nominates the schoolmaster shall provide at his own expense the greater part of his salary. Legal deeds are unnecessary to secure rights like these; and our schoolmasters have often been appointed by the sole nomination of persons who have no legal right to exercise any voice whatever in the matter; and those whose office has been usurped, have stood by with thankful approbation. But the office of a master is to be raised. He is to be an educated person: he is to be placed above want: he is to enjoy the prospect of a retiring pension: he is to have assistants well trained and competently maintained: his office will be an object of ambition to the more humble classes of society. Can it be doubted that as soon as this change is effected, the appointment of the schoolmaster will be regarded as a desirable piece of patronage? The control of the school will become an object of ambition. Men who delight to figure in parish vestries, will be no less rejoiced to see their names on school committees. These things are either improvements, or at least the inseparable results of improvement. Still, under these circumstances, trust-deeds will no longer be a dead letter. Men will inquire, in whom is legally vested the nomination of the master, the control and visitation of the school. Our school-deeds will then be tried, we shall see whether they are valid or invalid, whether they secure anything at all, whether those who with great public benefit, and great personal sacrifice, now direct our schools, may or may not be excluded by others who desire personal importance or valuable patronage. I think it is certain, that, before long, these deeds will become important documents.'

To go back to what we said; a new clause then is now inserted in the form of trust deeds for schools; and an additional condition is now, for the first time, imposed by Government, on Church schools claiming the parliamentary grant. And now the fair question which naturally arises, what right have the Government to impose a new condition on the Church, without

model of those in Holland, distinguished for their admirable organization, and for the skill, care, and success, with which the instruction of the scholars was conducted. From the revolution until a very recent period, elementary education in Belgium has been in ruin; presenting an ominous contrast between the results of the power of the State directed with skill to the establishment of an efficient system of instruction, and *the impotence of that freedom of education* which (evoked to satisfy the claims of religious zeal, and to aid a patriotic resistance to the errors of a foreign Government) produced in the schools nothing but failure or confusion.

'These are the most remarkable instances in Europe, in which the *freedom of education* from all interference of Government has been asserted. In both cases the objection arose from an authority antagonist to the State: in both that authority was a dominant religious party, and the objection embodied a double protest. One part of this protest consisted in a desire to possess in the schools full opportunity to inculcate the entire doctrine of the Church; the other part of this protest consisted in a refusal to admit the civil power to the control of education, lest it should grant equal privileges to the minority. The first of these two objections is reconcilable with civil and religious liberty; the second is subversive of it.

'It is the characteristic of such controversies, that the interests of the common people are sacrificed to those of the middle classes: the well-being of the State is postponed to promote the triumph of a party.'

The reader will observe that this passage condemns throughout 'freedom of education,' and upholds State-education. Another extract from the same pamphlet will show the *kind* of State-education which the Government preferred.

'One of the earliest proposals of the Committee of Council was the establishment, in 1839, of Normal and Model schools. The constitution of the Normal school was necessarily declared by the Government; but though no such intention had been entertained, this constitution was at once regarded by almost all religious parties as a type of the constitution of schools which the Committee of Council intended to establish throughout the country. *The Normal and Model schools were to be institutions of combined education, upon a religious basis. It was declared that "religion was to be combined with the whole matter of instruction, and to regulate the entire system of discipline;"* that "religious instruction was to be regarded as *general and special*; that periods were to be set apart for such peculiar doctrinal instruction as might be required for the religious training of the children; that the chaplain should conduct the religious instruction of children whose parents or guardian belonged to the Established Church; that the parents or guardian of any other child should be permitted to procure the attendance of the licensed minister of his own persuasion, at the period appointed for special religious instruction, in order to give such instruction apart; that a licensed minister should be appointed to give such special religious instruction, wherever the number of children in attendance on the model school belonging to any body dissenting from the Established Church should be such as to appear to this committee to require such special provision." It was intended, as before stated, that the general religious instruction should resemble that given in British and Foreign schools from the Holy Scriptures, without peculiar interpretation, and that such doctrinal instruction should be given only at times set apart. The constitution of the Normal and Model schools was to be one of combined education on a basis of religious equality. As the various religious communions refused to accept any assurance from the Government that

the constitution of this school was not to be regarded as a type of a pre-determined plan of national education, the reception of this proposal must be regarded as that which would have attended an attempt to establish a system of combined education on the basis of religious equality. Considered from this point of view, the results were most instructive as to the state of public opinion and the condition of parties in the country.

'This supposed scheme of *combined national education* received such unqualified and persevering opposition on the part of the Ecclesiastical Establishments of England and Scotland, and of the Conference and congregations of the Wesleyan connexion, that it was not only very soon withdrawn, even as a constitution for the Normal and Model schools, but the proposal itself so far endangered the existence of the Committee of Council on Education, that the Parliamentary grant of 1839 was, after prolonged discussion, only carried by a majority of two; and the House of Lords voted, by a majority of 111, an Address to the Queen, which a considerable number of peers and prelates carried to the foot of the throne, praying that Her Majesty would be "graciously pleased to give directions that no steps should be taken with respect to the establishment or foundation of any plan for the general education of the people of this country, without giving to this House, as one branch of the Legislature, an opportunity of fully considering a measure of such importance to the highest interests of the community."'

More follows respecting Sir James Graham's bill of 1843, for connecting schools with manufactories. On the whole, we are told now officially that the country has been for some years past undergoing a process of testing on the subject of education; been subjected to a series of experiments, contrived by the Governments of the time being, for ascertaining what its sentiments were on this great question: whether it would have a State-education, or any modification of it. The expressions of public opinion have been carefully gathered throughout, and the conclusion been drawn, that the country would have no State-education whatever. But the wishes of the Government are still declared to be the same that they were, viz., for a State-education which teaches a State religion; which inculcates the neutral and common truths of all creeds. Even Dr. Hook's plan, we are told in the document from which we have quoted, was not satisfactory to Government for this reason: *i. e.*, because it did not let the State teach religion.

'The Government had never wavered in its adherence to the principle adopted in 1839, *that religion should be mixed with the entire matter of instruction in the school, and regulate the whole of its discipline;*'

and therefore the Government did not like Dr. Hook's pamphlet. On the whole, then, we have a sufficient avowal of what the private wishes of Government are. We know what its real *beau ideal* of a system of national education is: viz. a State religious education; teaching those large, safe, and general truths, which all Christians hold in common.

We have not made these remarks with any hostile view to the present Government, whose conduct to the Church, so far

unconscious of its existence. The Church, as a body, looks to the 'minutes' and the 'minutes' only: it does not object to them, and thinks all safe. But, if this new condition is to hold good, the 'minutes' turn out to be the mere formal and external part of the Government's compact with the Church; and the real 'minutes,' according to which school grants are to be given, are the private resolutions of the Committee of Privy Council, agreed upon in their own Council-room; and communicated privately by their secretary to the country clergy, as each happens to write up for a grant. If this is to go on, what Mr. Denison says about the 'minutes' is true enough.

'For a *development* of the spirit in which these Minutes have been conceived, and in which it is proposed to carry them out, see a pamphlet entitled, "The School, in its relations to the State, the Church, and the Congregation. Being an Explanation of the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, in August and December, 1846." Attention is especially called to page 34, "in Church of England Schools," down to "rights of conscience." Page 57, 58, "The Committee of Council," down to "Liturgy of the Church." Page 61, 62. "If this disparity," down to "sacrifices." But the entire pamphlet should be read, and read *very carefully*, by all who wish *not to be in the dark* as to the *actual position* of the Church in respect of the intention and the carrying out of "the Minutes." The pamphlet is not *avowedly* official, but it is curious and very significant to see how exactly the statements of it tally with those of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's speech in the House of Commons, April 19, 1847, and with the opinions of other members of the Government, and of many of its supporters, as expressed in the course of the same debate.

'If this pamphlet *be* an authoritative exposition of the Minutes, it furnishes a most unanswerable proof that the system of proceeding by Minutes is a very dangerous one. It is quite confounding to see of how rapid a "*development*" these Minutes are capable—how ingeniously they may be expounded to imply what they do not express, or so much as suggest. To all remonstrances or requests for explanation the answer is the same—"it is not so in the Minutes." But, if it is so in the *proceedings of the Government*, the answer is not of any great value, or calculated to give much satisfaction.'

Let us hear Mr. Wilberforce on this point:—

'For, instead of giving public notice that all Church schools which in future accepted aid from Parliament, would stand in a wholly new relation to the Government, a relation before utterly unknown, the Committee of Council have suffered the Church to go on to the present moment wholly unconscious that any change has even been contemplated. No new Minute has been published to give notice to those whom it may concern, that "in future my Lords will in all cases require that the arrangements for the management of Church schools shall be such as the Committee of Council for the time being shall approve." Neither have the clauses already drawn up been in any manner made public to the Church at large. Most readers, probably, will see them for the first time, as they are printed in the Appendix. Nay, more, I presume to say, that no Minute recognising any change of system exists in the office. For the pamphlet to which I have just referred, and which emanates from the office, expressly informs us,

that the Minute of December 3, 1839, "has not been succeeded by any other which either supersedes or modifies it in any particular;" and that Minute limits the interference of the Committee of Council with school deeds to the single point of requiring that "the school-house has been obtained with a good legal tenure, and that by conveyance to trustees it has been duly secured for the education of the children of the poor." Strange to say, before this pamphlet appeared, nay, I presume, before it was written, the Committee of Council were actually enforcing upon the reluctant builders of Church schools a new system of management devised by themselves, and even laying it down as a general principle, "that it is their Lordships' duty to promote those arrangements for the management of schools which their experience may prove to be most generally applicable." I do not, then, assume too much, when I say that no traces of this most important assumption of power, this wholly new basis of operations, exist even among the Minutes of the office. I cannot but derive some satisfaction from this consideration: because it enables me to believe that the measure, perhaps somewhat indiscreetly urged forward by the over hasty zeal of some subordinate authority, has not yet received the full consideration of their Lordships; and that, in consequence, they do not feel themselves committed to the principle which it implies. Could I think otherwise, I must most sincerely lament that the Administration of England should have adopted, upon a subject so momentous as the education of the people of England, a course of proceeding which an opponent would stigmatise as stealthy and underhand.

But now we come to the specific contents of the new clause inserted in the trust deeds of schools; the most important part of the subject. What the new clause does, is to subject every new Church school to a Committee of Management; and for the constitution of this Committee of Management we will quote Mr. Wilberforce's letter:—

'They provide that the whole government of each Church school to be hereafter established, shall be vested in a Committee, who shall without appeal direct every matter of general management and instruction, and appoint and remove the master and other teachers, no restriction being laid upon them in their choice. In particular, they are not required to select as masters and teachers, either persons of good moral character, or those who are even in profession members of the Church of England—appointment by the Committee being the teacher's sole and sufficient qualification. The Committee to which these powers are given, is to consist of a certain number of members annually elected by the subscribers to the school, any one being qualified to be elected, who is in law a member of the Church of England, an annual subscriber of one pound to the school, and either resident in the parish, or holding property in it; electors must be qualified in the same manner, except that a subscription of ten shillings is sufficient. Besides these elected members, the incumbent of the parish is to be *ex officio* chairman; the curate, if the incumbent appoints him, and the churchwardens, in the eye of the law members of the Church, are to be members of the Committee. Moreover, the superintendence of the moral and religious instruction is to be vested in the clergyman of the parish; and if any difference arises between him and the Committee upon the "religious instruction or any regulation connected therewith," an appeal may be made upon that point to the Bishop, whose decision is final.

' This is the plan proposed by the Committee of Council; in order, however, to meet objections, deviation is allowed within certain limits, by three alternative clauses. All these omit the churchwardens as *ex officio* members. Clause B provides, that the election of members shall take place not annually, but from time to time, as vacancies occur. Clause C (to meet cases where there is a temporary objection to the immediate formation of the Committee) provides for the constitution of the Committee, whenever the Bishop shall direct it to be formed: it is to be continued by election as before, but, (in order, I presume, to prevent objection by the clergyman in the first instance,) the first members of the Committee, four in number, are to be nominated by him. Clause D allows the Committee to fill up its own vacancies as a temporary arrangement, the election being permanently transferred to the subscribers, when the Bishop shall so direct.¹

' In these clauses the eye is arrested by the omission of all qualification whatever in the masters and teachers. They need not be moral characters, they need not be even in name members of the Church of England. Yet, though the most obvious, this is not really the most important omission: for the term "*members of the Church of England,*" which is the qualification of the governing body, is so ambiguous, as to be almost without value as a security to the Church.

' We are examining a legal deed. The law therefore, not the common usage of society, must decide who are, and who are not members of the Church. Now every baptized person is such in law, unless he is formally excommunicate: and excommunication is virtually prohibited by Acts of Parliament. Thus all Englishmen are in law members of the Church of England. All Roman Catholics and Dissenters, all Roman Priests and Dissenting Ministers, are legally qualified to exercise the irresponsible control and government of our Church schools. Even were this otherwise, still the Methodists, the most numerous of all Dissenting bodies, have a further claim to be members of the Church, for they have always denied themselves to be Dissenters. To this sect, at least, it can hardly be doubted that the Government deed would give the management of many Church schools.'

Such is the constitution of the new Committee of Management, which the Committee of Privy Council, by the recent clause in the trust deeds, annexes to every Church school in the country. Mr. Wilberforce informs us that the secretary of the East Farleigh school, on receiving Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's letter informing him (in answer to an application for a grant) of this new clause, proposed the substitution of the word 'communicant,' for the term 'Members of the Church of England,' and was answered that the term 'Members of the Church of England' was 'a term sanctioned by legal usage;' and on that account was preferred. And now for one or two remarks.

It does then appear to us quite obvious that such an arrangement as this places our Church schools under the control of a body, upon whose agreement in Church doctrine, or even

¹ These clauses, together with Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's letters in answer to the objections urged against them by the Secretary of the East Farleigh School, are extracted from Mr. Wilberforce's Appendix, and put at the end of this article.

simple Church membership, in the common-sense meaning of the term, no sort of dependence can be placed; and that its inevitable tendency is to introduce latitudinarianism into our school teaching. The condition of being 'members of the Church of England,' cannot possibly be any safeguard, when the law avowedly considers every single baptized person in the country, who chooses to call himself so, a member of the Church of England. It is simple mockery to put forward such a term, as a test; nor can we conceive that its proposer and defender should not be aware of its inefficacy. It may be said that it is the term which has been used hitherto for the purpose of describing Church membership, and that the National Society, in its grants to schools, is content with it. But it is quite different using a term when you have other safeguards besides it; and using the same term, when you have no other. As Mr. Wilberforce has clearly explained, there have been abundance of safeguards hitherto for the Church character of our schools. Nobody in a parish has ever given a thought to them, except the clergyman, and one or two whose assistance his own private influence has procured. The whole care and direction of the school has,—partly by a sort of custom with which nobody thought of interfering, and partly by the fact that few subscribed to an institution which promised no patronage, and partly also from the fact that there was no constituted committee in existence to interfere at all with the clerical control,—been left to the clergyman of the parish. It is indifferent what term you use to describe Church membership, so long as this is the order of the day: the practical managing power in every parish being unquestionably a Church of England one. But it is quite a different thing, when you found a new state of things, and create a new living and working body to divide the control of the school with the clergyman. You then want some *bond fide* test of Church membership, and must provide one. To hark back again, then, to the old phrase, is simply to take advantage of the assistance of an obsolete test, as an excuse for not allowing a real one; and to saddle the Church with the weight, while you have deprived her of every one of the advantages of her old alliance with the State. This new education scheme is itself as signal a proof as there could be of the cessation of that old system. Certainly you must allow there *are* Dissenters now, for you give them money for their schools; then why keep up an old test of Church membership which is only good as supposing no Dissenters to exist.

But it will be said that the new clause does provide for the Church character of the school, in leaving the control of the

religious instruction to the clergyman, with only an appeal from him to the Bishop. But, as Mr. Wilberforce says, who is to draw the exact line between what is religious instruction and what is not? 'The distinction is highly dangerous and objectionable. It can hardly fail to lead to future disputes between the clergyman and the Committee, which, as there is no appeal, none can decide, as to the limits of "moral and religious instruction, and any regulation connected therewith."' Are the prayers used in school connected with the religious instruction or not? School-books often border upon a religious character, without being exactly what would be called religious books. Who is to decide here? It is needless to enlarge further on such a point; but we will instance one particular in which the religious character of the school would be most essentially involved; viz., the appointment of the schoolmaster.

'To begin with the appointment of a master. Is it safe to leave this in the uncontrolled power of each local committee? The chief cause of inefficiency in our schools has been that our masters have been selected, not because they were fit for this office, but because they were unfit for any other. Men who have failed in trade from lack of diligence, of honesty, or sobriety—men who have been disabled by accident or sickness; such have been our village schoolmasters, and such they will be under the Government clauses. The entire and irresponsible nomination of the parish schoolmaster will rest with the farmers in most villages, and with the tradesmen in country towns. In how many cases may we see a person appointed lest he should become chargeable upon the rates? The Inspector may report unfavourably of his qualifications; the Clergyman may complain; the Committee of Privy Council may advise; but none can remedy the evil. Many farmers already fear that we are teaching the labourers too much. It is hardly fair to expect that they will undertake the burthen of supporting a man in idleness, when they have in their own absolute gift a situation for which they esteem him not merely competent, but more fit than he would be if more highly educated. Be it also observed, that except by the permission of the Committee, neither clergyman nor layman can supply, by personal exertions, the defect of the master. None can interfere in anything except the religious instruction. The whole management, control, and government of the school, as well as "the appointment and removal of the master, mistress, and other teachers," is vested, without appeal, in the Committee. Nothing short of an act of parliament can introduce writing, or the rule of three, into the school of any parish, if the farmers wish their labourers to be without them. Or again, if a tithe contest, or some other personal quarrel, or perhaps some fanatical jealousy, should suggest to a bare majority of the local committee the desire to withdraw the rising generation from the Church schools, they have only to fix the rate of payment so high as to exclude them. How easily might this be done, wherever any sect of Dissenters obtained an accidental majority upon the committee; and in such case a right of appeal is the only remedy. Again, wherever one landowner has preponderating influence, what can limit his power over schools entrusted to irresponsible local committees?'

As a general remedy, then, for the effects of such a defective

test of Church-membership as the one now imposed, and as a general safeguard for the Church character and management of the school, Mr. Wilberforce proposes one thing—a *general* visitatorial power in the Bishop. Here, however, the new arrangements of the Government are wholly deficient.

‘But the capital fault is the total absence of any authority resembling that of the Visitor of our ancient national institutions; the want of any power of appeal. It is the finality of the power entrusted to the school committee. Let the utmost attainable ingenuity and legal skill be employed in the preparation of our deeds, yet is it as certain that in the course of time unforeseen difficulties will arise, as that times will change and men change with them, as certain as the rising and setting of sun and moon, and the succession of birth and death. Against this contingency our ancient institutions are guarded by the provision of a visitor, to whom appeal may be made upon any subject, and who may not merely enforce the letter of the statutes, but may also regulate, in accordance with the change of times, those innumerable points upon which questions must arise, but for which no statutes can provide. Imagine regulations with regard to travelling, drawn up in the reign of Edward II. and enforced to the letter at this day. Any institution which is designed for permanent endurance, must have living administrators; it cannot be left to codes of laws. Of all such provision our future Church schools are by these clauses for ever deprived. Experience has taught us that it is always necessary; reason dictates that it may be especially so in schools like those which the new Government clauses will constitute, for here the governing body is not as in our ancient colleges a society of men of the same education and habits, but we have two distinct bodies, one, the committee, consisting of shopkeepers or farmers, and often of Dissenters, the other, the parochial clergy. We have the separate provinces so intermingled, that boundary questions cannot but arise, and here for the first time among all the educational institutions of our country, we throw away all the lessons of experience and exclude all visitatorial authority.’

But here Mr. Wilberforce is met by a most decided expression of opinion on the part of the Committee of Privy Council, or rather of their Secretary. The topic having been urged previously to the publication of this pamphlet, in the East Farleigh correspondence with the Committee, Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's answer is absolute: ‘My Lords cannot conceive that, as a general arrangement, it is necessary to place the committees of management of schools under the control of any authority whatever!’ Now, we do not know what Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's knowledge of the world at large may be; but if he says this sincerely, he can know very little of the characters and ways of parish committees. Of what stuff does he imagine those boards to be made, that they have no need of that superintendence which all the other boards in the *orbis terrarum* do need? By what profound fatuity could he have uttered such a sentiment as this? *Quæ te dementia cepit?* we may ask: for this is not ordinary nonsense: it requires to be accounted for. The Secretary to the Privy Council certainly has a weak case to support, and he feels

regulate these particulars from time to time. Sometimes the incumbents of three or four neighbouring parishes constitute the Committee, sometimes the proprietors of certain estates. In other cases the systems are combined, some members being elected, and others *ex officio*. Sometimes a right of appeal from the Committee is provided. Sometimes this precaution has been omitted.¹

'Whether any uniform system is desirable is a separate question—in fact, none has existed. Specially be it observed, that no authority, either of Church or State, has hitherto attempted to enforce any one set of rules. Neither as a condition of union with the National Society, nor as a condition of receiving aid from the Parliamentary grant, has any limitation been imposed upon the discretion of the founders of schools. Both the Society and the Committee of Council have required a trust deed, to secure the permanent continuance of the school, and neither of them have hitherto interfered any further than this with its provisions. From such interference, indeed, the Committee of Council was debarred as long as the Concordat of 1840 should continue in force. The question of inspection was quite insignificant compared with such a claim.

'Thus the founders of schools have hitherto been allowed to settle the terms of management as they have thought best, and I believe no inconvenience has as yet resulted from a degree of liberty which was certainly much in accordance with our institutions. *In the present season, however, all has been changed: those who have accepted grants from Parliament have, for the first time, been required to insert in their school-deeds a "management clause," specifying the persons by whom the instruction and government of the school shall be directed, the master and other teachers appointed, controlled, and removed, and this for all future time.* It is no longer permitted them to omit this clause altogether, and so leave those powers in the hands of the trustees; nor are they allowed to draw it up in accordance with their own views, but certain clauses, prescribing the whole system of management, have been prepared by the Committee of Council, and one of these they are required to adopt. Thus in exchange for a small grant towards the original erection of the building, Government now claims for the first time to dictate the whole system by which the school itself shall be regulated for all future time.'

It is very true that the trust deeds have often been a dead letter. But this will not always go on; when our recent educational movements have worked some time, they will be looked into.

'But it were most imprudent to assume that this state of things will be permanent. Daily experience assures us that few legal deeds are operative until after many years. Deeds of marriage settlement are now as general as the marriage of those who have any property, and how few of them are ever consulted, as long as the lives and mutual harmony of the married pair continue. During the halcyon days the deed sleeps unnoticed, and the place where it is deposited is sometimes actually forgotten. But should discord and separation arise, or should one or both die, it is changed at once from a dead letter, a mere form, to a living and active law. It comes out from its obscurity: it regulates the whole concerns of the family. Need I add, that if such a deed contains any inconvenient or unjust provisions, any obscurities or defects which affect its validity; many years will usually elapse before their existence is suspected? It is when change of

¹ 'All these instances have come under my own observation in schools aided by Parliamentary Grants.'

circumstances make a deed important, that its practical tendency is for the first time tested: until then it resembles, in everything but the power of revocation, the will of a living and healthy man, written and laid by in obscurity. Now the trust deeds of our schools are strictly their deeds of settlement. We have not yet seen how they will work whenever circumstances shall arise, which shall call them into practical operation.

'And that such circumstances will arise, and perhaps very speedily, I hold to be unquestionable. It is not merely that as the original managers pass away, we must look to the deed to settle by whom they shall be succeeded; but already much has happened to involve the question. Popular education has hitherto been a neglected subject; at this moment all parties are exerting themselves to wipe off this reproach. I heartily rejoice at the movement—may it continue and extend. Still we must not reckon upon the advantages which result from this increased attention, together with the quietness of neglect. Alexander Selkirk would have been glad of neighbours, but he could no longer have said, "I am monarch of all I survey." As population increased, he would have found the need of fences—fences moral as well as physical, of title deeds as well as hedges. In this point of view the new Minutes of Council have greatly increased the importance of the deeds by which the government of our Church schools must be regulated. To govern a neglected institution, is an unobtrusive act of Christian charity. To nominate a master to a school in which he will hardly obtain daily bread by daily labour, unattended with honour or notoriety; this cannot be esteemed an enviable act of patronage. Neither will men be more zealous to exercise it, when they find another condition which is now not unfrequently in practice annexed to it—namely, that he who nominates the schoolmaster shall provide at his own expense the greater part of his salary. Legal deeds are unnecessary to secure rights like these; and our schoolmasters have often been appointed by the sole nomination of persons who have no legal right to exercise any voice whatever in the matter; and those whose office has been usurped, have stood by with thankful approbation. But the office of a master is to be raised. He is to be an educated person: he is to be placed above want: he is to enjoy the prospect of a retiring pension: he is to have assistants well trained and competently maintained: his office will be an object of ambition to the more humble classes of society. Can it be doubted that as soon as this change is effected, the appointment of the schoolmaster will be regarded as a desirable piece of patronage? The control of the school will become an object of ambition. Men who delight to figure in parish vestries, will be no less rejoiced to see their names on school committees. These things are either improvements, or at least the inseparable results of improvement. Still, under these circumstances, trust-deeds will no longer be a dead letter. Men will inquire, in whom is legally vested the nomination of the master, the control and visitation of the school. Our school-deeds will then be tried, we shall see whether they are valid or invalid, whether they secure anything at all, whether those who with great public benefit, and great personal sacrifice, now direct our schools, may or may not be excluded by others who desire personal importance or valuable patronage. I think it is certain, that, before long, these deeds will become important documents.'

To go back to what we said; a new clause then is now inserted in the form of trust deeds for schools; and an additional condition is now, for the first time, imposed by Government, on Church schools claiming the parliamentary grant. And now the fair question which naturally arises, what right have the Government to impose a new condition on the Church, with

measure of 1843 were proposed to be established in the manufacturing districts, although they were to be in no sense exclusive Church schools, (for they were to be founded not by the voluntary charity of Churchmen, as a part of the Church system, but by the authority of the secular Government,) and accordingly the major part of the Committee of Management were to be elected by the ratepayers of all denominations equally, and no member of the Committee (except of course the clergyman) was required to be even in profession a member of the Church of England, and provision was made that the Dissenting ministers might attend to instruct the children of their respective sects—yet even in these schools, forasmuch as the master was to give religious instruction to the children of Church parents, it was expressly provided, that no appointment of a master should be valid unless it received the sanction of the Bishop. I hold this fact to be quite conclusive upon this part of the question. The enactment in question was part of a measure proposed by the late Government, received with favour by the members of the existing Government then in opposition, carried through two readings, and the Committee of the House of Commons, "received" (as we are assured by the demi-official pamphlet already quoted) "with simple and calm acquiescence by the Established Church," and only abandoned, because Government, "with a regret which it did not conceal, but with the dignity of a wise forbearance, did not use the power which it undoubtedly possessed, to pass it into a law in opposition to the almost universal protest of the religious communions of England and Wales dissenting from the Established Church." This may have been a good reason for not forcing through Parliament a measure of combined education, to be supported by compulsory rates paid by Dissenters as well as Churchmen, and intended no less for them than for us. It cannot touch the question, upon what terms Churchmen shall be encouraged to found Church schools for their fellow Churchmen; and I may therefore say, that as far as Church of England schools are concerned, the principle of giving to the Bishop control over the appointment of teachers obtained universal assent in the year 1843,—the assent of Parliament, of the two great parties in the State, of the office of the Committee of Council on Education (represented by the pamphlet so often quoted), and, finally of the whole Church of England, clerical and lay. I cannot contemplate therefore any opposition to this part of my proposal. I cannot imagine that even the most bitter Dissenter will expect Churchmen erecting Church schools at their own expense, to give them a less Church constitution than was so lately judged fit for combined schools erected and supported by public expense, by the agreement of all Churchmen of all parties, and orders, and conditions. This point therefore I treat as conceded.

We must here conclude our examination of Mr. Wilberforce's and Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's views on the subject of the new arrangements for the management of Church schools. The former appears to us to have a clear, straightforward, and consistent view against these arrangements; the latter appears to have no consistent view for them. He argues feebly and loosely: the dread of introducing a solid Church authority over the Church school has left a hiatus in his Committee-plan which he does not know how to fill; and when, after a series of commonplaces against offending the laity, Mr. Wilberforce presses him, and asks him to produce his visitor or general bellant authority to keep these new parochial committees in

order, he is obliged to say that he has not got one, because his Committees will not want to be kept in order.

Is the Committee of Privy Council itself, or a prospective Minister of Public Instruction, intended ultimately to fill up this hiatus?

One word in conclusion with respect to the policy of the Government in the arrangements which we have been discussing. We began with saying, that there were symptoms of an endeavour to introduce, underneath the surface, latitudinarian elements into our Church school system; and we fear that the disclosures which have been made since have but too well supported that assertion. We have no pleasure, however, in attributing such a line as this to the present Government: principals often know much less of their own proceedings than their subordinates do: we shall be happy to hear that this new clause in the Trust Deeds of Church Schools comes from Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, and not from the Committee of Privy Council; and to see the present Government resuming that fair and equitable tone toward the Church with which in appearance they started. The new proposed arrangement, besides its other defects, is so crude and loose, that no man of sense, to say nothing of a churchman, can sincerely stand up for it; and Government will consult its character, both for sagacity and fairness, by withdrawing it.

APPENDIX.—No. I.

The following are the four clauses drawn up by the Committee of Privy Council:—

A.

‘And subject to and in conformity with the declaration aforesaid to the said school and premises, and where no other disposition is made, the funds or endowments thereof shall be directed, controlled, governed, and managed in manner hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, the minister for the time being of the said , or in his absence his curate shall have the superintendence of the moral and religious instruction of the scholars attending the said school, and, in case any difference should arise between the said minister or curate and the Committee of Management hereinafter mentioned respecting the religious instruction of the scholars or any regulation connected therewith, the said minister or curate, or any member of the said Committee of Management, may cause a statement of the matter in difference to be laid before the bishop of the diocese, in writing, a copy of such statement having been previously communicated to the said Committee of Management, the said bishop may hear the parties and determine the matter in difference, and the decision of the bishop in writing thereon when laid before the said Committee of Management, shall

be final and conclusive upon the matter. But in all other respects the management, direction, control, and government of the said school and premises, and of the funds or endowments thereof, and the selection, appointment, and dismissal of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress, and their assistants, shall be vested in and exercised by a Committee, consisting of the minister of the said _____ for the time being, his licensed curate or curates, if the minister shall appoint him or them upon the said Committee, the churchwardens for the time being, if members of the Church of England, and of _____ other persons, members of the Church of England, residents, or having a beneficial interest to the extent of a life estate at the least in real property situated in the said _____, and subscribers in the current year to the amount of twenty shillings at the least to the said school, the said last-mentioned persons to be elected annually in the month of _____ by subscribers to the said school to the amount of ten shillings per annum at the least, and qualified in other respects as the persons to be elected, so that no default of election or vacancy during any current year shall prevent the other members of the Committee from acting until the next annual election, or until the vacancy shall be otherwise supplied. The minister shall be chairman of all meetings of the Committee of Management, if present, and when not present, any other member of the Committee selected by the members present shall preside, and in case of an equality of votes the chairman for the time being shall have a second or casting vote. The Committee shall annually elect from amongst its members, one to act as secretary, who shall keep minutes of the proceedings in a book to be provided for that purpose, and shall give due notice to all the Committee before any extraordinary meeting. And the said Committee of Management shall have power from time to time in the month of _____ to select and appoint a Committee of not more than _____ ladies, being members of the Church of England, to assist them in the visitation and management of the girls' and infant schools, which Ladies' Committee shall remain in office until the close of the current year.'

B.

'And subject to and in conformity with the declaration aforesaid the said school and premises, and where no other disposition is made, the funds or endowments thereof shall be directed, controlled, governed, and managed in manner hereinafter specified, that is to say, the minister for the time being of the said _____, or in his absence his curate shall have the superintendence of the moral and religious instruction of the scholars attending the said school, and in case any difference should arise between the said minister or curate, and the Committee of Management hereinafter mentioned respecting the religious instruction of the scholars or any regulation connected therewith, the said minister, or curate, or any member of the said Committee of Management, may cause a statement of the matter in difference to be laid before the bishop of the diocese in writing, a copy of such statement having been previously communicated to the said Committee of Management, the said bishop may hear the parties and determine the matter in difference, and the decision of the bishop in writing thereon, when laid before the said Committee of Management, shall be final and conclusive upon the matter. But in all other respects, the management, direction, control, and government of the said school and premises, and of the funds or endowments thereof, and the selection, appointment, and dismissal of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress, and their assistants, shall be vested in and exercised by a Committee consisting of the minister of the said _____ for the time being,

his licensed curate or curates, if the minister shall appoint him or them upon the said Committee, and the following persons, namely,

the said last-mentioned persons being members of the Church of England, and residents, or having a beneficial interest to the extent of a life estate at the least in real property situated in the said , and subscribers in the current year to the amount of twenty shillings at the least to the said school, and any vacancy which may occur in the number of persons last mentioned by death, resignation, incapacity, or otherwise, shall be filled up by the election of a person or persons having a like qualification, such election to be vested in the subscribers to the said school to the amount of ten shillings per annum at the least, and qualified in other respects as the persons to be elected, so that no default of election or vacancy shall prevent the other members of the Committee from acting until the vacancy shall be otherwise supplied. The minister shall be chairman of all meetings of the Committee of Management, if present, and when not present, any other member of the Committee selected by the members present, shall preside; and in case of an equality of votes, the chairman for the time being shall have a second or casting vote. The Committee shall annually select from among its members one to act as secretary, who shall keep minutes of the proceedings in a book to be provided for that purpose, and shall give due notice to all the Committee before any extraordinary meeting. And the said Committee of Management shall have power, from time to time, in the month of , to select and appoint a Committee of not more than ladies, being members of the Church of England, to assist them in the visitation and management of the girls' and infant schools, which Ladies' Committee shall remain in office until the close of the current year.'

C.

' Provided that if at any time the bishop of the said diocese shall deem it expedient that a Committee of the parishioners, being subscribers to the schools and Members of the Church of England, should be united with the of the said parish, or in his absence or incapacity, with the officiating minister thereof, for the management of the school, and shall, in writing, direct that such Committee shall be appointed, the said school and premises, and (where no other disposition is made) the funds and endowments thereof shall thenceforth be directed, controlled, governed, and managed in manner hereinafter specified, that is to say, the for the time being of the said parish of , or, in his absence or incapacity, the officiating minister aforesaid, shall have the superintendence of the moral and religious instruction of the scholars attending the said school, and in case any difference should arise between the said minister or officiating minister and the Committee of Management hereinafter mentioned respecting the religious instruction of the scholars, or any regulation connected therewith, the said , or officiating minister, or any member of the said Committee of Management may cause a statement of the matter in difference to be laid before the bishop of the diocese, in writing, a copy of such statement having been previously communicated to the said Committee of Management, the said bishop may hear the parties, and determine the matter in difference, and the decision of the bishop, in writing, thereon, when laid before the said Committee of Management, shall be final and conclusive upon the matter. But in all other respects the management, direction, control, and government of the said school and premises, and of the funds or endowments thereof, and the selection,

appointment, and dismissal of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress and their assistants shall, on the happening of the event herein provided for, be vested in and exercised by the Committee, consisting of the _____ of the said parish for the time being, his licensed curate or curates (if the _____ shall appoint him or them upon the said Committee), or in the absence or incapacity of the _____, then of the officiating minister, and of four other persons to be nominated and appointed by the said _____ or minister, as the case may be, out of persons in communion with the Church of England, and residents, or having a beneficial interest to the extent of a life estate, at the least, in real property situated in the said parish, and subscribers in the current year to the amount of twenty shillings at least to the said school, and any vacancy which may occur in the number of persons last-mentioned by death, resignation, incapacity, or otherwise, shall be filled up by the election of a person or persons, having a like qualification, such election to be vested in the subscribers to the said school to the amount of ten shillings per annum at the least, and qualified in other respects as the persons to be elected, so however that no default of election or vacancy shall prevent the other members of the Committee from acting until the vacancy shall be supplied. The _____, or in his absence, the officiating minister, shall be chairman of all meetings of the Committee of Management, if present, and when not present any other member of the Committee selected by the members present shall preside, and in case of an equality of votes, the chairman for the time being shall have a second or casting vote. The Committee shall annually select from among its members one to act as secretary, who shall keep minutes of the proceedings in a book to be provided for that purpose, and shall give due notice to all the Committee before any extraordinary meeting.

D.

‘And subject to, and in conformity with the declaration aforesaid, the school and premises, and where no other disposition is made, the funds or endowments thereof, shall be directed, controlled, governed, and managed in manner hereinafter mentioned (that is to say) the minister for the time being of the said _____, or in his absence, his curate shall have the superintendence of the moral and religious instruction of the scholars attending the said school, and in case any difference should arise between the said minister or curate and the Committee of Management, hereinafter mentioned, respecting the religious instruction of the scholars, or any regulation connected therewith, the said minister or curate, or any member of the said Committee of Management, may cause a statement of the matter in difference to be laid before the bishop of the diocese, in writing, a copy of such statement having been previously communicated to the said Committee of Management; the said bishop may hear the parties, and determine the matter in dispute, and the decision of the bishop, in writing, thereon, when laid before the said Committee of Management, shall be final and conclusive upon the matter; but in all other respects, the management, direction, control, and government of the said school and premises, and of the funds or endowments thereof, and the selection, appointment, and dismissal of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress and their assistants shall be vested in, and exercised by a Committee, consisting of the minister of the said _____ for the time being, his licensed curate or curates, he said minister shall appoint him or them upon the said Committee, the following persons (namely)

the said last-mentioned persons being members of the Church of England, and any vacancy which may occur in the number of persons last mentioned, by death, resignation, incapacity, or otherwise, shall be filled up by the election of a person or persons being members of the Church of England, such election to be vested in the remaining members of the said Committee until the bishop of the diocese in which the school is situate shall in writing direct that such person or persons shall be elected by the subscribers to the said school to the amount of ten shillings per annum at the least, and qualified in other respects as the persons to be elected, so that no default of election or vacancy shall prevent the other members of the Committee from acting until the vacancy should be otherwise supplied. The minister shall be chairman of all the Committees of Management if present, and when not present, any other members of the Committee selected by the members present shall preside, and in case of an equality of votes, the chairman for the time being shall have a second or casting vote.'

APPENDIX.—No. II.

'The School Committee of this parish having objected to all these clauses, the Secretary wrote, by their desire, to the Committee of Council, briefly stating their objections, and proposing to substitute a clause, modified in the manner described in these pages. The Committee of Council replied :

' Council Office, Whitehall, May 12, 1847.

'Rev. Sir,—The Committee of Council on Education would attach due importance to the views entertained by members of the Church of England, representing the greater part of the property in any parish, as to the arrangements to be adopted in the management clauses of the trust deed of a parochial school erected chiefly by their contributions, and to be hereafter mainly supported by their subscriptions, if they were satisfied that such promoters had a full opportunity of ascertaining the grounds on which the heads of the Church, after full deliberation, have agreed with the Committee of Council on Education, in the incorporation of the terms of union between Parochial Schools and the National Society, in the management clauses which have been recommended to you.

'I must therefore request you to read this letter to the members of your School Committee, and to desire them to reconsider the question of adopting the clause proposed to you, with a full knowledge of the fact, that it has been approved by the heads of the Church and the National Society.¹

'You will also oblige me by reading to your Committee the following remarks on each of the objections taken to this clause in your letter.

'1. No distinction is made between religious instruction and general management, but that which exists in fact, unless it were the intention of the School Committee (which has been seriously proposed by some persons) to limit instruction in geography to that of Palestine, to give instruction in arithmetic only from the Holy Scriptures, and even to confine writing to passages of Holy Writ. The distinction which exists in fact cannot be obliterated, and my Lords are at a loss to know what is meant by the apprehension, that to confide the religious instruction of the school to the superintendence of the clergyman, and the general management to the Committee, could lead to a distinction between special and general religious instruction.

'2. *Their Lordships are of opinion, that to subordinate the discretion of*

¹ For an explanation of this assertion, see Mr. Wilberforce's Letter.

the Committee in the general management of a school erected with their aid, and supported by their subscriptions, to a purely ecclesiastical authority, which could overrule the decisions of the majority upon the appeal of a single member, (and that upon the most trivial as well as the most important matters,) is an arrangement, which, so far from conducing to harmony, would rather tend, wherever adopted, to produce one of two results, either to occasion the withdrawal of the laity from all interest in elementary education, or to occasion constant conflicts between the local managers and ecclesiastical authority. My Lords cannot conceive, that as a general arrangement, it is necessary to place the Committees of Management of Schools under the control of any authority whatever, and they are certain, that to attempt to subject them to a purely ecclesiastical control would give rise to the most serious dissensions throughout the country.

'3. The term, "*Members of the Church of England*," as applied to the qualifications of persons eligible as School Managers, has been adopted by their Lordships, because it is a term sanctioned by legal usage, which the word "*communicants*" is not. Moreover, the latter word "*communicants*" is indefinite. With respect to a qualification so defined, it remains to be determined, *when*, and *how often*, and also *where*, a person must take the Holy Communion, in order to be deemed a communicant, and in such case, who is to decide whether he be qualified or not. I apprehend that the use of this term would give rise to other questions equally liable to be the sources of discontent, if not of disaffection, among the laity. Their Lordships perceive that the words "*Members of the Church of England*" are used in terms of union with the National Society, and they are incorporated in the management clause recommended to you, and which has been approved by the heads of the Church. These circumstances confirm the preference which their Lordships give to the use of these words, rather than of the term "*communicants*."

'When this letter is taken into consideration by the promoters of the erection of the school at East Farleigh, my Lords desire that they will bear in mind, that it is their Lordships' duty to promote those arrangements for the management of schools which their experience may prove to be most generally applicable, but that they are also ready to consider the *peculiar* views which may in particular cases be entertained by the local contributors. On the grounds previously stated, my Lords would refuse to adopt the clause which you have suggested, as a general arrangement, and they suggest to you the further consideration of the question whether it ought to be adopted in the schools at East Farleigh.

'I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'J. P. K. SHUTTLEWORTH.'

'This letter having been read and considered at a special meeting of the School Committee, and a Resolution having been unanimously passed to abide by the original objections, this Resolution was communicated to the Committee of Council, from whom the following answer was received:—

'Committee of Council on Education,

'Council Office, Whitehall, May 12, 1847.

'Rev. Sir,—The Lord President of the Council has carefully considered your letter, dated the 21st May, and he directs me to inform you, that the deliberate concurrence of the majority of the laity holding the chief property in the parish, in an approval of the management clause submitted by you to the Committee of Council, has due weight with his Lordship, especially as following the remonstrance which I was directed to make against the adoption of this clause.

‘His Lordship regards questions relating to the management of schools as matters of polity alone; and while he is inclined to treat with respect the conscientious convictions of the majority of the intelligent inhabitants in any parish, he considers such questions of polity may be properly subordinated to some general rule deemed by the Legislature or the Executive to be most consistent with the general interest. In this respect conscientious convictions on matters of polity are to be widely distinguished from such convictions on matters of doctrine.

‘Hitherto the erection of elementary schools has in so great a degree depended on private charity, that it has, notwithstanding the aid of the Government, appeared to form a province apart from that of general policy.

‘Under these circumstances, while the exceptions are almost singular, my Lords are disposed to regard with much respect the decision of a majority of the proprietors and intelligent inhabitants, even when opposed to a general rule, which has obtained the highest sanction.

‘Unless such exceptions appeared to have a tendency to impede the operation of a general rule thus sanctioned, my Lords would feel difficulty in withholding on this ground the Parliamentary grant as an encouragement of the local sacrifices of charitable individuals.

‘I am therefore, in your case, permitted to announce their Lordships’ acquiescence in the management clause which you have submitted.

‘I have the honour to be,

‘Rev. Sir,

‘Your obedient servant,

‘J. P. K. SHUTTLEWORTH.’

- ART. IX.—1. *Glimpses of the Old World, or Excursions on the Continent, and in Great Britain.* By the late JOHN A. CLARK, D.D., Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, United States. 2 vols. The Fourth Edition. With a Memoir of his Life, by the REV. S. H. TYNG, Rector of St. George's, New York, United States. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row, 1847.
2. *Recollections of England.* By the REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D., Rector of St. George's, New York. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row, 1847.
3. *A Year of Consolation.* By MRS. BUTLER, late FANNY KEMBLE. 2 vols. London: Moxon, 1847.
4. *The Christmas Holidays in Rome.* By the REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, M.A. Author of the Double Witness of the Church, &c. Edited by the REV. W. SEWELL, B.D., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London: Longmans, 1847.
5. *The Spirit of Little Children: the Bishop's Address to the Members of the Senior Class, &c.; to which is added the Catalogue and Prospectus for the Winter Term, 1846-7* [of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey, United States].

COMPLEX and multiplex is the final cause of foreign travel. Debt, the long vacation (as editors find to their cost), marriage, nerves, lungs, a sentence at the bar of the Old Bailey, or of public opinion,—to have written a very good book, or, again, a very bad one,—to fly one's creditors, or friends, or wife, or self—these, which make up the formal or efficient causes, the immediate motive, may soon be ascertained. So may the instrumental cause; that is palpable enough—a steamer from Dover or Ramsgate—the South Western rail, or the South Eastern—the Amiens line, or the Ostend—or, best of all, the old Soho or Antwerpen; this is all plain and patent. But what do people go abroad for? What is their end and aim? Not *why* do they go abroad—nor *how* do they go abroad—but *for what* purpose do they vagabondize? In nine cases out of ten they only go abroad because they do not choose to stay at home—the final is superseded by the formal cause. Were it not for that unyielding and untoward law, that body, under its present conditions, must locally occupy space; and, therefore, that if a man is not in London, he must, by the stern necessity of this our inflexible being, be in Paris, or Brussels, or Jerusalem, or Rome, or, failing these, somewhere; we suspect that that delightful region of the moon, the land of Medamia, which Gargantua rejoiced

in, would be the most popular summer trip. Still, though many go abroad for no reason, or, to express it with a difference, since few go abroad for a reason, that reason, wherever there is one, is not a little various. Martene and Durand, the Theseus and Pirithous of chartularies and black letter, travelled for the sake of ransacking libraries; Borrow travels for the sake of Bibles, not unaccompanied with black-eyed gipsies; one friend travels to exhaust the *Almanach de Gotha*, by kissing hands at every court in Europe; another to get up the equally delightful *Almanach des Gourmands*, by bowing down and worshipping at the *Rocher de Cancale*; the Secretary of the Camden Society travels to see churches; and Howard to see prisons; Lord and Lady Londonderry to show their diamonds. Some are spies, and some critics. Some tempt exotic perils for the sake of music, and some, with nearly as much sense, for the macaroni.

Now, candidly, we have no especial objection to all, or, indeed, to any of this; such is human nature, that, if things are not pursued for the best end, it is really something that they are pursued for *an* end; in other words, that a pursuit exists. We had almost said, never mind what it is—soldiers, music, musical boxes, fiddling, eating, books, pictures, dancers, mountains, mosses, ribbons, butterflies, birds, beasts, or fishes, art, nature, or *Saur Kraut*, a manuscript or a mantilla—if you must go abroad, go abroad for something. Any one thing pursued for its own sake, fairly and honestly fetched—the game started, hunted, and hunted down by your own thews and sinews—is a legitimate object of foreign travel. Be it but one single thing that you cross a thousand miles of land or water to see, or to touch—Etna, Niagara, Louis Philippe or General Tom Thumb, Mont Blanc or the industrious fleas—you have earned the name of traveller if you have travelled to see and have seen it. Your work has had its final cause fulfilled; you have lived and watched for something; it is but for the sake *ἀγαθὸν τινα* that all energize, and your *τῶγαθον* is gained. It may not be the best of ends; it is *an* end, if only a fag end.

And this being true, of the final cause of travel in general, certain limitations must be observed when we come to settle the particular *ἔργον* of individual travellers. Now the Old World and the New are in very opposite relations to each other in the way of travel: save in the ruins of Central America, in mysterious Palenque, and dim Uxmal, there is little of the higher class of objects for which educated people would take the pains to cross the Atlantic. With Mr. Murray's tastes, a sojourn among the aborigines may have its charms; but while quiet people value their scalps, they will, for some time at least, be backward at cultivating more than a literary acquaintance, through the medium of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, with the most

gentlemanly among the Sioux. And since civilized history, literature, and art—the associations of empire and tradition—are entirely blank in British North America; since the ‘smartest nation in all creation’ has neither monuments, title-deeds, nor a portrait gallery, we cannot say that a very burning desire ever possessed our unenthusiastic minds to embark in the most clipping liner, or the most go-a-head steamer which bridges the broad Atlantic. One great river, and one great forest; one mighty prairie, and one great lake; any one of these might be worth the fortnight at sea; but these might be seen without encountering the stripes and stars. Nature in her wildest and widest is the true glory of the New World. A Christian land, in which English is spoken, and which has its thirteen or thirty millions, we know not which, and—no cathedral; why the whole United States, as an object of travel for an intelligent European, is as nothing when compared with the information to be gained from a single village in France or Italy. These have something to tell and show; but America is too much in the condition of Canning’s knifegrinder. ‘Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir.’

We are not therefore saying it in arrogance when we allude to the indisputable fact that, the inducements for an Englishman—still less for an English Churchman—to visit the United States, are but faint. With the Dissenters it is very different: of course they are at home, and more than at home. America is the sublime of Dissent. There is a range of capability about American dissent of which the most visionary and ambitious ‘non-conformist’ in England could hardly dream, even after the wild excitement of being closeted for five minutes with an astute cabinet minister. Transatlantic schism is so bursting with vitality—so puffs, and spreads, and expands—divides itself into such countless slips—shoots up into so many suckers—speechifies, and prints, and swaggers, and preaches to such an extent—multiplies, and brags, and bullies with its Revivals, and Colleges, and Universities, and Doctors of Divinity, and Theological Professors, and State Chaplains of the President’s own denomination—all this swells so fast and far that Reed and Matheson, the two small ‘dissenting brethren,’ who were sent a few years ago as ‘a deputation’ to America ‘from the Congregational Union of England and Wales,’ must have felt at Boston and New York much as the twelve master-bakers who have lately left St. Petersburg with the disinterested purpose of instructing benighted England in the art of making bread, will feel when they are introduced to Lemann’s shop: or as the late Dr. Chalmers ought to have felt, and most likely did feel, when he came to lecture—say the beneficed clergy and the Rector of Doddington—on the peculiar blessings of

a Church Establishment in general, or the especial consolations of the Church of England in particular.

What a sound English Churchman would feel or say about even the best and highest aspect of English religion in America,—that is, what his judgment of the practical and living character and temper of the Church would be, we have few opportunities of knowing. It is certainly somewhat remarkable that we are almost without any ‘Glimpses of the New World, by an English Rector,’ or ‘Recollections of the United States, by an Oxonian.’ If such have travelled in America, there is a delicate feeling about them which holds them back from publication. We scarcely remember one set of American travels which treats of its religion as a Churchman would treat of it.¹ On the other hand, it is natural—it is commendable—nay, it is one of the highest and most honourable traits in the Anglo-American character, that among the chiefest and dearest object of *his* travel is his Mother-Church in England. England is still ‘*home*’—the Delphi, γὰρ δὲ μῦθον—ever may it be so!—to the best class of Americans: it is so even among the more respectable dissenters, but it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the estimate of the Church of England which possesses the higher American mind. To our cathedrals they make pilgrimages; Westminster or Winchester is approached by a sort of *Scala Santa*, in the American anticipation: American Churchmen treasure up our letters—reprint our books—and, happy are we to say that we have often recognised with something more than pleasure our own poor pages transferred to the cotton paper and battered types of their warm and vigorous periodicals. This is a state of feeling which cannot be otherwise than graceful in the daughter and honourable to the mother: and if at times this interest in our proceedings seems to tend to the gossiping aspect, as we begin to fear when we see private letters, embodying the usual ecclesiastical and ecclesiological news of the day printed by American dignitaries for general circulation—still we are not only ready to make allowances for, but even to sympathize with, an extravagant, or if such were, even with a perplexing interest in our internal concerns. Let us not, therefore, be misunderstood; let it not be thought that we are checking advances, or slackening the cords of duty and affection. It is rather ourselves than America that we now address, and if American travellers are occasionally grotesque, or worse, it would be unfair as unkind in us to be over-querulous or over-sensitive. For we candidly confess that the books which common English travellers have written about America deserve any amount of retaliation, and account for any

¹ One exception at present occurs in the interesting *Letters on Canada and the United States*, by Mr. J. R. Godley, published a year or two ago.

degree of soreness or jealousy. American manners, or society, have never been fairly estimated; the due amount of allowance has not been made; Christian charity has been too sadly absent from the Basil Halls, and Trollopes, and Dickens for us to complain, however much we in turn may be misrepresented. But this is not our object. Our present task is rather to display certain prominences in our *de facto* ecclesiastical proceedings — prominences which our readers probably consider mere excrescences and anomalies, unlucky accidents of the English system of religion,—but which seem by our American visitors to be considered principles, and settled axioms and ruled points. It is well that we should know how others see us: and to this end we purpose to avail ourselves of certain Transatlantic note-books which have been jotted down about us and our doings, especially connected with the popular religionism of our day.

When we said just now that there were few inducements, beyond the study of external nature, to take an Englishman across the Atlantic, we meant our readers to supply the other member of the sentence, that the motives which might bring an American to England were many and stringent. So many, that their very variety might be distracting: and yet among this variety none seems so becoming in an American, and that American a clergyman, as the religion of the Old World. It is not, therefore, because the Church of England is a main and proper object of inquiry with Americans that we complain: it is only the mode of inquiry, and the practice of giving to the world the results of their inquiries, which surprises, and ought, perhaps, to humiliate us. These publications, among other things, show that religion is a social principle; that if men deny in theory the communion of saints, in fact they recognise it, or set up some hollow substitute in its stead; that the most disparaged features of other systems have each some solid nucleus of obligation in human nature, and therefore in divine truth: and that we are constantly and unconsciously reproducing even to caricature not only the questionable features, but the very defects and errors, of our neighbours. We repudiate an Œcumenical Council, and sit in an Evangelical Alliance; we deny saint worship, and fall down before a popular preacher; we scorn relics, and purchase at more than its weight in gold scraps of 'the piece of silk out of which Bishop Alexander's robes were made;' we laugh at jubilees, and attend the May Meetings; we flout at pilgrimages, and breast the Atlantic for a platform seat in Exeter Hall.

Now, honestly, it is not that we complain of books being written about us; it is not that we deprecate criticism or surveillance; it is not the nakedness of the land which we are afraid; but it always so happens that they who are most ready to

take down private conversations, and describe your dinners, to catalogue your furniture, and to be exact about their entertainer's gestures and whiskers, are precisely of that class who are least qualified to describe—or even to enter into—the bearings of a system so complex and apparently contradictory as that of the English Church. Small minds generalize too rapidly; they are incapable of limitation; their orbit of vision is circumscribed; and if their inquiry is about objects distant and foreign to their habits and education, that is, if they ply the telescope at all, they hold it reversed. Everything comes out in a minute and minimized form. It may be sharp and accurately defined and distinct for what it is; but it is an arc so small that it admits of no mathematical measurement. It is a fact that this minute painting is only applied to the lowest class of objects: it is only in the wrinkles of a cabbage or an old woman, in turnip-tops and shabby cloaks, that the Dutch school excels. So is it with the more exiguous and personal sketches of society and manners: if it is only a Tyng who holds the pencil, it can be only the common-place materials of Evangelicalism that he depicts. In literature, as in art, the artist and subject have more intimate sympathies and deeper accordances than the accident of taste or a commission. So in the present case, we are forced to judge the writer by the works he descants upon; it is from Morland's pig-styes that we conclude the swinish temper. If the writers before us had seized the really important features of our position; had they enlarged on our divisions; or had tried to understand our academical system; studied our parochial theory; traced state connexion to its results; reviewed our peculiar Episcopal relations; practised in our schools; collected our statistics; informed themselves of our progress in Christian art, or music, or architecture, and attempted to state their results upon the popular minds, and all this with anything like a candid or ungrudging estimate of our national needs, and temper, and tendencies, we should have thankfully hailed such visitors, however disparaging or disappointing their verdict. But it is because we find them to be shallow, partial, ignorant partizans; it is because they write books only to pander to American peculiarities that we feel ourselves called upon to dispute their judgment and to deny their capabilities of honest observation. And this the rather because the writers before us are in their own sphere, neither uninfluential nor as it seems altogether unauthoritative. Dr. Clark's book has passed through three American editions, and the fourth appears from an English publisher. And, it is not improbable that his success has prompted his biographer and editor Dr. Tyng, quite as much as zeal for the Protestant cause, to favour us with his recent visit; certainly to publish hi

'Recollections.' It was 'not in pursuit of health'—so Mr. Bagster the publisher informs us—that Dr. Tyng came to England; 'his object was to become acquainted with persons, 'rather than things; with societies and institutions of religion, 'rather than the buildings connected with them. . . his object, 'so to speak, was MAN,' (Preface). So his predecessor and friend, Dr. Clark: 'You are aware, that my great object in hurrying 'away from Paris, was to attend the religious anniversaries in 'London. For the present, my time will be principally occupied at Exeter Hall.'—*Glimpses*, &c. vol. ii. p. 21.

This is quite a phenomenon: there is something very painful, was it not irresistibly ludicrous, in this solemn avowal on the part of two respectable people, whose office it is to teach others, and who have got themselves dubbed D.D., by the ordinary process known to transatlantic degree-stithies. Drs. Clark and Tyng are, if not men of mark, yet people who make considerable pretensions; and yet they cannot see the rank absurdity of all this. That the May meetings should be considered a religious exercise, might well surprise us, were not the folly of it obscured by its familiarity; but that a description of 'those who are gathered in London to attend the great anniversaries, all the choice spirits of the age—the stars of the first magnitude—men whose learning and the brilliancy of whose talents are eclipsed only by their piety and devotedness to God,' should be despatched as a 'pastoral letter from England,' from a clergyman to his New York flock, only shows that among all their keennesses the Anglo-Americans have very little sense of the ridiculous. But, perhaps, we must make allowances; in some particulars, the writers before us are better than their professions. Dr. Clark 'does not exactly like the thrilling effect, 'the burst of loud applause, the clapping of hands, the swinging of 'hats, the stamping of feet, the cheering of voices, the whole deafening roar;' and though 'strongly inclined to join in this mode of 'expressing applause, should be sorry to have this custom introduced into our country.'—Vol. ii. p. 38. And again, after saying that Dr. Chalmers's well-known dictum about 'the 'Church of England, coming down from all that is transcendental or mysterious in her pretensions,' did not 'seem very 'palatable to some of his audience,' Dr. Clark goes on to remark: 'I have however, been astonished to hear some very 'high churchmen say, that had they been born in Scotland, they 'should be just as thorough-going Presbyterians, as they now 'are Churchmen. This may be very well; but it appears to us 'that we ought to have some other beside state or political reasons for our connexion with any Church.'—*Clark*, vol. ii. p. 106.

This, be it remembered, was written in May, 1838; when Mr. Joel fired his earliest philippic against 'men who are bringing back

some of the worst errors of popery.' Indeed, to take the most favourable aspect of the case—though Exeter Hall could hardly present a religious aspect to a sensible bystander, who looks at it *ab extra*, yet it is just the sort of thing which meets, if anything, the American character. That character has large defects, and yet, Exeter Hall seems the very place most suitable to exhibit that peculiar cast of the English character, which has been exaggerated into the American distortion. Exeter Hall has a meaning: it tells a story: we are not so much surprised that an American clergyman of the 'Protestant Episcopal Church' should take to it kindly and by an involuntary attraction, as we are grieved, that both in his and our ecclesiastical condition there should be an element which it fairly and adequately represents.

What is that element? This very 'Protestant Episcopal' one; the sectarianism latent in the latter English Church culminates in Exeter Hall: it is just its natural expression. We are not saying that there is not some amount of zeal, and a real feeling of religious earnestness at work in some of the attendants at the May meetings; there are those, both on the platform and in the galleries, who are far other than pretenders and make-believers in religion. As the English Church is, it must have an Exeter Hall in which to develope: it is a legitimate and fitting form, not of the English Church, but of that which the English Church has not learned as yet to cast out. And this is its crypto-sectarianism; its Protestant-Episcopalianism; the voluntary society with Bishop for its *differentia*. This is what attracts Americans so much to Exeter Hall; it is the most fitting and stupendous witness to their own principles. The Anglo-American Church, whatever it is in fact, does not formally claim to be more than one sect among many. Not only is her popular aspect unavoidably this, among the herd of religionisms in that land; but in the formal preface to her Book of Common Prayer, she openly recognises, and something even more than tacitly assumes, the equal status of dissent: 'When, in the course of Divine Providence, these American states became independent, with respect to civil government, their ecclesiastical independence was necessarily included; and the different religious denominations in these States were left at free and equal liberty to model and organize their respective churches, and forms of worship, and discipline in such manner as they might judge most convenient for their future prosperity, consistently with the constitution and laws of their country. The attention of this Church was drawn, &c.'

The mode of forming a 'parish' in America, too, is a remarkable testimony to the individual choice of a religion, as well as to the way in which old names are preserved, with some-

what of the dead unpractical nomenclature and lifeless forms of a system which has long since outlived its vitality, so to say. The theory of a church, a diocese, and a parish, we suppose is, that the Bishop or Apostle first set up his altar in what he intended to be his Mother-Church; and after gradually absorbing souls into his circle, he proceeded, after winning a whole country, to appoint his deputies, or priests, to represent him in the scattered and outlying districts. Every priest, therefore, is his bishop's deputy. But in America the voluntary system has exactly reversed this: Bishop M'Coskry boasts of the 'beautiful analogy which exists between the ecclesiastical institutions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the civil institutions of the United States . . . in both the power of government resides primarily in the whole people; in both the forms of government are representative; in the Church, however, there are no limitations in the application of the principle of universal suffrage . . . the union of parishes into dioceses, and the union of towns into states, are analogous.' And thus the Church is 'organized' by a congregation who think that the Prayer-book is preferable on the whole to 'extempore prayer,' and who like the orderly look of the Church, hiring a minister, declaring themselves a Church, and sending a representative, in consequence, to the Diocesan Convention. It is not that the life flows from the Episcopate,—for, according to one of the American canons, (Canon I. of 1838,) no diocese can be formed unless there are first a given number of 'Presbyters settled,' a 'settled minister' being defined to be 'one engaged permanently by any parish . . . for any term not less than one year'—but rather that the Episcopate is added by way of finial, just to give a finishing and completing touch to the fabric. So that it is no wonder where this popular election, this 'principle of universal suffrage' is so radically connected with the whole constitution of the Church, that a lower section of Americans naturally become pilgrims to Exeter Hall as their Caaba. They know that popular election makes them rectors—that popular election makes their bishops—that popular election 'engages a preacher for any term not less than one year:' and, knowing that their Church is the daughter of the English Church, when they come to England Americans naturally look for the same state of things, and throw themselves eagerly, perhaps, without bias or suspicion, into that which most harmonizes with their own habits and associations.

Nor are they disappointed. It may be as well said plainly and distinctly, that the 'parochial system' is, for all practical purposes, extinct in our great towns; in London especially. As soon as the pew-renting system commenced, the strict parochial system in general practice ceased; oil and water will never fuse. And since, when Americans come to London they see religious

people selecting their own pastors and churches, and too much of their own native Americanism at work, find it recognised and acted upon all but universally, they only follow what they deem common consent, and English practice.

Not that we mean to imply that the voluntary system is of itself incompatible with catholic principles; or even that pew-renting could not find some authority in ecclesiastical precedent. Pew-renting does, as at present conducted, involve certain peculiar and very dangerous hindrances to the work of the ministry; but in so far as it is a mode of oblation it is theoretically allowable. And were doctrine one and uniform, perhaps it might offer no very serious impediment to the Church's work: it might be regarded and managed as a form, not a very accurate one, but still a form, of personal tithe. But the increase of parochial separation is inherent in our present condition, not because of voluntarism, but by reason of the actual differences of doctrine in our churches. And so far are authorities from putting a stop to the present state of things, that they seem rather to encourage the building of churches and the appointment of ministers of principles diametrically opposed to those of the incumbents of parishes, as a means of putting within the reach of all the opportunity of getting that teaching which they prefer, and this, as it is said, as the only practicable way of keeping people from Rome or Dissent according to their supposed respective tendencies. Of the policy of this system of mutual concession it beseems us not to speak: we can only state the fact, that the contest parochially between the two permitted principles is now internecine. Perhaps the only way to acquire unity is by this encouragement of both parties, to fight it out *à l'outrance*: but it is well not to conceal the perilous amount of actual scandals to the Church which it must and does involve. There seems outwardly a lull in the controversial world: but the actual growth of private and family dissensions—the miserable heart-burnings and open variances between the clergy of the same diocese, and perhaps of the same parish—the husband and wife, parent and child, who kneel at different altars—criticism taking the place of obedience, and party animosities supplanting religious zeal, and this of necessity as much on the one side as the other; they only who are mixed up with parish-work can know. The question so common and so unavoidable—is it for a Tractarian—is it for an Evangelical—Bishop, College, School, Charity, Society that our money is asked?—proves the spirit of the times. And, while such phrases stand for principles, both of which have much to say for themselves in the way of Episcopal countenance, popularity, zeal, and literary authority in the Church, but which facts show to be utterly irreconcilable, we cannot complain either that such questions

are put or acted upon. It is impossible that the new college at Canterbury, and the new college at Malta—that the Additional Curates' Fund, and the Pastoral Aid Society—that Moravian missions, and the Colonial Episcopate, can both be upon Church of England principles: if one is right, the other is wrong, utterly, fundamentally, and entirely, root and branch, principle and details. If it is right to support the one set of objects, it is sin to contribute to the other. Truth, honour, and common sense, must sooner or later revolt at the absurdity of attempting to combine the two, as recognised and legitimate developments of the same system. All that we can say is, that in this elemental strife and confusion an earnest layman, who seeks guidance, and whose natural and religious wish is for authority, deserves sincere pity.

But we are quite losing sight of our American friends: though perhaps this indirect apology for their erratic religionism, this fixing upon a permitted and prevalent system rather than upon individuals the blame of their strange and eclectic proceedings, may, as we intend, put our readers into something like good-humour with their Recollections and Reminiscences. All gossip has its interest: individual sketches must have a piquancy: every daguerreotype shows us a real man. It is part of our constitution to be pleased with the actual and definite. Human nature delights in the solid facts: veil it as we will we all like to know our neighbours' business. And of all national characters the American pre-eminently rejoices in personal talk. Travellers tell us that nothing is so common as to have inquiries made about your birth, parentage, and education—your wife, fortune, and religion—your business, prospects, and success—by chance acquaintances in steam-boat saloons and railway cars. We cannot expect a common-place American to divest himself of this percontatorial faculty. Compounded as he is of the Frenchman and Athenian—with the idle loquacity of the one, and the news-loving and arrogant character of the other—with these qualities, superadded to that sort of religion-loving which the apostle attributes to the Athenians, the New Englanders of antiquity, an American traveller, especially if he be of a religious profession, cannot but be amusing. Criticism and details are his strong point: what he sees he sees accurately as it presents itself—describes it pointedly—and writes about it vividly. Men, not principles, are his pursuits: facts, not systems, are his study. He has so much to do that he cannot afford to generalize: he only deals in the minor premiss. His mind is quick and active rather than large; consequently his writings are more brilliant than deep. But a dull American book is quite a rarity. And if garrulity is the result they must complain who are the subjects of the garrulity: we are content to be grateful at least for amusement, even where we miss instruction.

It is a decided touch of dramatic vigour that our Americans plunge, with business-like avidity, into their work: they come to attend the May meetings, and their reminiscences commence in the very whirl and eddy of the Protestant carnival. Dr. Clark and Dr. Tyng do not begin at Leda's eggs: they say nothing of what Exeter Hall is, how it takes out a licence, under the Act of George II. for music and dancing, in common with the Eagle Tavern, and the Yorkshire Stingo, which licence is granted to Sir Thomas Baring, and Henry Pownall, Esq.—nor with prophetic ken could they have anticipated, as is now the case, that, on Sunday, it would be hacked out as a Presbyterian Meeting-house, for 'the Assembly of the National Scotch Church.' We are told nothing of how Exeter Hall came to be—that it *is*, is enough for the travellers; it might have descended, like the *Casa Santa*, complete from heaven, for aught that Dr. Tyng cares to tell. And here we are bound to say, that he has not enough calculated upon his readers: it is not all America which, with us, has the privilege of walking the Strand: the curtain should not have swung up with a jerk so violent and sudden.

'I hailed the spires of Liverpool on the 28th of April . . . 'I left Liverpool at seven o'clock in the evening, hurrying 'forward in the earliest train, after my arrival, to be in London 'as soon as possible.' With a noble contempt of material considerations, though 'there was but little in *this section* to be seen,' Dr. Tyng scorns the puling consideration of scenery: he cares not though 'there was but a single hour of daylight to view 'the beauties of the country;' and we are glad to find that the 'morning's dawn found him rapidly approaching the great 'metropolis, where we arrived about five, A.M.' In all those two hundred miles—it was night, to be sure, and we trust that the Doctor dozed—but a solitary object is chronicled; the spire of Harrow Church, which elicits a fond remembrance of 'the great 'and good man, whose character has dignified and adorned it so 'long.' London is sleeping, but Dr. Tyng knows no rest; though his 'stopping-place was York Hotel, Bridge-street, 'Blackfriars, a house containing every comfort, sufficiently 'elegant, and not too expensive'—*simplex munditiis*—a valiant and mighty thirst—not for tea, though he does condescend 'to breakfast,' nor for 'a pot of mild ale'—possesses him: he sallies forth, big with his irrepressible purpose: he flies, fiery and panting, 'to the offices of the Bible Society, Tract Society, 'Church Missionary Society, and Sunday School Union, to deliver his letters of introduction.' He finds 'the Anniversary 'Meetings commencing this very day.' Happy Tyng! ardent Tyng! enthusiastic Tyng!—he has just nicked them all! His predecessor and friend, Dr. Clark, 'had hoped to have reached 'London in time to have attended all the most interesting

'meetings held this season in Exeter Hall: but he found 'that the anniversaries had actually commenced as early as the '26th of April,' and 'only tore himself from the fascinations of 'Paris on the first day of May, and did not reach London to 'attend any of the meetings until Friday morning.' This dilatoriness was a warning to Dr. Tyng. Dr. Clark had particularly to regret—

'not having been in time to have attended the meeting of the Church Missionary Society; also that of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of the Prayer Book and Homily Society.'

Not so with quick-witted Tyng: five o'clock found him sweeping to London, 'twelve o'clock,' of the very same day, 'finds him in the very midst of the persons and scenes 'for which he had hurried to the metropolis.' There they all are, 'the men whose names and characters had so long 'been objects of deep regard,' &c., the 'honour and ornament of the English Church,' 'the Rev. Mr. Hazelgrave,' 'the Secretary,' 'Lord Bexley, the short and aged man,' 'the Rev. John Harding, Rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, the church so long associated with the name of William 'Romaine, and the Rev. Daniel Wilson, jun., son and successor 'of the Bishop of Calcutta.' This meeting, however, was slow; we fear it had 'but little of an exciting character,' it was merely 'serious and useful.' Here Tyng's great powers come out: he is quite equal to the greatest artist: plays always open with the subordinates: the waiting-maids and sentinels always have a confab before the hero or heroine appears: it soothes and softens, it stimulates while it delays the mind for the flourish of trumpets which welcomes the great man. The throb of anticipation becomes more intense; the wild pulse of expectation beats more vehemently from the coming contrast with this calm repose. 'This meeting was continued until about four o'clock;' observe the pathos and mystery of the announcement:—

'There was to be another meeting in the evening, which I cannot notice in my present letter; I must close this sketch of my first day's beginnings in London with a promise that you shall hear again from your friend, S. H. T.'

Now clear the decks, and sweep the stage: is the orchestra ready? Mr. Costa, pray pay attention! Are the scenes all right? Now for it:—

'Friday evening the 29th of April,'—

Remember it was on the 28th that 'the shores of the Mersey were first descried—and then the express train—the midnight journey—the railroad station—the hotel—the breakfast—the delivering of the letters—the meeting from twelve o'clock all in which Dr. Tyng himself 'felt as much at home [doubt-

less] in speaking, as if he had stood amidst his own dear friends in Philadelphia.' Here was a day of it: four-and-twenty hours,—no shaving and no dinner, as far as we can augur,—four-and-twenty hours brings Tyng from the cabin of the steamer 'to the committee-room previous to the meeting.' The second meeting of that eventful day 'the Anniversary of the Colonial Church Society' in 'the lower room of Exeter Hall'—

'Friday evening the 29th of April, which was an occasion of great pleasure to me, in bringing me into acquaintance with the Rev. Baptist W. Noel ... "a man greatly beloved," ... kind manners, affectionate greeting ... gentleness united with dignity, modesty mingled with firmness, beauty of appearance connected with perfect simplicity, unaffectedness of deportment ... an object of peculiar affection ... received with ardent and protracted applause.'—*Tyng*, pp. 12, 13.

But before this paragon and pattern of Exeter Hall—this union of the Antinous and Hercules—displays his controversial powers, we must have one more interval of suspense. He is on the stage, but he has not yet spoken. The Rev. T. C. Yorke—whose initials, by the bye, are C. J.—'a man of strong mind and 'a clear discrimination of important truth,' which he displays by quoting against St. Ignatius, 'that keen-eyed critic, Mr. Norton'—who is only a Unitarian—first addresses the meeting. And then—at last—

'Mr. Noel rises to speak—there was evidently universal delight: every one hung upon the words of eloquence and truth which fell from his lips: his address was most distinct, faithful, and impressive.'—*Ibid.* p. 16.

Of course there was 'no hesitation as to the place where I 'would pass my first sabbath, in the hours of public worship,' says Dr. Tyng. No competitor enters the field against Mr. Noel's chapel. 'There was not a place of public worship in London which I should have preferred to this,' says Dr. Clark; and here, by way of giving our readers specimens of American criticism, we may as well quote the pair of Doctors somewhat *in extenso*—

'I had been previously invited by a Christian friend to attend divine service with him at St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row. There was not a place of worship in London which I should have preferred to this. I went at an early hour, before the congregation had assembled, and therefore had time to look around me and survey this temple, the walls of which had so often re-echoed to the testimony of so many great and good men, whose voices are now hushed in death. The edifice I found exceedingly plain—so plain, indeed, that I am afraid many of our church-going people in Philadelphia would not be content to worship in such a sanctuary. But to me the whole place appeared like holy ground. I was pleased to see that every part of the church was constructed with reference to convenience, and with a view to accommodate the greatest possible number of worshippers. There were two ranges of galleries—the lower gallery being very broad; and there were also permanent seats in the aisles between the doors of every two adjoining pews. The aisles were filled at a very early hour, while many of the pews were still empty. But before the service commenced every part of the church was crowded. The prayers were read

in a very devout and appropriate manner by the curate. At the close, there ascended the pulpit the minister of the chapel, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, whose praise, I scarcely need say, is in all the churches. I looked at that pulpit with peculiar feelings. I knew that John Newton, and Henry Martyn, and Thomas Scott had often stood there and proclaimed the Gospel message of life and salvation! I knew that *there*, on that holy ground, had stood for nearly thirty years, Sabbath after Sabbath, proclaiming to dying men the unsearchable riches of Christ, the devoted and simple-hearted Richard Cecil! Here, too, I knew, was for many years the scene of Daniel Wilson's labours, now Bishop of Calcutta. You can conceive with what a cloud of holy associations my mind was overshadowed. I believe I was prepared to listen with interest to the truth. I could not look upon the preacher but with peculiar feelings. He was the son of a peeress; but his heart having been touched with the love of Christ, he had turned his back upon all worldly prospects and ambitious views; and, having brought all the result of his extended acquirements, and all the vigour and faculties of a gifted and brilliant mind, and laid them at the foot of the cross, he had asked for no higher honour than to be the servant and minister of Jesus!

Mr. Noel's appearance is rather prepossessing—tall, delicate, and youthful-looking, though not so in point of fact, his countenance has an expression of great kindness and amiability, and his voice is the echo of music. Every word he utters is in tones so sweet and silvery, with a manner so winning and persuasive, that he at once comes directly to your heart. But it was the power and omnipotence of truth with which I was principally charmed in his discourse. His text was from Exodus xx. 4—6; the second command in the decalogue. The subject was very happily treated, which the preacher announced to be, *the manner in which God was to be worshipped*. This was not to be through pictures or graven images, but "in spirit and in truth." He went on to show that whether these pictures or images were intended to represent the Divine Being, or any other person or thing, if divine honours or religious worship were paid to them, all such acts were a direct violation—a wanton trampling upon this most sacred command in the decalogue. It, of course, came in his way to notice the system of image and picture-worship practised by all the Roman Catholics, which being done in the very face of this command, he regarded as rank rebellion against Heaven. He had no doubt that there were among the unenlightened members of the Roman-Catholic Church those who were honest and conscientious, and he hoped that *many* such would be found among the ransomed of the Lord in the day when the divine Redeemer made up his jewels; but, *as a Church*, sanctioning this direct breach of God's command, as well as many other monstrous errors, they stood accursed, and he believed that so far from being the *Catholic Church*, they were no part of the Church of Christ at all, but a body of awful schismatics, whose rulers and ministers, by recommending and approving of a mode of worship that was in direct opposition to one of the most express commands of God, had placed their whole body as a church in the attitude of an open and declared rebellion against the throne and monarchy of Heaven. And as to their boast of being the true Catholic Church, because they had among them a regular succession of bishops from primitive times—those bishops, in his view, were but a succession of enemies to God—who had trampled his law in the dust—corrupted his worship—paganised Christianity, and had done more than any other set of men on earth to strengthen infidelity, and to put weapons of power into the hands of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the whole class of literary infidels.

I have given you, I believe, a simple statement of Mr. Noel's views in relation to Romanists, as expressed on this occasion. I find precisely the same sentiments are cherished by a large body of the English clergy here.

‘Mr. Noel, in adverting to this topic again near the close of his discourse, remarked that he had been induced to dwell more at length upon it, from the fact that there were springing up within the bounds of their own communion a spirit and a class of men, that if allowed to prevail, would bring back some of the worst errors of popery—men who were the avowed apologists of the Romish Church, and who spoke of that corrupt body, as “*our venerable sister*,”—as “*Christ’s most holy fold*.” “*What!*” said he, “is that our venerable sister, and Christ’s most holy fold, which God himself has denominated ‘Babylon, the habitation of devils—the hold of every foul spirit—a cage of every unclean and hateful bird;’ and in reference to whom God says, ‘*Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues?*’ Is that our most venerable sister, and Christ’s most holy fold, which God denominates ‘*Antichrist*’—‘the mother of harlots and abomination of the earth?’”

‘I never saw so much severity and faithfulness, mingled with so much softness and kindness. Mr. Noel cannot be harsh, though he brandishes at times a very keen and sharp-edged sword. He preaches entirely without notes, and seldom hesitates for a word. His thoughts are expressed with great perspicuity, and often illustrated with great force and beauty. His style is chaste, elegant, and classical. His usual manner is rather persuasive than impassioned or energetic. But he never fails to win and retain the attention of his audience.

‘In relation to the class of men to whom Mr. Noel referred, as endeavouring to revive many of the errors of popery in the English Church, I, of course, can say nothing as yet from personal acquaintance, or from an actual examination of their writings. Previous to my coming to England I had heard something of them from Bishop Carr of Bombay, and also from the Rev. Mr. Cleugh of Malta. But since I have been in England I have learned from several of the clergy, and especially from a venerable son of the Church, who has stood on the walls of Zion these fifty years, and borne faithful testimony of the truth, much more about them. The substance of these communications are, that this class of men profess to desire to revive the Church, or Christianity as it was in the first three centuries, or as it was in Britain previous to its coming under the Papal see. They say, We must go back, not to *the reformation*, but to a period anterior to the establishment of Romanism in England. *The reformation* some of them speak of as a prodigious evil; and they scout Cranmer and Ridley, and those other English reformers who shed their blood for the truth, as innovators who are not to be listened to.

‘They are reported to teach, among other things, that all spiritual grace is conveyed through the sacraments; that the recipient is regenerated and justified in baptism; that whoever receives the Lord’s Supper partakes of the real body and blood of Christ. In explaining themselves on this point, they do not profess to go to the full extent of *transubstantiation*, but to stop at *consubstantiation*. The Lord’s Supper they regard as a sacrifice, and the table as an *altar*. They profess to be very much horrified at the common practice of calling this the communion, or Lord’s table. They wish to have the reading desk removed, and to read prayers at the altar with their backs to the people, and some of them actually do this. I hardly need tell you that these views sprung up at Oxford, and claim paternity from Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman, and their associates, who, as you know, have been enlightening the world with what are called “*Tracts for the Times*.”

‘A curious development of their views is furnished in a work just published at Oxford—“*the Remains of the Rev. Richard H. Froude, late Fellow of Oriel College*.” The venerable informant to whom I have adverted, told me that the originators of these views had been very covertly and cautiously bringing them out for a long time, and no one suspected the point at which

they were driving, till the whole thing stood revealed; and thus many had been entrapped unawares. The charms of poetry had been thrown around these doctrines. The attractions of learning, the plausibilities of an apparently profound argumentation, and the power of gifted genius, had been employed to give them currency. The abettors of them were men of distinguished scholarship, of great urbanity, and of blameless lives. Their influence at Oxford had been astonishingly great, and many young men had become thorough converts to this system. My friend remarked that he regarded this new form of error as a judgment permitted by God to fall upon the Church, to wake up the true servants of God to increased zeal and faithfulness. I intend soon to visit Oxford, where I shall be in the way of seeing and hearing for myself in reference to these strange things.

'The larger share of Mr. Noel's sermon was of a very practical character, showing how men, orthodox in faith, with an excellent form of worship, and appearing regularly in the house of God on the Sabbath, might still be constantly violating this command—setting up idols in their hearts, or drawing near the Most High with their mouths, while their hearts were far from Him. It was communion day. Mr. Noel had previously celebrated this sacrament at the chapel, at the early hour of eight o'clock, where I was told nearly three hundred were present to commemorate the Saviour's dying love. The number of those who communed at the time in which I was present I should think were not much short of four hundred. They who die in the Lord rest from their labours, and *their works follow*. I could not but feel, as I was drawing near the table amid this large body of communicants, that I was surrounded with the fruits of Cecil's and Wilson's labours. It was a holy, happy season. My thoughts went across the waters to my own dear flock, who I knew, with the other Churches in Philadelphia, were on this first Sunday in the month gathered round the table of our common Lord. I then felt how sweet was this communion of saints, and how delightful it would be when you and I and our respective flocks, together with that devoted people in the midst of whom I was kneeling, should all mingle together in our Father's house above, and meet there, Newton, and Cecil, and Martyn, and Scott, and Bedell, and a thousand others who have been lights in a dark world. But the charm, the delight, the attraction of that assembly would be "our elder brother," even the Lord Jesus, who bought us with his blood, and whose praises we shall chant through the endless ages of eternity. O if we had more faith! If we would but look more to "the things that are not seen," how much less should we be affected with our trials, which are but for a moment, and which are not to be compared with that eternal weight of glory which Christ has prepared for us.

'I attended divine service at St. John's Chapel also in the evening, and listened to another very faithful discourse from Mr. Noel on the parable of the Prodigal Son. I need not say that Mr. Noel is regarded as one of the most popular and distinguished ministers in the metropolis. He is connected with a noble family. Although his father was only a baronet, his mother was a peeress in her own right; and therefore all the sons possess the title of "Honourable;" one of whom, besides Baptist W., is also a clergyman. Lord Barham is the elder brother. To give you an idea of the rank and distinction of this family, I have only to mention the fact that Lord and Lady Barham form a part of the household of the Queen. How noble is the choice which Mr. Noel has made! How much more truly *honourable* is he in performing the duties of an humble and self-denying minister of Christ, than he would have been in seeking this world's glory among the *élite* of the land, or in the courts of kings!

* It was in St. John's Chapel, under the ministry of Mr. Cecil, that

Wilberforce used to worship. And it was here on one occasion that he brought his friend Mr. Pitt, who, having listened to one of Cecil's most striking and luminous discourses upon some leading point of Christian faith, told Mr. Wilberforce, at the close, that he had not understood one word of the sermon, and was as ignorant of the meaning of the preacher as if he had spoken in an unknown tongue. Even in the gifted mind of Pitt, the "natural man received not the things of the Spirit of God; neither could he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."—*Clark*, p.p. 45—53.

'I had no hesitation as to the place where I would pass my first Sabbath in the hours of public worship. St. John's, Bedford Row, had attractions for me, which were at that time equalled in no other quarter, and thither I went. The old and shabby appearance of this chapel has been more than once remarked upon by our friends. I hardly expected to see it quite in such a condition. It is one of the most ordinary and least attractive houses of worship that I saw in London. But a knowledge of its history accounts for this neglect. It is the property of the Rugby School, a public school on the railway near Birmingham, and is probably considered by its owners merely as a matter of property. Any rebuilding of it would be a vast outlay of money; and of course they will continue to rent it to occupants in its present condition as long as they can. Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, has a lease of it, yet unexpired, and Mr. Noel has taken the remainder of the lease from him. The whole concerns of the chapel are managed for Mr. Noel, by his chapel-warden, John Bridges, Esq., who has been its laborious and faithful supporter and friend for many years. The rents of the pews from year to year are the income; and after the payment of the annual rent to the proprietors, and the various necessary expenses of maintaining the services of the chapel, there remains but a very small sum to Mr. Noel for his labours. His services, which are more arduous and multiplied, I think, than any other clergyman whom I know in London, are therefore almost wholly gratuitous; a fact which must be considered unreasonable even when one is possessed of an independent personal income. "The Lord hath ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." (1 Cor. ix. 14.) But in such circumstances, of course, there is no one to keep the chapel in proper order or repair. The proprietors will not, whose only interest in it is the rent which it brings to them. The minister cannot, whose responsibility for its expenses is just met by its income. The congregation have no interest in it whatever, other than the mere temporary hiring of the seats they occupy, for the desire of being under the ministry of Mr. Noel; and their whole tenure and desire to remain of course may cease on any day with his removal or death. This is the position of proprietary chapels in England, and is so new and strange to our ideas and habits, that I thought it well to give this explanation. Many of these chapels belong to the clergymen who officiate in them; and in that case the whole income and responsibility rests upon them. Many of them are in the hands of various bodies or trustees, in the very same circumstances as St. John's. But in no case, I believe, has the congregation any permanent interest in the building, nor, in most cases, any other attractions or bond to it, than their attachment for the minister for the time being. They hire their pews for the year, and make no pecuniary sacrifice in relinquishing them when they please. The same remark, I believe, applies to dissenting chapels. There is nowhere in England, as far as I know, an instance of the uniform habit of our country, of the congregation being, by purchase, the individual proprietors of the building in which they meet, and having therefore a bond of pecuniary interest in it, apart from the particular popularity of the actual incumbent. I have described what I found to be always understood as the

"voluntary system" in England; and certainly a looser and less satisfactory one could hardly be devised. Who shall be the successor to Mr. Noel depends not in the remotest degree upon the congregation which he has gathered, and which God has blessed so richly under his ministry; but upon the simple question to whom will the trustees of a public school, a hundred miles off, choose to give a lease of the building; a question which will probably, and justly, as far as their trust is concerned, be determined by the simple fact, who shall offer to them the highest rent. Bishop Wilson's lease has yet some years to run, and of course the chapel is under Mr. Noel's control, his successor in the lease, until it has expired. These facts were, however, all unknown to me when I went to St. John's, and I was therefore painfully affected with the very indifferent appearance and order of the building. I learned, however, afterwards, by an observation of many churches, that it is not the habit or taste of England to keep their churches in an attractive or a comfortable condition at any time. I did not see a single church in England which would be allowed by the poorest congregation in Philadelphia to remain in its present condition. There is a passion for antiquity, which we might almost imagine a Hindoo tenderness for the worms which demolish the woodwork of the church, and which is unwilling to disturb mouldering decay around, lest an appearance of modern origin should be incautiously given. Even their new churches they try to build as much as possible like the old ones; and they are all, to our eyes, cheerless and uncomfortable, from the want of that provision for the ease of the occupants to which we are accustomed. To the congregation of St. John's I found their chapel had never presented the aspect which it did to me. Those with whom I conversed seem to be satisfied with it as it is.

I found the people assembling at a very early hour, and the pews and aisles rapidly filling up. I passed into the vestry-room, where I met Mr. Noel and his curate, the Rev. Mr. Gerard, a venerable and amiable man, who seems to be much esteemed among the people. The chapel was extremely crowded, and a more solemn and attentive audience I never saw. How delightful it was to unite once more in our beloved Liturgy, and again to hear God's people say, "Let us go unto the house of the Lord." The service was read with great devotion and propriety. Mr. Noel preached upon the kingdom given to the Son of man (Daniel vii. 22.) He is certainly a most interesting and delightful preacher; altogether extemporaneous; mild and persuasive in his manner, yet sufficiently impressive, and sometimes powerful, having a very clear and consistent flow of thought; decidedly evangelical in doctrine, though less deep and instructive in doctrine than I had expected. His great beauty of appearance, his soft, and gentle, and musical voice, and his dignity of manner in the pulpit, add also much to his power as a preacher. And with the single exception which I have made—which to me is not a small exception—he fulfilled all the expectations which I had formed of him as a preacher, both from previous information and from his address on Friday evening. There is no cause for wonder in the popularity of such a man, so devoted, humble, and faithful, among all who love the truth of the Gospel. There is no clergyman in London, I think, who has greater influence in the religious community, and certainly no one whose ministry and character unite more valuable properties and qualifications.

This was a regular communion season at St. John's. The Lord's Supper had been previously administered, at eight o'clock in the morning, to a large number of communicants, and there were a very large number present at this time. I rejoiced in the opportunity of again coming thus, with the people of God, to Him who is the bread of life. I knew no individual among them all; but there was an identity of hopes, and feelings, and sen-

timents between us, which made them brethren and friends to me; and we were one body, because we had one spirit, and were thus called with one hope of our calling (Ephes. iv. 4.) There had been no uncertain sound in the pulpit, and there was likely to be but little dissension of judgment and feeling among those who were collected by a trumpet like that. God was with us, as our own God, and gave us his blessing. There was remarkable stillness around the chapel; and the singing of the birds, and the cries of the rooks in some neighbouring trees, while we were assembled, seemed to remove us from the vast metropolis, in the midst of which we were, and to throw us into the quietness of a country sanctuary. I walked home to my lodgings with gratitude and pleasure, in thinking upon the blessed privileges of a faithful Gospel ministry.

'In the afternoon I attended a church in the neighbourhood of my dwelling: a strange contrast indeed it was to St. John's in everything but its equally unfurnished appearance, though it is a new church: a hundred poor people, perhaps, were scattered over it, to listen to a sermon absurdly written, above their comprehension in its inflated style, and containing little indeed in sentiment which could benefit them had it been far more simple. It is a fact, in London, as everywhere, that the preaching of the Gospel gathers a congregation and makes a full church, and a veiled and darkened Gospel empties it. And I rejoice that it is so. It is one of the securities which God has provided for the preaching of his truth, against the cold influence of mere formalism and self-righteousness in the church. From this church I went unedified, except in the increased delight with which I returned, for the Evening Service, to St. John's. Here again I was animated and refreshed by divine truth faithfully proclaimed. Mr. Noel preached on the word of God, from Ephes. vi. 17, a bold and most interesting exhibition of the importance and influence of the Holy Scriptures to the Christian and the Church, with an especial reference to the present efforts of the enemy to take away from us the Bible, and to substitute some invention of man in its place. Like other evangelical brethren in England, he feels the vast dangers of this hostility or indifference to the word of God which the Oxford party have attempted so earnestly and so secretly to spread abroad, and which you find rather as the waters of a morass, than as the distinct flowing of any one stream; and like many others whom I heard afterwards, he lifted up his voice against them this night with great solemnity. The audience was very large. Every foot of room, from the outside step to the second gallery, seemed to be occupied. And though he was more than an hour in his sermon, the multitude standing throughout the chapel seemed unfatigued. I desire to praise God again, as I did that night, for such faithful preaching of his word. Thus my first London Sabbath was passed, not, I trust, without improvement, certainly with great gratification.'—*Tyng*, pp. 27—33.

These long extracts will spoil our selections; we can be but sparing of pearls for the future: besides, all will be flat and low after the 'well-graced actor quits the stage.' By way of variety we may drop in at 'the house of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the largest and finest building of the kind in London—'quite a splendid and very extensive edifice—with a porter in livery, with red cuffs and collar, who came and introduced me; with much form, into first one secretary's room, and then another's, before I was in my right place.'—*Tyng*, p. 34. At their anniversary—

'The platform was covered not only by a large concourse of Wesleyan ministers, but also with several clergymen . . . and the occasion gave us a

fair exhibition of the Wesleyan ministers of England,—and truly I never saw a more robust and able-bodied company in my life. They looked in perfect health.'—*Tyng*, p. 35.

Which rosiness, perhaps, is connected with—

'The use of wine to drink at these anniversaries. It is the general custom to have decanters of wine in the Committee-rooms, and on the table of the Secretary on the platform.'—P. 39.

This fact rather lets us behind the scenes: and we now begin to understand 'the vehement manner of speaking,' the 'shouting, clapping, stamping, which all combined to make a perfect riot.'—*Ibid.* p. 38. Nor do we find that 'the Establishment' quite forgets the outward man. 'Mr. Coates gave me a ticket to the breakfast which the clerical friends of the Church Missionary Society are accustomed to have together on the morning of their anniversary.'—P. 58. But more of this presently.

Dr. Tyng certainly sketches individuals with tolerable boldness and minuteness. Mr. Stowell—we are told—is

'A man of peculiar power: he gave us throughout a most eloquent and faithful sermon, full of Evangelical truth and of the unction of the Holy One. He is a man of unusual size and strength of voice.'—P. 39.

The Bishop of Oxford:—

'Among many others whom I met at Mr. Bunsen's, were the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, the new Bishop of Gibraltar, and the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, the Archdeacon of Surrey. I was much pleased with the interview which I had with the latter, and mourn to remember my inability to accept his subsequent repeated invitations to visit him. You see in him the apparent image of his honoured father, and the author of *Agathos*: his gentleness, and modesty, and tenderness give a peculiar charm to him, and seem to be most appropriate to such a writer. He is very small in stature, and with an extremely youthful countenance, and, dressed in the peculiar costume of an archdeacon, he engaged my attention by the particular respect with which he was received, before I was made acquainted with him. He is a man of increasing influence and very rising popularity, much sought for as a preacher; and though he has been supposed to favour the new vanities of Oxford, as his brother Robert certainly does, he is understood of late to have very publicly and repeatedly declared his opposition to them. I found him considered by all with whom I conversed upon the subject as having fully withdrawn whatever apparent countenance he had ever given them. His station as private chaplain to Prince Albert, and as tutor to the Prince of Wales, places him in a position of increasing authority; and the general impression is, that he will be, at a very early day, promoted to the highest stations in the Church, while Christians rejoice that God should have raised such a man to an influence like his. The influence which he and Lord Wriothlesley Russell, who is also Prince Albert's chaplain, exercise over the mind of the Prince, and the happy effects of having two such men placed in a position of such importance, are subjects of extensive congratulation and thankfulness among the pious portion of the community. My own conversation with the archdeacon left a very favourable impression upon my mind connected with him.'—Pp. 78, 79.

Dr. Tyng visits Lambeth, (p. 81,) and very impertinently gives he conversation with the Archbishop, 'a delicate old man of

nearly eighty years of age, I suppose,' who introduces him to 'the Rev. G. Harrison and the Rev. Dr. Mills,' two gentlemen of whom we happen never to have heard. Dr. Clark is more reserved, and only mentions 'the princely mansion in which the Bishop of London extends to a small circle the hospitalities of his house.'—P. 94.

We cannot find space for Dr. Tyng's visits to Messrs. Cunningham, Bickersteth, and Charles Bridges, whose houses, gardens, and families he describes with great minuteness and nonchalance; but perhaps chapter xxi. contains matter which will interest our readers.

'One of the last Sundays which I spent in London brought before me a preacher whom I had not expected to hear—the celebrated Dr. Hook. . . . I was truly surprised and pleased by the sermon to which I listened. It was certainly in its substance one of the best sermons I heard in England. His text was, "We preach Christ crucified;" and his statements of doctrine were evangelical in the most decided terms. Both positively and negatively, his exhibitions of truth were destructive of the very system of doctrine of which he has been uniformly, as far as I am informed, the reputed advocate. He showed faith in the heart to be the only instrument of coming to Christ, and of receiving him. He positively and very distinctly renounced the whole idea of any power or influence in sacraments to this effect, except as they were received in faith, and made operative through its operation by the Holy Spirit. His expressions upon this subject were remarkably strong and emphatic. His manner was impressive, though his whole appearance is exceedingly against him. He is a large and by no means a dignified or refined person in appearance, with an expression of countenance far from open or attractive, and having very little the aspect of a minister of the Gospel. Still the substance of his sermon was unusually good: I cannot withhold my expressions of honest approbation from that. I went, in the evening of this day, again to hear Baptist Noel. His subject was intercessory prayer, and his sermon was delightful indeed. The contrast of appearance with the former preacher was peculiar; of style and manner of preaching not less remarkable. And while he taught the blessed truths of the Gospel, there was a winning sincerity about him which was irresistibly affecting. No man can listen to Mr. Noel, and hesitate in the full conviction that he is a perfectly sincere and devoted servant of the Lord.'

'The next day I set out upon a visit to Oxford. . . . My first visit was to All Souls' College, having a letter to the Rev. Samuel Waldegrave. . . . I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Churton of Brazennose, Mr. Golightly of Oriel, and Mr. Woolcombe of Baliol, all of whom have been prominent in the Oxford warfare of the last few years, and with whose names I was well acquainted. Our conversation naturally turned much upon the subject, and the persons which had been involved in the late discussions, and upon the Episcopal Charge which had been delivered the week before by the Bishop of Oxford. But I am wearied of considering and writing upon this subject of controversy in the Church: and the noxious influence of the Tractarian party seems now so well understood, and so generally acknowledged, that I hope we may be relieved from the necessity of speaking or writing much more about it. The hostility to their sentiments and agency certainly was not less decided or active at Oxford than elsewhere, nor were the feelings and views of the gentlemen with whom I met less

purely evangelical. I felt no desire to seek the persons who had been prominent in bringing out these false doctrines, for I could not meet them honestly without bearing testimony against them; so that I did not gain introduction to a single one of their number; and declined calling upon them when it was proposed by the friends with whom I became acquainted. The gentlemen with whom I was in company were such as held similar views with myself, with whom I could take counsel without fear, and their society was far more agreeable to me. The many points of our conversation, and the opinions which were expressed by them, though very present to my recollection, I hardly feel justified in making public, and must therefore withhold more than this general notice. After dinner I went to visit one of the best of Oxford's or England's clergymen, the good old Mr. Hill, vice-principal of St. Edmund's Hall. Here I enjoyed an hour's delightful religious conversation, and united in the evening worship of his family with much pleasure.—*Tyng*, pp. 232, 233.

If Dr. Clark is more temperate in his descriptions, we must not forget that he has four years the start of Dr. Tyng in his travels.

'I was so fortunate in London as to be introduced to a Baronet, whose son is a fellow of All Souls' College, and from whom, since I have been here, I have received some attentions. I have regarded his acquaintance as valuable, as he has a most profound veneration for Mr. Newman, one of the principal originators of the New Oxford Divinity, and appears to have embraced all the peculiarities of the system with great ardour and sincerity. I have also formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Hill, an officer of the University—a man of lovely character—who accompanied me through several of the Colleges, introduced me to the Bodleian Library, and several other places of great interest. Mr. Hill is a man of most decided evangelical views, and mourns exceedingly the rapid growth of the New School, or Oxford Divinity. He introduced me to Dr. McBride, the Principal of Magdalen Hall, whom I found a very interesting and gentlemanly man, and of kindred feelings with Mr. Hill. The first day I spent in Oxford was Saturday. Yesterday being Sunday, I attended St. Mary's, the University Church, in the morning. I found that they had had an early service, and therefore on this occasion we had nothing but the sermon, which was a dull metaphysical essay. As soon as the sermon was ended, I went to St. Peter's in the East, where the Rev. Mr. Hamilton preaches, whom I had heard spoken of as having clear views of the Gospel, and delivering the truth with great fidelity. I found he was absent. There was officiating in his place the Rev. Mr. Watts, from a neighbouring parish. The trumpet, however, gave no uncertain sound. His sermon was a most animated and faithful exhibition of the truth as it is in Jesus. The church was very crowded. It was Whitsunday, and the communion was therefore administered. I was happy to see so many students from the University, not only present at a church where the truth was preached so faithfully, but coming forward to the communion table to commemorate the dying love of their Saviour. In the afternoon I again attended St. Mary's, and heard a sermon from Mr. Newman. He is a thin, sallow-looking man, and appears as cold in the pulpit as an icicle. In the service, which he himself read, when he came to the creed, as the desk faces the west, he turned square round with his back to the congregation, while reciting the confession of his faith. It is customary with many congregations to turn their face to the east when they repeat the creed. Mr. Newman did not in his sermon exhibit any of his particular views.

The discourse upon the whole was exceedingly dull and uninteresting. From all that I have learned since I have been here, after very free conversations with some holding the new divinity, and others who reject it, I am constrained to think that Messrs. Pusey, Newman, and Keble have started a system which, when brought out in full development, will be found to contain all the elements of Popery.'—*Clark*, pp. 202, 203.

From this barren and dry land it is refreshing to the American thirst to be conveyed to the swelling fountains of Cantabrigian orthodoxy. Even its external aspect he perversely prefers to that of the Queen of the Isis,—

'I was surprised at the unequalled elegance and grandeur of it; and even after my subsequent visit to Oxford I still consider the whole aspect of Cambridge in itself decidedly the more beautiful and satisfactory of the two.

'The evangelical character of this University has improved nearly in the same ratio as that of Oxford has deteriorated; and one can hardly be in the two places without perceiving, in everything, the different atmosphere and influence which prevails.'—*Tyng*, pp. 189, 191.

And certainly in one respect we are disposed to yield the palm to Cambridge:—

'Our dinner was daily in the immense hall of Trinity, where 300 or 400 sat down together, and it was the festival of Trinity when I was there; but our plain habits can give no illustration of the profusion and magnificence of these college dinners, and I forbear. Tables loaded with silver, and bottles of wine, and every possible delicacy to tempt the appetite of man, form a new illustration, to our minds, of the provisions of college life. The silver grace-cup of college beer, holding some gallons, was passed down each table, from which every one must drink standing to the health of the college, and large silver dishes filled with rose-water were passed down the middle of the table, from which each one dipped a portion to bathe the hands and lips. But these two habits, I was told, were peculiar to a festival occasion. After seeing the beautiful Chapel of King's, the immense and luxurious dining hall of Trinity, and the perfect seclusion of Jesus College, I understood the saying of King James, that if he "were at Cambridge he would pray at King's, dine at Trinity, and sleep at Jesus." I could not but jest a little with my friends upon the remnant of monastic maceration of the flesh which these college provisions seemed still to keep up in a Protestant University.'—*Tyng*, pp. 191, 192.

We pass over Dr. Tyng's account of Mr. Carus, Mr. Simeon's successor, his 'rooms truly elegant, having ample accommodation for a family;' 'the religious meeting with the young men from all the colleges, who are interested in this subject, in his rooms at 9 o'clock, after the Sunday evening service,' with a single reflection on the extremely comfortable aspect which the evangelical system, as exhibited to Dr. Tyng's experience, displays.

The Bible Society exhibits itself 'on the day of its anniversary' at a dinner-party at Lord Bexley's. The 'company is large and brilliant,' and at the same time 'affectionate and truly Christian:' while 'the conversation is frank and truly religious,'

it is an especial consolation to find by way of practical protest against the eremitical life, that 'the provisions for the table' are 'magnificent:' the day is 'instructive,'—we take Dr. Tyng's word for it, but in more ways than one we also think it 'instructive,'—very instructive; and it was also 'one of the most delightful which I spent in England,' of which there can be little doubt. Next comes the Church Missionary Anniversary, with its 'breakfast.' The Jews' Society we conclude had a breakfast; for to something of the sort Dr. Marsh slyly alludes in his speech, (Tyng, p. 120,) 'as we are cheerful this morning, allow me to be cheerful.' Again, we find that 'Chevalier Bunsen resides in one of the fine dwellings in Carlton-House Terrace;' he gives the Doctor a general and running invitation to breakfast 'at ten o'clock,' and of course 'true piety were united and adorned with the sweetness of true kindness, and the elegance of real refinement,'—to say nothing of the cutlets and coffee every morning 'at ten o'clock' in 'Carlton-House Terrace'—these 'could not but win upon my affections very strongly.' The 'London Sunday School Union' it seems transact all their business over the rolls and ham: 'their committee, as well 'as the committees of many other religious societies, being all of 'them persons engaged in the various active business of the 'day, take an early hour to meet at breakfast, during which 'all the duties of their meetings are fulfilled.' This arrangement Dr. Tyng is kind enough to consider as 'an evidence of 'the peculiar self-denial and singleness of heart with which many 'of our English friends are engaged in the Lord's service, that 'they are willing thus to sacrifice their own convenience so remarkably to His cause,'—and to the cause of their weekly bills.

Nor is this happy aspect of the 'truly religious' world confined to its metropolitan abodes, and to its festival days in the merry month: it is comfortable every where this form of religion; and in glancing through Dr. Tyng's sunny pages, his dinners, his breakfasts, his cheerful friends, his affectionate greetings, his charming societies, his delightful reunions, we begin to fancy that the 'cross' has no place in Christianity. If in London the religious world has its gala days, and prouder festivities, its home scenes,—the butter and oil, and the pastures of clover knee-deep, in which it thrives and battens in the country, are, perhaps, signs more significant of the life-long, recognised, natural and spontaneous luxury which characterises it.

. 'Mr. Cunningham's vicarage is a spot of exceeding beauty. The grounds are in perfect cultivation and order; . . . there was a party of friends assembled within . . . attractive as was everything without, the unvalued manners of the vicar of Harrow and of his equally admirable lady rendered the interior of the dwelling far more so.'—*Tyng*, p. 133.

Everything was *couleur de rose*,—‘the beautiful grounds,’ ‘the birds, warbling His praise in ever shrub—the little dew-drops upon every tiny leaf,’ is an Arcadian picture so pastoral and delightful, that it reminds us that Dr. Tyng’s ‘There is no greater enjoyment on earth,’ melts unconsciously, as it were, into the Anacreontic—

‘And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this; it is this.’

The visit to Watton is quiet, but infinitely enjoyable: there is a rich, contented, sebaceous lubricity of repose in this idyllic description, which reminds us of a fine glowing sun-set of Claude. And again—

‘The visit to Mr. Bridges at Old Newton is a happy one. The morning sunshine—the early birds—the beautiful garden—the house of peace—the richly cultivated and variegated country—the most luxuriant crops.’—*Tyng*, p. 1:8.

It is absolutely saturating and cloying, all this unctuous slipperiness of praise and glorification: there is such a fat oily self-satisfaction in Dr. Tyng, that we are glad to discover that he can find fault; he had heard—

‘Most flaming reports of Mr. Melville’s eloquence and power. But I must confess myself wholly disappointed—disappointed in every thing. The sermon was very deficient, intellectually and evangelically, and delivered in a very rapid and hurried manner, with great apparent carelessness, and without the least appearance of feeling. Yet the place was intensely crowded; and, by a kind of concert between the preacher and hearers, the latter were allowed periodical coughing and breathing places, provided they would be perfectly silent in the while between. But it was without attraction to me.’—*Tyng*, p. 169.

Indeed, there are some very sensible observations which, unless intended as an oblique comment on his own preaching powers, make us sensible that, after all, Dr. Tyng is tolerably well acquainted with the hollowness of what he feels himself bound to eulogize.

‘One most important and deeply-interesting subject of observation by me was, the character of English preaching. I had formed very high conceptions of this, from the distant notice which I had been able to take of men, through the writings and reputation of English preachers; but shall I say I was disappointed in what I heard? It was the fact. Week after week, in London, I was asking intelligent friends where I should hear the best and most effective specimens of Gospel preaching; and after going from place to place, I must honestly say I was still disappointed. I was disappointed in the want of a deep and clear exhibition of evangelical truth among the most distinguished of the preachers of that class. Though there was often a bold annunciation of doctrines, even of some which are often withheld, there was a superficial character in the sermons which I heard which surprised me. I once asked a very intelligent lay friend, “Where are the successors of Romaine, and Newton, and Hawker?” His simple answer was, “They have left no successors.”’ . . . ‘This want of evan-

gelical depth amazed me the more, from the fact that some instances of it were in men who have demonstrated their real ability and scriptural knowledge in very valuable publications, with which we are familiar. I could not account for it, therefore, but either from their desire to be intelligible and satisfactory to a generation of superficial taste, or from a very careless and desultory habit of preparation and composition; but the fact was universal within the reach of my observation, with the exception of a very few individuals, to whom I may hereafter refer. Sermon after sermon seemed to me to be a dwelling in the mere alphabet of religious truth. Though the manner of the preacher was generally affectionate, persuasive, and interesting, his thoughts seemed to be the simplest "inditings of the good matter;" and both preacher and people appeared satisfied with this provision. Almost all the preachers whom I heard in England were extemporaneous preachers; and their style of preaching in its execution was generally very desultory, and apparently with a want of due preparation. Thoughts would hitch themselves on to thoughts, and words to words, as if the subject was left very much to the spur of the occasion for its exhibition and discussion. This surprised me exceedingly. I certainly heard discourses addressed to large audiences, and apparently to their entire satisfaction, which were in no degree above the character of lecture-room exhortations according to our habits, in which the Christian minister feels himself rather in conversation with his people than delivering a public address, and therefore the subject of no criticism for the style of his performance. Nay, this was the fact in some Anniversary Sermons before Societies, which had been previously advertised in the papers of the week. There was a carelessness of style, and sometimes an unnecessary incoherence of construction, which quite astonished me. In the country clergy it might be well accounted for, from the fact that the great portion of their hearers are extremely ignorant. They have nothing of our magnificent public school system to disseminate thorough instruction among the poor; their parochial charity schools are not designed to teach more than the first rudiments of English instruction. But even in the country clergy it struck me there should be a preparation for such public occasions, in some degree suited to the character of the subject, the audience, and the preacher himself. Instances of such a preparation—and some invaluable ones—are in some of the Anniversary Sermons of Mr. Bickersteth. There is, I think, a very great temptation to bring the idea of preaching simply, and without "enticing words of man's wisdom," down, to cover a preaching which is actually slovenly and careless. With the utmost preparation of mind and heart we can never do justice to the glorious character of the Gospel committed to our trust; and while I much delight in listening to good and intelligent extemporaneous preaching, nothing offends my taste and feelings more than that loose and careless method of address which an old friend of mine once called "*extrumpety preaching*." Listening to English preaching in no degree diminished my respect for the preachers of our own Church at home. I do not hesitate to say, as far as my observation extended, I consider American preaching decidedly superior, both in matter, composition, and manner of delivery, to the habitual preaching which I heard in the English Church. I heard but one preacher whom I thought superior to any that we know. I heard many who certainly had a reputation there, which they would not have with us. This may seem an arrogant assertion, but it is nevertheless an honest one.—*Tyng*, pp. 213, 215—217.

This one was probably Mr. M'Neile, and with his full-length we reluctantly close our portrait gallery.

' Among, however, the first objects which called for my notice, was St.

Jude's, and its eminent minister, Mr. M'Neile. The first evening I was in Liverpool was his lecture, but I was disappointed in seeing him then, as he was absent from home. The next Sunday I saw him, and, for the first time, heard him. I had previously met him in London; and from the accounts of his powers and influence, which I had heard from all quarters, I had formed very extravagant conceptions, as I feared, of his intellect and his eloquence. But I must honestly say, that my highest conceptions were entirely surpassed; and I fear I shall appear equally extravagant to some of my readers in any attempt to portray my own conceptions and feelings. When I entered St. Jude's it was completely filled with a most attentive congregation. With difficulty I made my way through the crowded aisle to the pew where I had a seat secured. Mr. M'Neile was himself reading the morning prayer. Such finished and impressive reading I had never heard before. But when he entered upon his sermon, I was even more amazed. His subject was, the offering of Christian sacrifices. In his exhibition of it he was so discriminating, evangelical, clear, and intelligible, that, while a child might comprehend him, the most instructed Christian could not fail to be edified and informed. Were there no attractions of manner, his subject and mode of discussing it, so intellectual, spiritual, and adorned, would have made him the first of preachers. In this aspect of his preaching he is much like our revered friend, Bishop M'Ilvaine, of whom I was often reminded as I listened to Mr. M'Neile. The whole congregation seemed intent upon the subject which was before them. Every one was searching the Scriptures as he referred to them, to see if these things were so. Even the people who filled the aisles were all holding little Bibles in their hands in the same employment. But great as was this attraction of matter and subject, that of manner was not less. His voice, action, and power of eloquence, certainly transcend all that I had ever heard before. Tall, dignified, elegant in form, with a full head of hair, nearly white, graceful and commanding in manner, with an unusual compass and variety of voice under perfect command, he must have taken the very highest stand as an orator in any walk of public life. As a preacher, combining the unrivalled excellences of subject, mind, and manner, I should not hesitate to say, this is the very highest standard of preaching among men. Nothing can surpass it. And yet I hardly express to you my own feelings or judgment in this high commendation. The Lord's Supper was celebrated after the sermon; and as Mr. M'Neile was alone, I went into the vestry-room to offer him assistance. He had had a previous communion at eight o'clock in the morning, and yet there were probably from four to five hundred communicants present. It was a very solemn and impressive occasion, and reminded me more strongly of similar occasions in my own church, than any which I have elsewhere witnessed. In the evening I assisted Mr. M'Neile in the service, and heard another admirable sermon upon the use of the Law. I shall never forget the solemn and impressive prayer with which this faithful man commended the work before us, and my unworthy self, to God, in the vestry-room, before we went into the church. There is no trifling about him, or in any of his duties. All is serious, affectionate, and faithful. In preaching, he is wholly extemporaneous. He holds a little pocket Bible in his hand, and from this he speaks with the wonderful power which I have attempted to describe. This evening a crowded congregation hung upon the words which fell from his lips. Perfect stillness reigned throughout the church. Surely, I thought, God is in this place.'—*Tyng*, pp. 297—299.

The quiet touch in which Dr. Tyng suggests that this, the most brilliant and unimpeachable display of English eloquence,

orthodoxy, and success, only recalls—himself, and his own dear flock, is inimitable.

Dr. Clark seems to have been equally fortunate in testing and tasting the profusion of creature comforts which are heaped round the Evangelical pastor's home: Mr. Noel's house—

'Is situated in a most romantic spot, environed with ten thousand rural beauties... a smooth and closely-shorn lawn of the most exquisite green... shrubberies and trees... rich scenery... serpentine walks... pleasant arbours... dinner and delightful conversation.'—*Clark*, p. 65.

We want but the unpretending cottage which Mr. Dale writes to the newspapers that he has taken by way of self-denial in Russell-square, and we think that the cells of the evangelical Anchorites would make a good illustrated series.

There is one story so capital in this volume that we cannot refrain from giving it; we mean the stroke of policy—'dodge' it is called by the profane—which enabled the excellent and evangelical Dr. Clark to see—*credat judæus!*—Epsom Races. 'About the end of May I started one morning to make my proposed visit to the Rev. John Harris, at Epsom. I went to the 'place from which the coaches started, and took my seat.' Sweet innocent! The Elephant and Castle, and the road, of course, giving no signs of the races; and seats on the coach on the Derby day are, as everybody knows, always on that particular occasion to be had by a nod. Richmond, Kingston, Ewell, Hampton Court, and Cardinal Wolsey, all are passed in blissful unconsciousness; when, all of a sudden, 'I learned, to my great regret, that *the races* were held this very day at Epsom; and 'the most celebrated stakes, called the Derby, was to be run on 'the very day on which my visit was made to Epsom.' Oh, Dr. Clark: Your 'great regret;' why did it not prompt you to stop short just at Sutton or Ewell? Because, after all this, it is of very little use to tell us that you are 'in a bad case.' However the coach lands Dr. Clark at the principal hotel: at none of the 'stores' is Mr. Harris, 'author of Mammon,' to be heard of; he 'is absent,' as a conventicle preacher ought to be on such a day; and as the Doctor plaintively inquires—

'What was I now to do? I was fifteen miles from London, thrown into the very centre of a scene of the wildest excitement and dissipation, without the possibility of escape before evening. Every carriage all the country round had been put in requisition to convey the thronging multitudes to the race-ground. It was important, therefore, that I should find the coach in which I came, and claim the privilege that had been offered me of a return seat in it. But I soon found that this coach had gone to the race-ground. Thither, therefore, I directed my steps.'—*Clark*, p. 127.

And, in short, saw the races;—'carriages, cabs, ladies, gipsies, and the most worthless of the sex; rope dancers, jugglers, bling-booths, drinking, carousing,' and all the rest. We

are bound to confess that Dr. Clark describes the whole thing with immense relish and graphic powers, through five lively pages; he enters into the spirit of the race-course,—the dust and drink, the ‘lemonade, brandy, and wine;’ ‘the *interior* of the splendid ‘booths, which contained all the appliances of gambling, presided over by fashionably-dressed females, luring to destruction;’ all the accessories are painted with great piquancy. And the Doctor’s skill in combining the peculiar excellencies of Bell’s Life and the Record, is felicitously displayed by his adroit insertion of the following pious sentiment between two sentences, one of which describes the rope-dancers and the other the gipsies:—

‘How true it is, that all the unregenerate, whatever may be their circumstances in life, possess kindred tastes which frequently bring them together here, and which will assuredly place them in the same company, and assign to them the same doom, in a future world.’—*Clark*, p. 128.

Our readers, especially our American friends, will understand us: we no more charge upon the Church in America this flimsy book-making speculation, the petty, peddling, small talk of this Dr. Tyng, than we desire to be identified with, or responsible for, the scenes and subjects of his prattle. We disclaim the responsibility of the scandal which has given occasion to these descriptions as emphatically as our brethren in America, at least those of them whose good opinion alone we value, will be ready to disclaim the describer. And it is perhaps less a matter of complaint against the diffused American system, that it produces a Tyng to gossip, than that in the Church of England we furnish so melancholy and yet so ample a subject for such gossip.

NOTICES.

BISHOP MANT has published two very interesting small volumes, 'Feriæ Anniversariæ,' (J. W. Parker,) on the observance of Fast and Festival days in the later English Church. Characterized by the author's amiable and affectionate style in the original matter, the collection becomes important, nor only for its didactic purpose, but as a Catena both of facts and testimonies on the subject. Speaking of the observance of holy days by the 'Religious Societies in the seventeenth century,' the Bishop has given a better character to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge than it can claim: he says, (vol. i. p. 255,) 'from the beginning it has been a standing rule that the monthly meetings do not take place on the holy days.' This rule is not yet ten years old.

An interesting and important undertaking has been commenced in the Tithe Restitution Trust, of which the prospectus and a form of petition has reached us. It is not the less likely to succeed because it has been conducted quietly. And, which is most important, this particular movement embodies one single intelligible principle marked by the word '*restitution*': sacrilege, there is the sin; restitution, there is the remedy. Involving as much as it does, little less, that is, than recovering the Church's patrimony in five thousand parishes in England, it would be unwise to underrate the difficulties which beset the scheme. But that it is entertained at all is a hopeful sign, and the degree of success which it has already attained, is, we understand, considerable. A meeting, sanctioned by episcopal countenance, has been held, and much we believe may be done if the subject is taken up in earnest.

Mr. Gresley has published 'A Third Statement of the real Danger of the Church' (Burns). In form this pamphlet follows the accredited and legitimate order: recapitulation of principles, additional illustrations, a reply to objections. Mr. Gresley has honourably achieved that hold upon the popular English mind, that whatever he writes will gain, what it always deserves, readers. He is eminently suited for this service; patient, plain-spoken, indefatigable, and singularly intelligible. But the really distressing part of the business is that with all these appeals and protests, statements and exposures, with evidence and facts multiplied, unquestionable and undisguised, there is not a single sign of movement in those who ought to be most concerned. New bishops—new churches—new schools—new colleges—missions—additional clergy—learned treatises—solemn devotions—externals expanding, growing, and glowing in beauty and propriety and frequency in every quarter, all this on the one side:—and on the other, the melancholy fact of our grave doctrinal divisions.

'Lyra Memorialis, by Joseph Snow,' (Bell,) is a well-meant collection of 'Original Epitaphs and Churchyard Thoughts in verse.' The title is pleonastic, and should only have consisted of its second member: for we find

scarcely a single composition which falls within the strict notion of an epitaph. Thoughts—warnings—reflections—sketches of states of mind and conditions of feeling, these are valuable subjects for religious verses, but they are not epitaphs: the epitaph we think ought to take an altogether objective character. In theology, Mr. SNOW is various, not always consistent, but frequently of a tolerable range of orthodoxy: but since he seems to have excluded himself from that especial duty towards the dead, which enters so largely into the catholic conception of the communion of saints, his simplicity falls into meagreness, and monotony is the result of a blameless but often unsuccessful desire to avoid the exaggerating features of modern epitaphs. There is one class of expressions against which we protest very strongly: had only a single instance of it occurred in Mr. SNOW, we should have passed it as a poetical *lapse*: but since we believe it to be a serious impression, even among religious people—it must be the case with Mr. SNOW—that dead Christians, children especially, are after death transformed into angels, we regret that a volume, which perhaps will attain a circulation, contains on its first page such an exaggerated and mischievous sentiment as

‘ Infants baptized are living saints below,
And dead, are angels nearest to the Throne.’

And elsewhere (CLL.), involving in six small words two false statements about the invisible state,

‘ A child of wrath—a child of grace—
In heaven a smiling cherub now!’

Such allusions as that in XXXVIII. are scarcely other than revolting: and we are sorry frequently to find what the preface, properly enough, warns against, viz. ‘hyperbolic compliments and stilted panegyric.’ Besides all this, the propriety of getting up a volume of little poems from which people may select according to taste a sort of pattern-card of sorrow and sentiment—a *maison de deuil* in neat print and natty poetry—strikes us as unreal. However, the author entreats us to regard his good intentions, of which we award him an ungrudging share: but if it is natural it is unsightly, that the joint-stock principle should extend from cemeteries to inscriptions.

A ‘Selection of Hymns for public or private use,’ (Burns,) is a compilation which we are by no means prepared to welcome. If we want hymns in the public offices, we want no such hymns as many of these: the whole collection ranges very little, if at all, above the untoward little blue books stamped with a mitre, which are to be found in many of the London churches. All the array of index and subjects, and the reference to conventicle tunes, is identical with the often superior productions of Messrs. Bickersteth, Hall, and Horne: and if, which we trust is now impossible, anything could effectually prejudice the revival of chanting the Psalms, it would be the multiplication of such manuals as these. Objectionable as is the whole class of extant hymn-books for divine service, the present is even a bad specimen of a bad set. The verses are (many of them) not hymns at all; *ex. grat.*

BAPTISM.—P. 74.

- ‘ Into Christ’s flock we are receiv’d,
And signéd with His sign,
In token that we shall not shun
To do His will divine.
- ‘ To fight with sin, the world, and flesh,
Beneath his banner’d cross;
To scorn the world, and its delights,
Nor fear the shame and loss.
- ‘ Our fight begins in earliest youth,
In childhood we must wear
Our armour ‘gainst the crafty foe,
And for the fight prepare.
- ‘ High faith in Him our shield must be,
To quench all fiery darts,
Temptations of the evil one
To gain our wav’ring hearts.
- ‘ Our helmet is His saving grace,
Our sword the word of God:
Our Lord Himself that help did use
When the same way He trod.’

LORD’S SUPPER.—P. 78.

- ‘ Lo! the feast is spread to-day,
Jesus summons, come away,’
 &c. &c.
- ‘ Blessed are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer’s marriage-feast.’

CHRIST AND HIS OFFICES.—P. 86.

- ‘ By types and figures, many a year
God taught His Church that Christ drew near:
And in them darkly might she see
A shadow of good things to be.’
 • •
- ‘ The brazen serpent set on high,
That Israel looking might not die;
The manna that at break of day,’
 &c. &c.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.—P. 52.

- ‘ With many a holy name,
Writ in the sacred page,
St. James the noble Martyr’s fame
Shines bright from age to age.’

Now, what are all these stanzas? Statements intended for religious thoughts, some theological and quite orthodox—some historical, like that remarkably interesting one about the coronation of S. James—some personal, such as, 'Oh, for a closer walk with God'—some optative, such as, 'Oh, might mankind in love agree,' (p. 102,) but all commonplace truisms which possibly might, by an exercise of forbearance, stand for their good intentions excused as fourth-rate versification with false rhymes and clumsy diction and meagre thought: but they are no more *Hymns* than they are Epic poems or Epitaphs. And it really grieves us to find, at this time of day, at p. 103, a production, in Portman-street, of such dactyls, to the tune of the 'National Anthem,' for 'public use,' as the following:

'Thou who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and light,
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
Oh, come to all mankind;
Let there be light.'

We must also protest against the trochaic asynartetus 'ticklar metre,' so savouring of the meeting-house,

'See the Lord from heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low:
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow.
See him rising
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.'

—And all this on 'the conversion of St. Paul,' p. 34.

Among the recent 'little books,' and their writers, we much admire Mrs. Francis Vidal: there is a quiet pathos about her writings which tells. Her line is to influence through the feelings, which she moves with considerable force. 'Esther Merle, and other Tales,' (Burns,) is concerned mostly with domestic servants: and the several stories enter very touchingly into their temptations and trials. As we propose another batch of these useful writers shortly, we will somewhat more summarily than civilly dispose for the present of 'Godfrey Davenant,' (Masters,) by Mr. W. E. Heygate—a story of a schoolboy's days. The scenery lies in a sort of *Arnoldia Felix*: the dialogue being stiff, and somewhat over palpably sermonizing, but with some very good points.

'The Wreath of Lilies,' (Burns,) is on a very trying subject, namely, to draw out for children all the incidents of the Blessed Virgin's life, as the type of the child-like and innocent temper; and though so difficult, yet in our judgment it is a successful attempt. Certain of the ecclesiastical traditions are interwoven with more direct hortatory matter. Some pretty and often striking poetry is attached to each chapter, and, though apparently somewhat affected, the title very accurately conveys the notion of a sweet and modest garland of pure religious thoughts: a slight tendency to what in

some hands might fall into sentimentalism is just sufficiently apparent to be subdued and refined.

A prime favourite with us is Andersen's 'Tales for the Young' (Burns). Andersen it is impossible to criticize; he must be lived with. He does not seem to be of this our gross material clay, he is like Anacreon's grasshopper, fleshless, bloodless. He must have lived in the magic fairy world. His mice and trees are loquacious, but quite in a language and feeling of their own: each has a distinct characterization. There are defined, though delicate shades of temper, not so much generically between his swans and nightingales; but we feel the personal and moral identity of each particular swan, and nightingale is distinguished from nightingale by positive ethical marks. The broomstick which Swift threatened to meditate upon, would in Andersen's hands, have smiled and mused like his old 'Fir-tree,' with a gentle elegiac sweetness of disposition, quite individualized and affecting: and the 'Little Green Duck' is really solemn. Indeed beneath all this playful and grotesque imagery, and under a quaint sportiveness of wit, runs an under-current of grave and serious teaching. It is the moral truth of the north hidden, but not overlaid, by the light mazy arabesques of eastern fancy.

Mr. Harington, of Exeter, whose painstaking and accurate research in the investigation of facts we have more than once had occasion thankfully to acknowledge, has published an enlarged edition of his two Visitation Sermons on 'Apostolical Succession and the necessity of Episcopal Ordination,' (Rivingtons,) with very full notes. We do not know a better mode of investigating this subject, at least in its important Anglican aspect, than by examining the authorities referred to by Mr. Harington: he not only inquires, but furnishes materials for inquiry. And in times when laborious reading is a rare virtue we are glad to meet with such scrupulous fidelity as this very useful writer's.

Mr. Tresham Gregg's 'Free Thoughts on Protestant Matters,' (Curry,) are a wonderful exhibition of the Hibernian mind, under its ultra-protestant phase. There is a bold, dashing, honest, earnest insolence about this school, which is becoming so scarce, that a specimen like Mr. Gregg's has its value.

'Faust, translated by Capt. Knox,' (Ollivier,) has at least the merit of fidelity: but it is that literal fidelity which approaches to a Chinese scrupulousness. The result is unsatisfactory: the language being neither German nor English, and the versification neither prose nor poetry: but an unpleasant and incomplete fusion of both.

'Bishop Jeremy Taylor: his Predecessors, Contemporaries, and Successors, by Mr. R. A. Wilmott,' (J. W. Parker,) has received more commendation than it deserves. To take any central character, even one so various in accomplishments as Jeremy Taylor, and to group round it all the miscellaneous gatherings of a literary common-place book, only produces confusion. Neither is Mr. Wilmott so much an accurate as a discursive writer: and his style is over-laden.

'History of the French Revolution' is a volume of a series, 'Burns's Select Library,'—(it costs something to maintain punctuality with these serials). This is a popular sketch dealing more with facts than principles: and the size of the canvass necessitates some crowding of the figures. Perhaps more defined pictures of a single biography, or a single aspect of the revolutionary era, such as the Girondists, would be the best way of treating this subject. As it is, the ground is rather raked over than ploughed: yet though unavoidably superficial, there is some clever writing in this volume. The general effect, however, must necessarily be indistinct and perplexed, from the multitude of characters and events.

Mr. Fuller Russell has contributed a volume to the same collection, 'Life of Dr. Johnson.' The old materials of Boswell and the rest are skilfully worked up into a readable and manageable form.

'Markham's Germany' (Murray) is not that which externally it professes to be: it is 'on the plan of Mrs. Markham.' And, as far as we remember, Mrs. Markham's plan, however successful, was a tedious one: a chapter of history alternating with a chapter of domestic manners and illustrations, expressed conversationally. This feature of the dialogue is very properly dispensed with in the present book, and we should not have complained had the other arrangement followed it. As it is, the book is a useful one, the scale and proportion of events being well observed: the writer, however, is more at home in politics than religion. Some cuts, of which the authority ought to have been stated, are not the least useful part of it.

'Anthologia Davidia: by Presbyter Cicestrensis,' (Rivingtons,) is an eclectic metrical translation of the Psalter. Some alterations have been made: but the original readings are preserved in an Appendix. While this, on account of literary honesty, is as it should be, still the volume is more curious than useful: its value is rather historical than practical, and since the selection ranges from Sir P. Sidney to Keble and Josiah Conder (!), it is plain to see that the book will not, perhaps was not intended to work. That there never has been a good metrical Psalter is at least an advance to the conclusion that such never will be, because such never ought to be, at least among ourselves. The Psalms are not capable of it: and the Church of England has been especially reluctant to admit any 'authorized' Psalms in metre, while among Lutherans and Calvinists Psalm-books seem systematic. It is curious enough that the preface to this volume, which as a bibliographical sketch of the English metrical translations, whole or partial, is valuable, states that while 'ten years ago, a general wish appeared to be prevailing in our Church to possess a good metrical version of the Psalter . . . This strong conviction has not obtained deliberate attention.' This is symptomatic: and if all these attempts prove, as appears probable, only abortive, we shall not be sorry. That the Psalter does spontaneously fall into rhythmical prose, shows that it was intended to be chanted: that 'eights and sixes,' in their application to the Psalms, originated among the foreign Reformed, and that the Church of fifteen centuries never needed ballad measures for the Psalter, is quite enough.

'A Vindication of the Church of England from charges brought against her in the Christian's Penny Magazine: by Mr. G. B. Sandford,' (Rivingtons,) is much too good for the purpose. Why not let the penny trumpet squeak?

'Monita Pædagogica' (Bathoniæ) is only printed, we believe, for private circulation; but it will be found an affecting collection of hints to schoolmasters and tutors, on their particular duties.

'Twysden's Vindication' has been reprinted by the Syndics of the Cambridge press.

Abeken's 'Das Evangelische Bisthum,' &c. to which allusion has often been made in our pages, has appeared in an English dress, 'The Protestant Bishopric in Jerusalem, with Notes, by Mr. Smith, and an Introduction by Dr. M'Caul,' (Wertheim.) We may have occasion to recur to it in connexion with Mr. Bunsen's 'Church of the Future,' which has also been translated (Longman).

'A Vindication of Protestant Principles, by Phileleutherus Anglicanus,' (J. W. Parker,) is free spoken enough, and all plain speaking has its value. Phileleutherus adopts Ewald's view that no confidence is to be placed in the Scriptural chronology between the call of Abraham and the building of the first Temple, and refers to Mr. Bunsen (*Ægyptes Stelle*) as adopting it; and goes on to say, that the Patriarchs are not individuals—'their names are not entitled to be regarded as historical personages,' but they are only an 'astronomical symbolism': 'the book of Genesis has been more than once edited,' and 'one of its Editors has *euhemerized* into spurious narratives some of the deep symbolism of the original vaticination,' p. 140. 'The Temptation [of our Lord] appears to have been a true recital, coloured by the peculiar phraseology of the narrator, of a mental struggle which he [He] really underwent,' p. 170. All 'angelophany' is a 'system of personification.' 'The language of the Jews in our Lord's days being so deeply tinctured with this superstitious phraseology, that he and his apostles were obliged to carry on what had become, and, in the opinion of some persons, still is, a necessary illusion,' p. 77. The belief in angels 'being a symbolism, calculated to suggest superstitious feelings of the most dangerous and degrading kind,' p. 78. The American infidels, Theodore Parker and Andrews Norton, as well as the German speculative writers, De Wette, Ewald, and Bunsen, are of course adopted unhesitatingly by this writer, who must we suppose stand for the first instalment of the free and enlightened criticism which Dr. Tait lately auspicated: how far Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Trench, who also come in for unqualified praise, will thank their eulogist for the niches which Phileleutherus has assigned them, remains to be seen.

The promised *Anglia Christiana* has commenced with the publication of 'Giraldus Cambrensis De Instructione Principum.' Critically this publication cannot be considered an addition to the published English chroniclers: because though the title-page bears the epigraph '*libri tres*,' the second and third books only are printed: the first book or '*Distinction*' being

dismissed to a Summary in the Appendix. If the object were to make an amusing and readable book, then the present Editor's arrangement is very acceptable: but a Society, like that under which the *Anglia Christiana* issues, ought to print entire works, or not to print them at all. We may misunderstand the object of the *Anglia Christiana*: if it is only to *illustrate* English history, then any collection of extracts or references would have its value: if it is to supply an English historical collection, then we deprecate the omission of even the most vapid trash with which any monkish historian ever muddled himself or his readers. It may be a serious question, how far such a collection is desirable. We hold to a strong opinion of its value, but it ought to be no question about truncating a work, because one-third of it seems tedious, or impertinent, or on a different subject, or because 'little suited to the purposes of the Society.' If so, those 'purposes' we cannot altogether sympathize with: and we think that in the works published by a Society under such auspices, and of which the importance is not less than national, the notes should be in Latin. What notes there are, are very good. We may as well correct the reading of a paragraph in p. 23. 'Ego Ludovicus juvabo Henricum regem Angliæ contra omnes homines pro posse meo, sicut hominem et fidelem meum, et ego Henricus juvabo Ludovicum regem Franciæ contra omnes homines pro posse meo. Sicut dominum meum salva fide, quam debemus,' &c. It is obvious that there should only be a comma at the last 'pro posse meo.'

The whole Prayer-Book has been recently illustrated by quotations from the Fathers, Councils, Liturgies, and more recent theological writings, in a large work, 'Rituale Anglo-Catholicum: by Mr. Henry Bailey,' (J. W. Parker,) and in a smaller publication, 'Observations on the Book of Common Prayer, reprinted from the English Churchman: by Mr. Matthew Plummer' (Cleaver). These publications have a great value: but they do not prove that for which they are often cited: viz. our exact identity with the ancient Church. That every thing taught by the Church of England has primitive authority is one thing: that the Church of England holds all that the ancient Church held is another. And it is to the first point only that these publications are addressed; though we are not to be understood to say that the latter is incapable of proof: only that this class of works does not prove it.

We have been favoured with the important 'Proceedings of the Philological Society, vol. ii.' (R. & J. Taylor,) an institute of which the importance in the investigation of language cannot be overrated.

'Hengstenberg's Christology of the Old Testament,' (Rivingtons,) has been published by Mr. Kerchever Arnold. It is the American translation revised and abridged. For a German work, it is written, generally in a reverential, always in a modest, tone. But the absence of a deference to Patristic authority strongly distinguishes this from the received theology of the English Church.

'Dean Comber's Friendly Advice to the Roman Catholics of England,' (Murray,) has been reprinted with notes and a preface by Dr. Hook. Wa

should have been glad that Dr. Hook had also edited this work; for as it stands the patristic references have a very strange appearance. 'Cyprian *ad Cæcilian*,' p. 7. 'Patavius,' p. 12. 'Hieronymn.' p. 31. 'Pope Adrain,' p. 58. 'Carenza *sum Concil.*' p. 61. '*Epistol. Noncup. ante Bibliothecam. Sixti Senens.*' p. 63. 'Epiphan. *adv. Collyridianos Panar. hæc.* 79.' p. 73. 'Godalato,' p. 100. 'Gyrald, *Camb. Itin.*' p. 105. 'Hieron. *in Jovin*,' p. 93. 'Cyprian. *ad Pompei.*' p. 95, are only specimens. And surely Mr. Blanco White is not respectable authority for any thing.

'*Memoranda Catholica: by Anglicus*,' (Churton,) is a collection of skeleton notes first made in the writer's own reading. That he has scarcely acquired that information which would authorize the stage of authorship, may be collected from a statement, p. 2, about 'St. James chosen from among the apostles as the first bishop of the Church.' The pamphlet is quite worthless.

We have met with a 'Letter to the Landowners of the diocese of Hereford, on the prospect of a further Appeal for the restoration of the Cathedral, by Mr. R. Biddulph Phillipps,' (Hereford: Head,) which we suppose that many of those to whom it is addressed will talk of as intemperate, and injudicious, and extravagant. We cannot afford,—to put it only on that ground,—to discourage such zeal; therefore we wish that every diocese had a Coryphæus of the Laity as plain-spoken and earnest in a right cause as Mr. Phillipps.

'*Stories from Herodotus*, by Mr. Charles Moberly,' (Burns,) is a new thought: it is Herodotus not translated, but 'told anew in such English as he might possibly have used, had he written in our language.' Interspersed are one or two of the heroic legends, told in ballad-metre, about which our only regret is that they are one or two. This little book cannot but tell with the boys, for whom it is kindly meant.

To say that the 'Old Man's Home, by Mr. Adams,' (Rivingtons,) is worthy of the writer of the 'Shadow of the Cross,' is, as we intend it, no mean praise.

From America we have received:—1. 'A Pastoral for the Season of Confirmation.' 2. 'The Child of the Church self-catechized.' 3. 'The Church the Teacher of Christ's little children:' all useful, and all by Bishop Doane. Also an able sermon, 'Difference between the Church and Dissent,' by Mr. Evan Johnson of Brooklyn. 'The Commonitory of Vincent of Lerins, together with Notes and the Text,' (Baltimore: Robinson,) by Bishop Whittingham, if we are not misinformed: and a collection of Review articles, of merit like that of all reviews, unequal and fluctuating, but of excellent principles, by W. A., and which has the mysterious name of 'Fewell,'—a title, we hope, not ominous of its public cremation, at the severe hands of some dissenting executioner. We are much obliged by this token of kind feeling; as well as for two volumes, those for 1845-6, of the 'True Catholic,' &c. (Baltimore: Robinson); also, for a vigorous and able 'Manual of Church Principles, by Mr. W. D. Wilson, of the diocese of New York,' from the same publishers.

Mr. Garden has, what we have not, the benefit of personal knowledge of facts of things across the Tweed. We are scarcely, therefore, on equal

terms if we express an hesitation about accepting all the positions of his able pamphlet, 'A Vindication of the Scottish Episcopate,' &c. (Grant.) Of the talent displayed in this publication, there can be no question. With respect to Mr. Garden's clever vindication of the term 'Protestantism,' in a letter, not altogether a stranger to these pages, we would candidly ask him, How many does he find to accept such a description?

Mr. Walter Blunt's 'Ecclesiastical Restoration and Reform, No. 1.' (Masters,) is just what it pretends to be, sensible and practical. In his paper on Church Rates there is a principle boldly, and we think truthfully, propounded.

'Proposals for Christian Union' (Aylott and Jones): an amiable suggestion which recalls the days of Calixtus and Cassander or of Leibnitz. In substance it is the same as the celebrated 'Essay towards a proposal for Catholick Communion,' in the last, or of Mr. Wix's similar work in the present, century—proposed with the same worthy and pious purpose, and to meet, we fear, with the same success.

'Some passages of my former Life, by Mr. Woodward, of Fethard,' (Dublin: M'Glashan.) This is a curious autobiographical chapter from one whose theological position is important in Ireland. Identified with the evangelical party in reputation, Mr. Woodward finds himself called upon to say in what he does not agree with them: viz. in this cardinal fact, that the doctrine of justification by faith, as commonly received in that school, is not so necessary to salvation, as that Roman Catholics cannot be saved without it. Incidentally he bears important witness to the actual practical reception of the doctrines of the cross among earnest Roman Catholics; but more directly his object is to disavow any sympathy with that wretched fanaticism which would make use of the Irish famine as a means of 'gospel preaching,' also to set himself right with his diocesan Dr. Daly. Mr. Woodward was originally a friend of Bishop Jebb, and subsequently became more prominently mixed up with the low church party in Ireland, but there were all along very important points of discrepancy between them which we suspect the flow of events has brought out more prominently, and the present state of things calls upon him to avow. The patient endurance displayed by the Irish people in their visitation is a phenomenon.

'The Churchman's Companion' (Masters) is a cheap and cleverly conducted penny publication. It appears weekly.

'The New Church Quarterly Review,' No. II. requires the explanatory hyphen: it must be read the New-Church, i. e. the Swedenborgian heresy. Our readers will perhaps share our astonishment in learning that in Great Britain alone there are eighty regularly organized societies of this strange delusion.—In connexion with our recent article on the Swedish Church, we make the following extract:—'Many of the clergy in Sweden are receivers of the heavenly doctrines, and amongst them a professor of theology at one of their universities. A Swedish clergyman, not himself a New-churchman, stated to a friend in London, some three or four years ago, that there were nearly thirty receivers of the doctrines among the clergy of the diocese of

Skara alone—that diocese in which Swedenborg's father was bishop. It has also been mentioned to ourselves by an Episcopal clergyman, now residing in London, who since his conversion to the New Church in Russia has resided in Sweden, and understands its language, that a work written by one of the Bishops who had accepted the light of the new dispensation, is extensively used throughout Sweden as an introduction to theology, and that this work is wholly written on New Church principles. It is also a fact worthy of notice, that a few years ago extensive alterations were made in the established liturgy of the Swedish Church, and that these alterations, with scarcely an exception, were in favour of our doctrines.' Pp. 211, 212.

Mr. Knight is publishing in parts what promises to be a compendious and useful work; 'The National Cyclopædia.' As such works should do, it deals rather in facts than in deductions; and we are bound to say that we trace no unfairness even in controverted matters. The absence of practical teaching in disputed points was to be looked for.

Professor Stuart's 'Commentary on the Apocalypse,' (Edinburgh: Mac-lachlan,) is a work too long, and in fairness we must add, too important, to be dismissed in this department.

'The Claims of the Church of England,' (Burns,) is a single and plain 'reason against becoming a Romanist,' urged from the strong and authoritative language of the canons, &c., and of course nothing more is wanted than a living exponent of the theory of the Church of England at least to vindicate its authority. The present writer's line is plain enough. 'The bishops of the church are in the position of judges, bound to administer certain laws. . . . Instances of offence are innumerable, but the punishment is never inflicted. . . . No doubt some of the guilt of those unhappy men who have committed the great sin of perjury, in violating the oaths by which they bound themselves at their ordination is to be charged against those who bear rule in the household of the Lord.' P. 14.

Mr. Boutell, one of two secretaries of the St. Alban's Architectural Society, has published a very useful, and, no small consideration, a cheap, work on 'Monumental Brasses and Slabs' (Bell). The illustrations are exceedingly good and plentiful; and the volume is to be unreservedly recommended. At page 138 is an awkward misprint; 'less objectionable,' we presume, should be read 'more objectionable.'

A very short tract, 'Prayers for the Young,' (Burns,) in the form of an address given to parents on admitting their children into schools, is practical and useful. These are some of the rare occasions which we find that the incumbents of large parishes cannot afford to lose sight of.

Mr. Sharpe has published two lithographic sheets intended to illustrate the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. They are very well meant and very orthodox, as we find by an elaborate 'Explanatory Key;' but as works of art, they are worse than poor. And the draftsman being entirely ignorant of the recognised forms and conditions—that is with the traditions—of Christian art, has produced, without intending it, only what is irreverent and to our eyes repulsive. Unless religious pictures

follow the strict and received types—for such there are—to which every sacred subject ought to conform, earnest minds, of all schools, will, and that most properly, object to pictures. The inconceivable amount of profanity which a new rendering of the Passion, for example, must involve both in the painter and the spectator, will illustrate our caution: *ex. grat.*: the religious effect of a Crucifixion by Rubens, as contrasted with the most barbarous Greek Icon.

On the eve of our publication we have received the first two volumes of Mr. Neale's 'History of the Holy Eastern Church' (Masters). This embraces the Patriarchate of Alexandria; the general Introduction is postponed. To review such a work in this way were disrespectful, not only to Mr. Neale, but to his subject; but we are bold to pronounce at once that the research displayed in it reflects the highest credit on the author. It cannot fail to become a permanent addition to our ecclesiastical literature: and, though it is some discredit to us that this is the first work which can lay any claim to filling a gap which all English students must have felt only to regret, we congratulate Mr. Neale on having redeemed our historical credit in this handsome way. One portion of the work we have saved time to read through, the memorable history of Cyril Lucar; and, reserving details, we are bound to say that Mr. Neale has treated this delicate subject with extreme tact and judgment; while he has been enabled to enrich his work with some curious original matter from the public library of Geneva.

'The Unseen World,' &c. (Burns,) is a sketch of a Treatise on Apparitions, Haunted Places, &c. It is written with evident haste, but in a proper tone; and it bears marks of careful thought, though flung out occasionally in a random way. To the dialogue form we have an especial aversion; in the present case it seems meant to conceal hurried composition. The writer could evidently do better if he pleased; and the subject is worthy of any amount of care; and we are not without hope that he will yet bestow more pains upon it. Even in its present state, however, the volume will be, as it deserves, not a little read and popular.

How is it that there is such a similarity in all really good works on natural history? The first thought that suggests itself to remark of a favourable specimen of this class is that it recalls White's 'Selborne.'—Obviously this is because White felt the mysteries of the 'whole creation,' sympathized with the lower animals, observed their life and character, entered into their ways and wants, and told just what he saw. It is so with Mr. Gosse, whose 'Birds of Jamaica' we have received in Mr. Van Voorst's pretty typography. On opening the book we expected to revel in some of this publisher's woodcuts; there are none, but really Mr. Gosse is himself a literary Bewick. He paints with the pen so plainly, that we are quite at home with Sam the negro 'on the very lonely road, through the humid wood, when the trees were loaded with orchideæ, and the dank stones hidden by ferns and mosses;' 'at early day when the dew lies so heavily on the broad-leaved cocoes of the provision grounds,' we have of course met 'the solitaire sitting with a melancholy absorbed air, on some low tree a little

'way within the forest, manifesting little alarm or curiosity.' It is quite pleasant to find, for we feel a personal interest in him, that 'the cashew bird when put into his cage spent a great deal of his time in leaping from perch to perch, seeming to enjoy it much,' though the 'bunches of ripe pimento, black and sweet,' burnt our little friend's mouth. And then the consolation, 'as I lay *fever-wake*, I heard the Loggerhead Tyrant '[what a raw head and bloody bones among the Passeres!] singing most musically his day-dawn salutation of *pipi-pihow*; though my sister thinks that OP. PP. PQ. is his morning lesson; for he is a scholar after the fashion of modern infant schools, and his alphabet and multiplication table are a song.' And then that impudent knave 'the Hopping-Dick,' and the 'surlly Baldpate, who poked his head through the wires, and with his beak aimed a cruel blow at the pretty green head of the 'unoffending and unsuspecting Tody,'—and the unpleasant 'John-crow Vulture.' There is an Iliad of sorrows in the unsuccessful attempts to rear and domesticate the Humming Birds: but Mr. Gosse may yet be successful, and we wish him health to enjoy many a walk when 'the air is pleasant and fresh, and the earth sends up its reeking odour *musky and strong*, and the road is splashy, and here and there stand puddles in the 'grassless savannahs.' A man must have a healthy mind who can write in this enjoying and enjoyable way: and a more delightful book than Mr. Gosse's we have seldom met with; it quite glows with tropical beauty and life. And if we are told to 'behold the fowls of the air, which our Heavenly Father feedeth,' sure we are, that this is the spirit in which to study their tempers and habits.

'Tyrwhitt's Sermons,' (Rivingtons.) Two volumes of sermons by Mr. Tyrwhitt show a good deal of sound thought and earnest feeling. They are accompanied with notes, which show the writer's acquaintance with theological literature. On some points of Christian doctrine, not popular at the present day, he is not afraid to speak out: and he sustains a quiet, even, and useful tone.

'The Pilgrimage: from the German of Wildenhahn, translated by Mrs. Stanley Carr,' (Oliver and Boyd,) is an exotic specimen of what we thought a plant only indigenous—the religious novel. We wish that the potato-blight would take a turn in this direction: and indeed there are symptoms that the stock is pretty nearly worn out. Like its congener, the controversial esculent never had much farina; its chief virtue being its easy and idleness-producing cultivation. There is something very Werterish and watery about 'The Pilgrimage;' the hero, one Vollbrecht, falling into three co-ordinate rather than consecutive love-fits—one with a pupil whom he instructs in rationalism, and who, at the end of the book, is converted into pure Protestantism and a third marriage, in perfect accordance with Luther's precepts for such cases—one with a damsel of reputation not a little tainted, who goes into a convent, unquestionably the best place for her—and one with his *future*, light-haired, commonplace, and evangelically correct. After playing fast and loose with the three ladies at once, Vollbrecht subeides into matrimony, a good fortune, and the *articulis stantis*, &c., under the auspices of a Swiss pastor and a rich baroness as *Dea ex machina*. The story is insufferably tedious; and it is quite a failure as a picture of real life.

Mr. Maskell has published the third and completing volume of his '*Monumenta Ritualia*' (Pickering). We have already and fully expressed our sense of the importance of this writer's services to the Church of England; and in the present case we have little more than to repeat our commendations. In some respects this volume is more interesting, or rather of a more popular cast, than its predecessors, owing chiefly to the subjects. The Order of Coronation, which, strictly speaking, cannot come under the title of '*Sarum Use*,' forms the most interesting feature in the present collection. It is from the celebrated *Liber Regalis*, and it is some consolation to find that no very material change from the substance of this noble office has been made for eleven hundred years. 'No other church or country can produce,' as Mr. Maskell observes, 'a series so complete.' Complete, that is, mainly by his own researches: for, commencing at the Order of Ethelred, A.D. 978, Mr. Maskell has gathered all the historical notices of English coronations, carefully noting the accounts in the *Chronicles*, and comparing the MS. Orders for Henry I., Richard II., Edward II.; Henry VI., 'the Devyse for Henry VIII.,' the more recent orders, the Pontificals of Exeter and Evesham, together with the various MS. offices in the Museum, the Bodleian and Dublin libraries. The office, as used at the last coronation, is usefully reprinted; though to some extent an infringement on the plan promised by the title-page. And perhaps, at least we hope, one value of this work will be to prevent any further tampering with an office, which, more than any other, marks under an important aspect our unbroken connexion with the ancient church. The rest of the volume is miscellaneous; but among its contents we must particularize the learning displayed in what we may call an Essay on Ordination.—By the bye, Mr. Maskell alludes more than once to the Exeter Pontifical. This important MS. has lately been printed, we believe, by the liberality of the Dean and Chapter. We can only wish that the editor had been able to read the book which he has edited; for a very cursory inspection proves to us that he is quite a tyro in black-letter. There is scarcely a page without a misreading.

Mr. Blackburne has commenced a very handsome work on '*Decorative Painting*' (Williams and Co). The plates are well drawn, and well executed; and the authorities being always given, there can be no doubt of the value and importance of this undertaking. The letter-press, however, sadly needs a corrector. '*Paulinas, Bishop of Nola*,' '*The Romans tempo Augustus*,' &c. &c.

'*Dr. Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography*,' (Rivingtons,) comes out regularly: the third volume is freer from certain asperities and angularities than its predecessors.

'*The Catholic Church in England and America*, by John D. Ogilby, D.D. Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church' (Appleton, New York). We are glad to see such books as these from the pens of our American brethren. Dr. Ogilby has given a useful historical abridgment. We could wish he had not leant so much occasionally on Southey's authority. We notice also an earnest and valuable Sermon on '*Church Discipline as instrumental to Christian Unity*,' from the same pen.

'The Apostolic Minister's Preparation for Departure. The substance of a Funeral Address, delivered on the occasion of the death of the Rev. T. R. Matthews, by John Fitzgerald, M. A.' (W. H. Dalton.) Mr. Matthews appears to have been a person of some warmth and piety, who, becoming dissatisfied with the restrictions of his Church, and giving himself a dispensation for transgressing them, was refused an Episcopal licence for a chapel he wanted to preach in, and thereupon seceded. Mr. Fitzgerald does not approve of part of this conduct, viz., the transgression of church-rule while he was in the Church, and thinks he ought to have seceded before. We agree with him. The main part of Mr. Fitzgerald's book, however, is an Appendix, in which he discusses various stumbling-blocks to the conscience of an enlightened Christian, still left, according to his opinion, in the English Church. He does not approve of the way in which some of those, who hold the same general views with himself, get over them; and he has apparently already backed his opinion by his example. He likes the Dissenters, however, no more than he does the Church, and has discovered to his surprise that they do not believe in tradition. Our surprise was no less that Mr. Fitzgerald wanted them to believe in it. He appears, however, to have a great wish to raise his present brethren; and from a low-church churchman to have become a high-church dissenter.

'Vox Vera; or, a Sketch for the Future, by Simplex,' (Lumley,) is dedicated collectively to the Queen, Prince Albert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Wellington, the Thrower of the Gauntlet, and the Prince of Wales; each of which personages is considered typical of some great moral or religious principle. We cannot understand a word of the pamphlet, and can only conjecture that it was written by a Freemason.

We notice a translation of 'M. De Sismondi's Political Economy and Philosophy of Government' (Chapman, Newgate-street).

'Scenes and Characters; or, Eighteen Months at Beechcroft.' (Burns.) A very spirited and entertaining volume, shewing great knowledge of character, and much nature and animation in the dialogue. The object of the book is to prove the superiority of a sense of duty over mere feeling, and this is often ably done, though some may think a serious purpose hardly enough evident throughout. A party of young people without a mother, and just emancipated from what they consider the thralldom of a severely conscientious elder sister, are left very much to themselves to carry out the theory of love as opposed to duty. It works very ill, and the good-natured, easy, deaf father, finds things going wrong, and is at length obliged to depose the representative of love, so called from her position as head of his family and household. The plot, however, is the least satisfactory part of the author's labours, and while much care and skill are bestowed on the delineation of character, the plan of the story, that framework on which these characters depend for being properly seen and understood, seems unaccountably left to make itself, as if the writer thought it enough to make them talk naturally, without carrying them through the stages of a regular fiction. Had equal pains been spent on the original construction of

the plot, which have evidently been given to the actors in it, the book would have gained as much in literary merit, as in the force of the instructive lesson it is intended to convey. We are disposed to complain of the number of *fevers* and other bodily ailments which afflict the personages of the narrative, and cannot understand, except on the supposition of a natural turn for sickness and pale looks, why the good and counsily rector should follow the example of his parishioners, and endure a sharp attack of fever. We naturally hoped that the story would at least be benefited by his private misfortune, but it waits quietly his recovery, and no single event is hastened or retarded by the temporary suspension of his energies. These are faults, however, more to trouble the critic than the youthful readers for whom the book is intended, and to whom it will furnish much genuine amusement, as well as instruction. We are disposed to declare the little Phyllis, with all her awkwardness, and in spite of her inveterate habit of loud crying, our favourite. Many of the scenes with which she is connected have a great deal of pleasant homely poetry about them which leaves a fresh and agreeable impression on the mind.

'The Stars and the Earth; or, Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity,' (Bailliere.) We will venture to call this the smallest known work on the largest known subject; the philosophy of Time and Space being enclosed within a treatise, which has very much the outward form of a penny book.

'Literary Characteristics of the Holy Scriptures. By J. M. M'Culloch, D.D. Minister of the West Church, Greenock.' (Oliver and Boyd). There is not a nicer test of the character of a theological school than its insight into (so to call them) the human beauties of Scripture. One school can, as it were, be familiar with Scripture, and yet keep up awe; can enter into the tenderness, generosity, greatness of character which it sees there; can distinguish the style, poetical thought, individual temper of one prophet from another; can discover in the Bible's lawgivers, judges, kings, and holy men, all those noble traits, only in a spiritual form, which the poet's great men show; can think even sometimes of Homer and Shakspeare in reading the Bible; can feel, in short, a strong human sympathy with all that is there, and yet this sympathy not diminish in the least, but rather quicken, the awful impressions which Scripture should create, as the volume of inspiration. But another school cannot enter into any human line of thought respecting Scripture without lowering it; and cannot be familiar without losing awe. Here is an apparently very well-intentioned writer, who is conscientiously desirous of impressing on his readers the many literary, poetical, oratorical excellencies of Scripture, and has taken great pains to collate them with the beauties of Milton, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, Young, Montgomery, &c. &c. And yet the effect of his labours is anything but a real exaltation of Scripture. He says, for example, '*A third characteristic of the Scripture style is—Animation;*' and then proceeds; 'According to the best authorities on rhetoric, an animated style depends for its effect on the choice, the number, and the collocation of words,' &c. Then follow the 'entertaining history,' the 'unrivalled poetry,' and the other 'fine literary properties,' which belong to the Bible. Dr. M'Culloch's mode of appreciating the Gospel description of our Lord's character, shows the same

painful want of depth and awe; especially when he speaks of our Lord as 'going in and out *among the social amenities of ordinary life*, without one trace of asceticism.'

'Glimpses of the Truth as it is in Jesus,' (Kennedy,) is a set of sermons by a dissenting teacher, Mr. Octavius Winslow, of which we cannot make out either the object or sentiment. Speaking of one dead we are informed that 'Heaven is a nearer point than Kennet.' Mr. Winslow has the shocking temerity to inform us, that 'if the blessed Spirit *who condescended to speak* by these writings from the pulpit, will, *to the same extent*, speak by them from the press, the utmost wish of his heart will be granted.'

'Discourses by the late A. Bennie, D.D.' (Blackwood,) will be looked to with interest as a specimen of what is now, we believe, somewhat rare, the printed sermons of a popular Presbyterian town preacher. Blair is evidently still the Scottish model; and if anything even Blair is somewhat less cold, vague, and formal than the present series; the thinness of which, both in doctrine and personal application of duty, is set off by an affected glazing of rhetoric, which only serves to make the original leanness more unsubstantial. The 'fascinations of Dr. Bennie's persuasive and pathetic eloquence,' (Memoir, p. lix.) seem to consist in language of the 'fire-touched gloom of impiety,' p. 337, 'stingless pleasures,' 'restrictedly free,' school. There is a series of talk under the titles—familiar to those who know any thing of Scotland—of 'fencing the tables, the table-service, and the exhortations,' which will be read with a distressing interest as a specimen of the husks and chaff with which that unhappy land is fed 'on a sacramental occasion.' It is but fair, however, to add, that Dr. Bennie was charged (Memoir, p. xxxiv.) by the more serious and doctrine-loving Presbyterians with 'not preaching the Gospel;' and that his sermons by those of better taste were characterized accurately enough (ibid. p. xxxiii.) as 'the flourishes of a tumid rhetoric.'

Mr. Denis Kelly has published a series of small ethical papers called 'Neophilus; or, Moral Reflections.' (Hamilton and Adams.) It reminds us forcibly of the serious paper in the European, or the Town and Country Magazine, i. e. the periodical literature of some seventy years ago.

'White, on Weaving,' (Nixon,) contains a vast amount of information on a subject which, important as it is, is not much in our way.

Mr. W. B. Galloway deserves the credit of having read, and written, a good deal; his two large volumes, 'The Gate of Prophecy,' (Rivingtons,) prove this abundantly. But we are sorry to find that his general principle of prophetic interpretation can only claim the merit of being unsound as well as elaborate; and, at the same time, we must mention that the writer has enounced flat heresy when he says, vol. i. p. 368, that 'the expression of Nestorius, "Mother of Christ," seems both undoubtedly orthodox and preferable to that of Cyril.'

'An Exposition of the Book of Proverbs, by the Rev. C. Bridges,' (Seeley,) resembles, both in prolixity and in a certain abrupt earnestness, as well of doctrine as of phrase, the practical writings of the earlier Puritans.

'A Manual for Catechising, by Mr. G. Arden,' (Masters,) is full and useful.

'The Warnings of the Holy Week,' by Mr. W. Adams, (Rivingtons,) is a very beautiful series of lectures. They are very practical, and at the same time they display that quiet elegance—the poetry of thought rather than of expression—which have earned such esteem for the author's previous works.

'The Devout Churchman ; or, Daily Meditations from Advent to the close of the Christian Year ; compiled and arranged on the model of the Book of Common Prayer. By the Rev. Alexander Watson, M.A. Curate of St. John's Church, Cheltenham. Vol. I.—from Advent to Ascension.' (Masters.) This book is intended to answer the same purpose among ourselves which 'Challoner's Book of Meditations' does among the Roman Catholics in this country. It gives some short reflections for every day ; which are concluded with a text from Scripture, and some heads for consideration—a summary of the leading points in the preceding reflections. The source from which the reflections come is one which makes any criticism upon them unnecessary : they come, mainly, from our Standard Divines, but are mixed occasionally with thoughts from well-known living writers. The book, deriving its contents from such well-approved Church sources, avoids that individuality which such a work ought to avoid. It presents a calm and grave series of religious reflections, in which all Catholics must agree, and one calculated to strengthen and mould a daily reader's mind. The heads of consideration are clear and well selected. The language, coming from such various sources, wants fusing occasionally, and bringing into shape ; but the book promises to be a useful one.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is an American 'Poet,' and a Pantheist : that is to say, he is one of those vague talkers, who really have no meaning in what they say or write, and who speculate upon the kindness or ignorance of their readers to attribute some vague spiritual exoteric hyper-transcendental sense to their positive and intentional nonsense, which they think it rather complimentary than otherwise to hear called Pantheizing. And so it is : it is a compliment to call such writing anything—to call it murder, suicide, or Mahommedanism, would be a compliment ; for terms do express ideas. Now Mr. Emerson's 'Poems,' (Chapman,) do not : they are simple nonsense, *i.e.* they are deficient in sense ; they read something like Tennyson turned into anagrams ; something like Keats read backwards ; but still blank, palpable, malicious nonsense ; composed and printed as nonsense ; wilful and designed nonsense, and nothing else. Take a specimen, both of the Emersonian rhythm metre and thought ; it shall be a whole poem—title and all. 'Sursum corda.'

'Seek not the Spirit, if it hide,
'Inexorable to thy zeal :
'Baby, do not whine and chide ;
'Art thou not also real ?
'Why shouldst thou stoop to poor excuse ?
'Turn on the Accuser roundly ; say,

' "Here am I, here will I remain
 ' For ever to myself sooth fast,
 ' Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay."—
 ' Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,
 ' For it only can absolutely deal.'

We quite agree with the dictum, p. 6.—

' Who telleth one of my meanings
 ' Is master of all I am.'

And yet the writer of this, in the last page of his volume, has written some lines, 'Hymn sung at the completion of Concord Monument,' very remarkable for simple sinewy severity, dignified in outline, full in thought; with quite the feeling of a Greek inscription.

'Our Public Schools,' (Seeley,) is a general and common-place attack upon them, by the Rev. Henry Cole. Some light is thrown upon its object when we read that 'in my own establishment, No. 39, Highbury-place, the children committed to my charge are from first to last trained up in the principles of the Established Church,' &c., 'while they are taught to esteem certain of the various Dissenting Churches as true Churches of Christ,' &c. p. 70: which we presume is not the case in those bigoted and semi-monkish 'establishments' of Eton and Winchester. Altogether, Mr. Cole's is the most long-winded advertisement of 'my own establishment' on record.

Most of our readers are probably more or less familiar with what is called the Ecclesiological movement in England, and may possibly have even seen, from time to time, the journal (*The Ecclesiologist*) which is especially devoted to the object of its promotion. But they may not be aware how very parallel a revolution is taking place across the Channel. In France, as well as in England, there is a body of men bent upon the restoration of Christian architecture, and the revival of a more solemn and correct ritual, aims which they push with great assiduity as well as talent, and have been very successful, in spite of having in the first instance had to contend with much petty interference from government officials, an evil of no slight magnitude in France, in spite of the nominal liberality of its government. The *Annales Archéologiques* is the organ of this party, and forms a monthly periodical, got up in a handsome quarto form, copiously illustrated, and, comparatively, not very expensive. The projector and editor of this journal, which first appeared in the course of the year 1844, is M. Didron, well known in the Ecclesiological world by his very learned and curious iconographical *Histoire de Dieu*, (a title which we do not pretend to palliate from the charge of irreverence,) as well as by his princeps editio (in French) of that valuable work of Dionysius, an ancient monk of Mount Athos, on the conventional forms of the sacred painting of the Eastern Church, which has for ages fixed the rules of Oriental art. Iconography is decidedly M. Didron's forte; in architecture he occasionally trips; besides which, he is a partizan of that style, ('le style du xiii. siècle,' as he calls it, generally adding some epithet of enthusiastic praise,) which Camdenic

authorities tell us we must term First Pointed, in preference to the more perfect one which succeeded it. Still, however, his general principles are very laudable, and he deserves great praise for the energy which he has displayed in the good cause, which seems to make very rapid progress in the land of Amiens, and Rheims, and Rouen, and Bourges. The restorations at present in progress of La Sainte Chapelle, and Notre Dame de Paris, are proof of this. It is curious to hear the two gentlemen who conduct the latter restoration (MM. Lassus and Viollet-Leduc) spoken of in the same terms which our English ecclesiologists are accustomed to apply to Mr. Carpenter, and Mr. Butterfield, and Mr. Harrison. MM. Lassus and Viollet-Leduc, and especially the latter, have furnished several very valuable contributions to the *Annales Archéologiques*, of which one of the most curious is a very able defence of Christian Architecture by M. Viollet-Leduc, against a flippant protest put forth by M. Raoul Rochette, in the name of the French Académie, which, like other learned bodies in other lands, has not been able to resist the temptation of sustaining its ancestral dignity by trumpeting to the world its utter inability to keep pace with the progress of the public mind. A synopsis of this paper with observations appeared in the Ecclesiologist of last year. It is satisfactory to observe that an *entente cordiale* has been established between the Ecclesiologist and the *Annales Archéologiques*, which has proved more sincere and lasting than another one between certain more illustrious parties. M. de Montalembert is an occasional contributor to the *Annales*. This journal includes Church Music in its scope; articles moreover occasionally appear on the civil and military arts of the middle ages, which is warranted by the generality of the title. However, the ecclesiastical element is decidedly the characteristic and predominant one. M. de Guilhermy has given a very curious exposure of the government restoration of the magnificent abbey church of St. Denis. Working drawings are occasionally given of articles of church furniture of mediæval forms; and we understand that MM. Didron and Viollet-Leduc are contemplating a scheme for providing these in a manner somewhat similar to that in which the Ecclesiological Society supplies them, through the instrumentality of Mr. Butterfield, for our communion, and Mr. Pugin, aided by Mr. Hardman, provides them for the Roman Catholics. Every evidence of the growth of Church feeling in France is deeply interesting. The Ecclesiological movement in France is, generally speaking, supported by the Episcopate, with the marked exception of the Bishop of Orleans, who fears it may damage spiritual religion. M. Didron is very anxious for the revival of the ancient form of vestments, which it seems the bishops have not yet mustered courage to undertake. His feelings on this subject were warmly roused it appears by the spectacle of the Anglo-Roman Bishops who attended the consecration of the church built by Lord Shrewsbury, at Cheadle, at which ceremony M. Didron was present. On the other hand, he was much distressed by the very unecclesiastical character of the music used, and especially by a Credo given in approved operatic style from the organ gallery.

Mr. Irons has published a series of 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction,' (Masters.) They are written with a good deal of eloquence; and evince a careful composition. Nothing can be plainer, than that there

is a great completeness in the Church of England theory, admitting as with Mr. Irons we are glad to do, the appeal to that great body of ecclesiastical precedent, known as the Canon Law. But then again, looking practically at the state of things around us, where are we to find, especially in matters of doctrine, the traces of even the existence of a standard? and where is the working array of harmonious decisions which shall correspond to this majestic ideal? Such questions will be put: and if there is an apparent indistinctness in the object and end of these lectures, we attribute it more to the difficulty which so acute a writer as Mr. Irons must have experienced in the struggle against discouragement arising from the admitted disproportion between his facts and his theory, than from any failure in power or ingenuity on his part.

'Tracts for Divinity Students, No. 1,' (Dublin: M'Glashan,) is a new edition of 'Waterland on Regeneration,' by Mr. C. J. Black. This is really an edition, for Mr. Black's notes and illustrations are larger than the original work, and as we think, supply a defect in it; for Waterland with all his excellencies confined himself rather to the state of, than the gift conferred in, Baptism.

Dr. Wordsworth has condensed in a recent publication, 'Letters to M. Gondon,' &c. (Rivingtons), many of the controversial facts and references, which are generally cited to prove the anti-legal, and anti-constitutional tendency of the political doctrines of the Church of Rome. The subject is put with the writer's usual force.

'The Vast Army. An Allegory, by the Rev. Edward Monro, of Harrow-weald,' (Burns.) This Allegory has the same beauties and the same faults with Mr Monro's former one. The pictures are often very vivid: and the scenes are ingeniously contrived for the purposes of the moral. But the main course of the allegory is not sufficiently uniform and clear. The moral, in the present instance, is the Christian duty of every one taking and filling his appointed place in the great contest with evil, visible and invisible, of which this life is the ordained field. It will leave upon the reader, as a whole, strong and serious ideas on this subject; though particular portions may not be clear at a first view.

'The Life of Mrs. Godolphin, by John Evelyn of Wootton, Esq. now first published, and edited by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford,' (Pickering.) Mrs. Godolphin is an instance of a person of great intellect and strength of mind, voluntarily subjecting herself, under the most trying circumstances, to the most strict religious discipline, internal and external. There is no doubt she could not only have shone, (as she did,) but been actually supreme in Charles's court, if she had chosen to aim at such distinction. She had the beauty, the grace, the accomplishments, and, lastly, the head for it. Hers is as clear a case of deliberate renunciation of the world as we have read of; we mean of renunciation of the world by a person who had the power to win it. We do not say she is without her faults;

her concealment of her marriage from Evelyn was certainly wrong. However, the greatest saints, even the Bible saints, are not perfect. We enunciate this truism designedly, because there are so many persons in the world who will fix upon one fault in a character, and put it forward on all occasions, as the one note. The stern devotional life of this strong-minded woman, contrasts somewhat grotesquely throughout the book, with the simplicity, and occasional garrulity of her good friend and biographer—Evelyn.

It is often a serious practical difficulty with us what books to notice, and had we not a full reliance upon our readers as a class, we should hesitate about calling attention to publications which are not calculated to affect palpably the public mind. Our office, however, is to display the more minute forms of evil, which do not fall within the range of ordinary reading, as signs of the times. A bad book shows at least the active existence, however uninfluential, of a certain amount of evil at work somewhere: its publication is a fact, and may have bearings. With this reluctance, yet under a sense of duty, we mention the 'Evangel of Love; interpreted by Henry Sutton,' (Bartlett.) It professes Pantheism *in limine*: but is a subtle and mischievous, though unintelligible, attempt to revive the mystic theosophy of Jacob Behmen, under its most pernicious aspect. Revelation, and even the being of a God, are allegorised to a perfect evanescence. The inward illumination of Quakerism, the poetry of Shelley, the political economics of Fourier, the idealism of Schelling—all are absorbed and caricatured into a monstrous whole, which anticipates a new era, and a new spiritual church and organization of mankind, in which marriage, animal food, and religion in all its forms, shall be extirpated: it is to be a spiritual communion without Bible, Church, or Law: and all this as a new phase of the most Catholic Christianity. The book bears a scientific aspect, and deals in Scripture quotation: but more hideous blasphemy it was never our lot to see. Still, in connexion with certain tendencies of the pseudo-philosophical and critical school, it is not without its value.—It may stagger some of our readers to learn, that, in an independent quarter, a prospectus has issued for republishing the works of Jacob Behmen, and other writers on Theosophic Atheism. *Quorsum hæc?*

Of practical Tracts we have seen:—'Catechetical Exercises upon the Saints' days, by Mr. E. H. Adamson,' (T. Russell Smith); 'The Weekly Offering, by a Parish Priest, of the Diocese of Rochester' (Batty); 'Three parts of Dr. Hook's Devotional Library,' (Leeds: Slocombe,) viz., 'The Sick Man Visited,'—'Penitential Reflections,'—'Meditations for every day,' Part I. 'Officia Anglicana,' (Burns,) combining, with a 'Form of self-examination,' which we have already recommended, a 'Manual of private Prayers,' (this is an excellent tract;) 'The Catechism with Questions, &c. by Mr. Bagot of Newry' (Groombridge); 'Short Rules for Prayer for working men' (Burns); 'My Flock; or, the Parish Priest's Register' (Earls).

Of Sermons we have to acknowledge:—'Sixty Lectures on the Psalms, by Mr. R. Brudenell Exton' (Longman); 'A Second Edition of the Sermons

preached at the opening of St. Saviour's, Leeds' (Rivingtons); 'Sermons preached in Holy Week, by Mr. C. F. Smith, Pendlebury' (Masters); 'A volume by the late Mr. Nicholson of Winchester' (Rivingtons); An important volume of 'Sermons, preached at the consecration of St. James's, Morpeth' (Rivingtons); 'Sermons on Holy Joy, by Mr. Baker,' far above the average; 'Sermons on the Miracles,' to be followed by a second volume, by Dr. Hook (Leeds: Slocombe); 'Practical Sermons by Mr. Fitzgerald of Clontarf' (Dublin: M'Glashan). And of single Sermons:—Mr. Bennett's excellent Fast-day Sermon, 'Sins of the Church and People' (Cleaver); 'A Sermon on the Death of Mr. Phipps, by Mr. Stafford Brown, of Westbury,' (Rivingtons,) the respected preacher's own funeral sermon was preached within another month; 'Dr. Molesworth's Rule of Conscience with respect to Church-rates' (Rivingtons); 'The Church's Confession of Sin, by Mr. Rawstorne of Galby' (Rivingtons); 'The Bishop of Oxford's Sermon at the Consecration of St. James's, Woolsthorpe' (Burns); 'A Sermon for the Church Building Society, by Mr. Brame' (Masters); and 'Archdeacon Hoare's Charge on Education' (Winchester: Wooldridge).

Note to Article on Organs.—The writer is glad to hear of a fact, of which he was not aware while writing the article, that a commencement of an alteration of the style of organs, in the direction he has recommended, has already been made: and that some recent organs have been built, constructed more on the continental standard. The new organ at St. Olave's, Southwark, is, he hears, of this character.

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1847.

- ART. I.—1. *Tales for the Young.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. London: Burns.
2. *The good Genius that turned everything to Gold.* By THE BROTHERS MAYHEW. Bogue.
3. *The Silver Swan, a Fairy Tale.* By MADAME DE CHATELAIN. Grant & Griffith.
4. *The Good-natured Bear.* Cundall.
5. *The Lady Ella.* By the Authoress of Hymns and Scenes of Childhood. Burns.
6. *The Wreath of Lilies.* By the Same. Burns.
7. *Godfrey Davenant, a Tale of School Life.* By the REV. W. HEYGATE. Masters.
8. *Christian Endurance.* By the REV. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Masters.
9. *Poynings, a Tale of the Revolution.* Masters.
10. *Michael, the Chorister.* Burns.
11. *The Island Choir, or the Children of the Child Jesus.* Masters.
12. *The Wonder Seeker, or the History of Charles Douglas.* By M. FRASER TYTLER. Grant & Griffith.
13. *The Boy's Own Library: Summer—Autumn—Winter.* By THOMAS MILLER. Chapman & Hall.
14. *Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses, for Young Children.* Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

WE have placed Andersen's name at the head of our list, in gratitude for the delight and amusement his stories for children have afforded us. When Fairyland seemed lost to us, or peopled by a new race of utilitarians, who spoke its language and tried its spells in mere slavish imitation, without comprehending their use or meaning; a poet from the north has made fresh flowers bloom there, and brought it back again to our hearts and eyes in brighter colours and stronger outline than before.

In these days children, it seemed, might command everything in literature for their instruction and amusement but *one*. The press teems with stories clever, lively, edifying, the work evidently of superior minds; we feel them to be well written and with a good and pure aim; and, as such, we read them with pleasure and interest; but, even as we read, the wonder comes upon us, why will not this last? why, good and improving as it is, showing, too, a knowledge and experience of children's and of human nature—why will it be so soon forgotten; so that what is talked of and quoted now, will not be heard of a few months hence? it is not want of cleverness, it is not want even of nature. Why will it not live? It must, we think, be no uncommon subject of regret to many, who have been led, for their children's sake, or by their own taste, to read the voluminous writings, now issuing for the young,—that, though they have influence as a whole, and with the force of a stream bear the mind in their direction, yet each drop of the stream shines but its own short hour, and leaves no trace behind.

The secret of this short-lived success is, we believe, the want of *invention*. One age surpasses another in intellectual quickness, in talents, in acquirements, in universality of mental culture, and consequently in the number and ability of its writers. But we are not disposed to think that any of these advantages, valued as they ought to be, can produce, or we may say create, invention. And, therefore, the mere superiority in such qualities by no means implies a larger amount of the inventive faculty in one age than in its predecessor. This inventive or imaginative power is the crown of all other intellectual gifts; it is the light, the salt, which illuminates and perpetuates all the rest, and the only *necessary* quality for lasting fame. That is, a work deficient in a hundred points of what is considered good writing, still takes hold of men's minds, and keeps this hold, if only what it says is at the same time new and true.

The force and power of the imagination, and the different modes in which two minds, the one gifted with this divine faculty, the other wanting it, commence and carry on their labours, have been so ably set forth by a modern writer, that we are tempted to elucidate our meaning by a quotation from his work. The art which he treats of is painting, and it may at first sight appear far-fetched to apply his views to our present subject; but composition must be ruled by the same laws and impulses, whether the thing conceived is to be expressed by the pencil or the pen,—whether the composer would reach the heart and understanding through the senses, or appeal to it without such visible medium. In this light the ramifications of a tree bear a just

relation to the parts of a plot—all of which should be in such close connexion with the whole, as that each should be imperfect and dismembered without the rest.

'When an unimaginative painter is about to draw a tree, (and we will suppose him, for better illustration of the point in question, to have good feeling and correct knowledge of the nature of trees,) he probably lays on his paper such a general form as he knows to be characteristic of the tree to be drawn, and such as he believes will fall in agreeably with the other masses of his picture, which we will suppose partly prepared. When this form is set down, he assuredly finds it has done something he did not intend it to do. It has mimicked some prominent line, or overpowered some necessary mass. He begins pruning and changing, and, after several experiments, succeeds in obtaining a form which does no material mischief to any other. To this form he proceeds to attach a trunk, and having probably a received notion or rule (for the unimaginative painter never works without a principle) that tree-trunks ought to lean first one way and then the other as they go up, and ought not to stand under the middle of the tree, he sketches a serpentine form of requisite propriety; when it has gone up far enough, that is, till it begins to look disagreeably long, he will begin to ramify it, and if there be another tree in the picture with two large branches, he knows that this, by the laws of composition, ought to have three or four, or some different number. And because he knows that if three or four branches start from the same point they will look formal, therefore he makes them start from points one above another; and because equal distances are improper, therefore they shall start from unequal distances. When they are fairly started, he knows they must undulate or go backwards and forwards, which accordingly he makes them do at random; and because he knows that all forms ought to be contrasted, therefore he makes one bend down, while the other three go up. The three that go up, he knows, must not go up without interfering with each other, and so he makes two of them cross. He thinks it also proper that there should be variety of character in them, so he makes the one that bends down graceful and flexible, and of the two that cross, he splinters one and makes a stump of it. He repeats the process among the more complicated minor boughs, until, coming to the smallest, he thinks farther care unnecessary, but draws them freely, and by chance. Having to put on the foliage, he will make it flow properly in the direction of the tree's growth; he will make the extremities graceful, but will be grievously plagued by finding them come all alike, and at last will be obliged to spoil a number of them altogether, in order to obtain opposition. They will not, however, be united in this their spoliation, but will remain uncomfortably separate and individually ill-tempered. He consoles himself by the reflection that it is unnatural for all of them to be equally perfect.

'Now, I suppose that through the whole of this process he has been able to refer to his definite memory or conception of nature for every one of the fragments he has successively added; that the detail, colour, fractures, insertions, &c. of his boughs, are all either actual recollections or based on secure knowledge of the tree, (and herein I allow far more than is commonly the case with unimaginative painters.) But as far as the process of combination is concerned, it is evident that from beginning to end his laws have been his safety, and his plague has been his liberty. He has been compelled to work at random, or under the guidance of feeling only, whenever there was anything left to his own decision. He has never been decided in anything except in what he *must* or *must not* do. He has walked as a drunken man on a broad road: his guides are the hedges, and between these limits the broader the way the worse he gets on.

The advance of the imaginative artist is precisely the reverse of this. He has no laws. He defies all restraint, and cuts down all hedges. There is nothing within the limits of natural possibility that he dares not do, or that he allows the necessity of doing. The laws of nature he knows,—these are to him no restraint. They are his own nature. All other laws or limits he sets at utter defiance,—his journey is over an untrodden and pathless plain. But he sees his end over the waste from the first, and goes straight at it, never losing sight of it, not throwing away a step: nothing can stop him, nothing turn him aside; falcons and lynxes are of slow and uncertain sight compared with his. He saw his tree, trunk, boughs, foliage, and all, from the first moment; not only the tree, but the sky behind it; not only that tree or sky, but all the other great features of his picture: by what intense power of instantaneous selection and amalgamation cannot be explained, but by this it may be proved and tested,—that if we examine the tree of the unimaginative painter, we shall find that, on removing any part or parts of it, the rest will indeed suffer, as being deprived of the proper development of a tree, and as involving a blank space that wants occupation; but the portions left are not made discordant or disagreeable. They are absolutely, and in themselves as valuable as they can be: every stem is a perfect stem, and every twig a graceful twig, or at least as perfect and graceful as they were before the removal of the rest. But if we try the same experiment on the imaginative painter's work, and break off the merest stem or twig of it, all goes to pieces like a Prince Rupert's drop. There is not so much as a seed of it but it lies on the tree's life, like the grain upon the tongue of Chaucer's Sainted Child. Take it away, and the boughs will sing to us no longer; all is dead and cold.¹

The stories of Hans Andersen, simple as they are, appear to us to possess the magic gift, for the want of which so many others fade, and are forgotten. The insight he allows us into his own mode of composition is given with very little pretension; but the following passage shows that he, too, is visited by instantaneous conceptions, which come he knows not whence, and are independent of his bidding:—

"Now I certainly ought to tell a story," said the old man, "but I do not know any more."

"You can make one in a minute," said the little boy; "Mother says, you can make a story out of everything you see, and find a tale in all you touch."

"Yes, but such stories as those are worth nothing; no, the proper sort come of themselves; they give a tap, tap, on my forehead, and say, Here we are!"

"Won't it give a tap, tap, very soon?" said the little boy.

His mother laughed, put elder-flowers into the teapot, and poured boiling water over them.

"Oh, a story, a story!" cried her child.

"Yes; if a pretty tale would please to come of itself; but such a one as we want is always very grand; it only comes when it feels inclined: wait, hark!" said he of a sudden. "There we have it."

The 'Little Mermaid;' 'The Daisy;' 'The Real Princess;' 'The Emperor's new clothes;' and many more such

¹ From 'Modern Painters; by a Graduate of Oxford.'

pleasant fancies must occur to our readers as examples of the 'grand' stories, which will only come when they feel inclined, and say, 'Here we are.' The volume before us is a new selection from the apparently boundless store in the original Danish, of such tales as the Editor considers most obviously fitted for juvenile reading; some of which have the advantage of being less commonly known than those published earlier must now be. One value as well as charm of these stories is their evidently spontaneous character. The Author does not set about composing a fairy tale to illustrate some pet theory; the fancy rather comes to him. Accurate knowledge of human nature certainly does constantly appear, but it is unconscious and intuitive knowledge. There is gentle satire on the weakness and errors to which men are prone; but the writer does not sit down to *devise* a story, either as a lesson on a particular virtue, a warning on prevailing errors, or to ridicule some human weakness. Even in 'The Emperor's new clothes,' which at first sight perhaps goes against this view, we feel that the whole thought came together, or that the idea of the invisible clothing rather suggested the rest, than that the satire preceded the invention.

Another fairy tale lies before us, which strikes us as contrasting curiously with the especial merits of Andersen's style—'The Good Genius which turned everything to gold,'—of which it may appear an unreasonable criticism to say that it is too clever; but so it is. The writer seems above his work. He hardly enters into his own fanciful imagery, and only uses it in condescension, as some writers professedly do fiction, apologising to themselves and their readers while they do so. His aim is to set forth the advantages and grand results of patient industry, and for this purpose he (or *they*, for the work is by two brothers,) constructs an ingenious machinery, and carries it through in a certain sense very successfully. But we miss the bright untrammelled exuberance of fancy working towards a high aim, rather by a good instinct than by a formal effort of will. The one is the clever attempt of a political mind, to recommend his views and theories to his youthful readers; the other, the true poet's fancy, who sitting among children, feels himself a child, and delights himself and them by his spontaneous creations, through which shine out, of necessity, true lessons for their daily use and guidance. Anything like effort in the fairy tale is the breaking of the spell. Its character should be poetical rather than intellectual, and the author should appeal only to this part of our nature. Thus knowledge of society, which can only be the result of observation and experience, is out of place, and so is satire on the vices of society; though not on the leading errors and weaknesses of humanity in the abstract; *i.e.* the fairy tale should

give the poet's view of life, rather than the man of the world's or the politician's. We feel it therefore a mistake, an error in point of taste in the authors of 'the Good Genius,' to inculcate the superiority of reality over romance in this species of composition; they should have had recourse to more matter-of-fact means for inculcating such sentiments, as that a lady must refuse a lover when he is poor, and marry him when he is rich. But hear 'Amaranth the ever young.'

'Now, when the lady found that Silvio, the wealthy prince, and Silvio, the poor woodman, were the same in person, though they differed so widely in appearance, she no longer spurned his love, but wondering at his suddenly acquired possessions and power, not very reluctantly assented to her father's and her lover's wishes.

"Ah!" said Silvio, "I fear it is my palace, and not myself, that has won the Princess Amaranth's heart."

"It is neither the one nor the other," returned the lady, "but the two together. Are you still so romantic as to think that a heart pampered in a palace could find contentment in a cottage?"

Silvio replied, "that it was the union of sympathetic minds that constituted happiness."

"And the union of ill-assorted minds, misery," added the Princess; "as the fable of the nightingale and the dormouse long ago taught me. I will tell it you."

We are no friends to ill-assorted marriages, but we appeal to our readers, whether the disinterested attachment in the following story (Andersen's,) of the shepherdess for her faithful chimney-sweeper, does not stand in pleasant contrast with Amaranth's discretion:—

'THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

'Did you ever see a very old cupboard, that age had made quite black and dingy, with leafy work and curious figures carved upon it? Just such a one as this once stood in the parlour of the house. It had been handed down to the owner by his great-great-grandmother, and it was carved all over from top to bottom with roses and tulips. The lines had been strangely turned and twisted beneath the workman's chisel; and some of them ended in little stags' heads with beautiful antlers. But on the middle of the cupboard, a man in full length was carved out: it made you laugh to look at him; and he grinned himself, for you could not say he laughed; he had the legs of a goat, little horns on his head, and a long beard. The children in the room always called him Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs, for that was a hard word to pronounce, and there are not many who obtain the title. Well, there he kept standing with his eye upon the table under the looking-glass, for a lively little shepherdess made of porcelain was there. Her shoes were gilt, her frock was prettily looped up with a red rose, and, besides this, she had a golden bonnet, and a shepherd's crook: she was a beautiful creature. Close by her stood a little chimney-sweeper, as black as a coal, although he was made of porcelain too. He was really as neat and clean as the best of them. His being a chimney-sweep was only a pretence; the porcelain manufacturer had just as well have made a prince of him: it was all one to a clever

workman. There he stood so prettily with his bag and his brush, and with a face too as fair as that of a little girl: now this was rather a fault, for it might have been blackened a little. His place was quite close to the shepherdess: they had both been stationed where they were; and as there they were side by side, they had agreed to be married, they suited each other so well; they were both young people, made of the very same sort of porcelain, and one as brittle as the other.

Now there was another figure standing close beside them; it was an old bowing Chinese, three times as large as they were. He was made of porcelain too; and he said he was the little shepherdess's grandfather; and although he had no good proof of this, he persisted in claiming authority over her, and for this reason he had given a favorable nod to Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs, who was a suitor for the little shepherdess's hand.

"There is a husband for you," said the old Chinese; "a husband who, I almost think, is all of mahogany, and who can make a Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs of you. He has a whole cupboard full of plate, setting aside what is in the secret drawers."

"I will not go into the dark cupboard," said the little shepherdess. "I have heard say, that he has eleven porcelain wives inside."

"Well, then, you can be the twelfth," said the Chinese. "This very night, as soon as we hear the old cupboard give a 'crack,' you shall hold your wedding, as true as I am a Chinese!" and so saying he nodded his head and fell asleep.

But the little shepherdess began to cry, and looked tenderly at her beloved porcelain chimney-sweeper. "I must ask you," said she, "to go forth with me into the wide world, for we cannot stay here."

"I will do anything you like," said the little chimney-sweeper. "Let us be off at once; I dare say I shall be able to support you by my profession."

"If we were but safely off the table!" said she; "for I shall never be happy till we are in the wide world together."

Then he tried to cheer her, and showed her how to plant her little foot on the raised edges and leafy gold-work of the leg of the table; and now there they were safe upon the floor. But when they looked up at the old cupboard, there was such a to-do there. All the carved stags were stretching their necks still farther out, tossing up their horns, and then standing at gaze; while Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs leaped up into the air, and shouted across the room to the old Chinese, "They are running away! they are running away!" This frightened them terribly, and they jumped, as quickly as they could, into a low drawer near the window.

In this lay three or four broken packs of cards, and a little puppet-show, which had been put together as well as they could arrange it. A play was being acted at the time; and all the queens, heart and diamond, club and spade, sat in the front row, and fanned themselves with flowers, as we see them do in the cards; and behind them stood all the knaves, ready to wait upon them when they wanted anything. The story of the play was about two persons who could not marry each other, as they wished to do; and the shepherdess began to cry at the sight of it, for this was just her own case.

"I cannot stand this," said she, "I must get out of the drawer." But when they reached the ground again, and looked at the table, the old Chinese was awake and trembling in his whole body, though, from his waist downwards, he was nothing but a lump of porcelain. "Oh, the old Chinese is coming!" cried the little shepherdess; and then she fell down on her porcelain knees, she was so overcome with grief.

"A thought strikes me," said the chimney-sweeper; "What if we creep

into the large vase that stands in the corner? there we may lie in roses and lavender, and throw dust in his eyes when he comes."

"That will be of no use," said she. "Besides this, I know that the old Chinese and the flower-vase were once engaged to each other; and there is always a lurking fondness remaining when people have once been on such a footing together. No, there is no help for us but to go out into the wide world."

"Have you really courage enough to go forth with me into the world?" said the chimney-sweep. "Have you considered what a large place it is, and that we shall never be able to come back again?"

"I have thought of all that," said she. Then the chimney-sweep looked her full in the face.

"My path is up the chimney! When I am once there, I know how to manage. We shall climb up till we are quite out of their reach; and, at the top of all, there is a hole that leads out into the wide world." So saying, he led her to the door of the stove.

"Oh, how black it looks!" cried she. But still she went on with him through the body of the stove, and all along the pipe, where it was as dark as pitch.

"Now we are in the chimney," said he, "and look, look, what a beautiful star is shining up there!"

"It was a real star in the sky, and it shone down upon them, just as if it wished to show them the way. And they crept and clambered on so high, so high, up such a dismal dark place! and the little chimney-sweep held her up, and showed her the best places for her to plant her little porcelain feet. In this way they reached the top of the chimney; and then they seated themselves, for they were dreadfully tired, and so they well might be. The sky, with all the stars, was above them, and the roofs of the houses far beneath them. They saw so far around them! They had such a splendid view of the world! The poor shepherdess had never thought it was like this; she leaned her head on her chimney-sweeper's breast, and wept, and sobbed, till the gold buckle of her sash gave way.

"This is too much for me," said she, "I cannot bear it. The world is too great. Oh! if I were but on the table, under the looking-glass again! I shall never be happy till I am there again. I have followed you out into the wide world, and now you will gladly take me back again, if you have any love for me."

"And the chimney-sweep tried to reason with her: he reminded her of the old Chinese, and Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs; but all she did was to sob and kiss her little chimney-sweep, so that he could not refuse her, although it was foolish not to do so. So with great difficulty they groped their way down the chimney again, and crept through the pipe into the stove: it was a most disagreeable task; and at last they stood once more behind the little iron door. There they stopped and listened, to find how things were in the room. All was still. They peeped out; and alas! there lay the old Chinese on the ground, in the middle of the room: he had fallen from the table in trying to follow them, and had been broken in three. The whole of his back had been dashed off in one piece, and his head had rolled into a corner. Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs stood where he had always stood, thinking about the disaster.

"Oh, what a frightful sight!" said the little shepherdess. "My poor old grandfather is broken in pieces, and it is all our fault. I shall never get over this!" and she wrung her little hands.

"He can be rivetted," said the chimney-sweep; "he can be rivetted very well. Do not be so violent. If they cement him well in the back, and drive a good rivet into his neck, he will be as good as new, and be able to say as unpleasant things to us as before."

"Do you think so?" said she. And after this they crept up upon the table again, to the places where they had formerly stood.

"Think what a way we have been!" said the chimney-sweep; "we might have saved ourselves the trouble."

"Would that we had my old grandfather rivetted again!" said the shepherdess. "Would it cost much, do you think?" And rivetted he was. The master of the house had him cemented in the back, and a strong rivet passed through his neck; and then he was as good as new, though he could not nod.

"I think you are grown mighty high since your accident," said Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs. "I do not see that you have any reason to look so fierce. Shall I have her, or shall I not?"

'Then the chimney-sweep and the little shepherdess gave the Old Chinese such a touching look! They were so afraid he might nod. But this he could not do, and it was not at all to his liking to have to tell a stranger that he constantly carried a rivet in his neck. And so the little porcelain pair remained together, blessing their grandfather's rivet, over and over again, and loving each other till they both fell to pieces.'

In this story the innate equality of man is asserted; the chimney-sweep is made of the same porcelain as his fair and glittering bride, and we are not offended to be thus reminded of a great truth. But if a tale takes a *political* view of the relation of man to man, our suspicions are excited, our party-spirit is on the *qui-vive*. We feel we may have an opponent to deal with, and we will make no unsafe admissions. When kings are degraded to beggars, as in 'the Good Genius,' and lose all their kingly spirit in the transformation, a quality which seems to attach rather to their robes and crowns than to themselves, we find ourselves setting down the author for a republican, or a whig at the least. But poetry is essentially simple and child-like; it asserts truth because it sees it and knows it, not that it has any ends of its own to gain by the promulgation; and we follow its guidance trustingly; with no fear that our unguarded acquiescence may entrap us into acknowledging some distasteful theory.

After all, it is the observations of a child-like spirit on the world around that impress us most, taking far greater hold on the mind than mere keen, hard, calculating acuteness. It is the charm, for instance, of the Vicar of Wakefield, that while he describes roguery so well, he could so easily be taken in by it. Here is a gentle satire on avarice and prodigality,—the futility of the one, and the consequences of the other,—which strikes us as having something of Goldsmith's vein in it, and what the good vicar might have told to his children. We need not say it is from Andersen:—

'In a town, which it would now perhaps be hard to find on the map, lived a merchant. This merchant was so rich that he could have paved, with silver crowns, the whole of the street in which his house stood, and almost the little lane that led into it, into the bargain. But he did not do

that: no, he knew how to make better use of his money; for if he laid out a penny, he was sure to get a shilling in return for it; such a clever merchant was he. But at last he died!

'Now his son came into the possession of all his money. He lived a merry life, went every night to balls and dances, made paper kites of bank-notes, and passed an hour now and then, by way of fun, in throwing golden coins, instead of stones, over the smooth surface of the large pond just under his window. It was no wonder, then, if the money grew less and less; and it really did so. At last he had nothing left but sixpence, and no clothing but a pair of slippers, and an old dressing-gown. Now, of course, his friends cared no more about him, as they were ashamed of being seen with him in the street. But one of them, who was a good-natured fellow, sent him an old box, with the well-meant advice that he should pack up and be off as quickly as possible. That was all very fine; but the poor thoughtless creature had nothing to pack up; and so he seated himself in the box.'

Other instances of the same mild vein of satire, will readily occur to such of our readers as are familiar with Andersen; as in the 'Swine-herd,' where the love of vulgar gossip is made to destroy all poetry and refinement; or where the hen is made to give her views of travelling,—'she who knew what it was, for had she not once travelled twelve miles in a hen-coop?' or that other hen, and her companion, the tom-cat, who used to say, 'We and the world,' and had no sympathy for the young swan's aspirations.

Another point of contrast, between the two authors and styles we have been describing, lies in their different modes of viewing nature: the religious awe the one feels and shows unconsciously, and the careless disrespect and familiarity which the other does not scruple to express. All Andersen's works are pervaded by a true sense of the beautiful and sublime in nature, of which many striking instances might be given. The following extract, however, is rather designed to show how in playfulness, and a kind of daring, he yet preserves becoming reverence. It is from the 'Garden of Paradise,' a story which in some points ventures upon fancies which we feel rather too bold, and what a member of our church would have thought hazardous ground. The youthful adventurer loses his way in a wood, and is caught by a storm.

'He felt so faint, that he was ready to fall; when, all at once, he heard a strange sound, as if something were hissing, and he saw before him a large lighted cave. In the middle of this there was such an immense fire burning, that you might have roasted a stag at it; and that was just what was being done. The noblest stag that ever was seen, with a stately pair of antlers, was fastened to a spit a yard long; this was fixed between two pine-trees, that had been cut down close to the roots; and the meat was being turned round very quickly before the fire. An old woman, so tall and strong that she looked more like a man in disguise, was sitting close by, throwing one piece of wood on the fire after the other. "Come nearer," she cried, after saying "How do you do?—Sit down by me at the fire, and dry your clothes."

"But there is such a strong draught here," said the prince, in a fretful tone; and then he stretched his weary limbs on the ground.

"It will be much worse when my sons come home," answered the woman. "You are in the cave of the Winds, and my good sons are the four winds of the world. Can you understand that?"

"Where are your sons?" said the prince.

"Why, it is not easy to answer, when any one asks such foolish random questions," replied the woman. "My sons are having good sport to-day; they are playing at ball with the clouds in the large hall up there." And so saying, she pointed, with a look full of meaning, into the air, where the winds and waters were fiercest in their uproar.

"Ah, indeed!" said the prince. "But I think you speak rather harshly: not near so gently as the ladies with whom I usually live."

"Yes," said the old woman; "I dare say they have nothing else to do. But I must be as firm as a rock, if I wish to make my boisterous boys behave themselves to me. This I can do, however, although they are so stiff-necked and contrary. Do you see those large bags that are hanging against the wall? My sons are just as much afraid of them as you, in earlier times, were of the rod behind the looking-glass. In fact, I will not allow the clamorous lads to get the upper hand of me. When they make too much noise and racket, I just take and wind them round my finger, and into the bags they march, without more ado. There they stay closely tied up, and do not come out again to bluster and swagger till their mother thinks fit. But, see, here comes one of them!"

It was the North Wind who now entered the cave, attended by an icy coldness. Large hailstones bounded about as he moved, and leaped after him over the uneven ground, while snow-flakes fell whirling around him. He wore a jacket and trousers of bears'-skin; a cap, made of the skin of the sea-dog, fell loosely over his ears. Long icicles hung down his bristly beard, and one hail-stone after another came pattering down from the collar of his jerkin.

"Do not go all at once to the fire," said the prince, in a tone of warning; "the frost might easily seize on your hands and face!"

"Frost!" replied the North Wind, bursting into a hearty laugh; "Frost! that is just the greatest treat you could give me. What foolish weakly child of man are you? How, you little dwarf, did you get into our cave?"

"He is my guest," said the old woman; "and if this is not enough for you, you may march into your bag. Now you know what I mean, I hope?"

The words took effect; and the North Wind now told them which road he had taken last, and where he had been almost all that month.

"I am come from the polar sea," said he; "I have been with the Russian walrus-hunters on the Island of Bears. I was sitting and sleeping at the helm when they sailed out from the North-cape; and when I now and then awoke from my lazy doze, the affrighted storm-bird was fluttering saucily about my legs. What a droll bird that is! He makes a quick stroke with his wings, and then holding them quietly stretched out, he skims through the air as if he did not want them."

"Do not use too many words," said the gigantic Mother of the Winds, calling her son to order. "And so you arrived safely at the Island of the Bears?"

"Yes, indeed, and a delicious place it is. It makes a dancing-floor as flat as a plate. Plains of half-thawed snow, sprinkled here and there with tufts of moss, sharp stones, and all sorts of skeletons of walrus and polar bears, lay strewn on the ground, row upon row. They looked like the arms and legs of fallen warriors on some vast field of battle. You would think the sun had never shone upon them. I gave a puff at the mist from the corner of my mouth, that I might gain a glimpse of the ponderous hut

which rests upon countless and endless colonnades. It was a house made of the motley fragments of wrecks, firmly fastened together, and so covered with walrus-leather as to be both air-proof and water-proof. The flesh side of the leather was turned outwards; and thus the walls looked like gleaming patchwork of red, green, and blue. On the top of the cupola, as if by way of ornament, a saucy bear sat growling. I hastened down the strand, took a peep at the birds'-nests, and the little callow young that had just broken the egg; and when they began chirping and opening their beaks so wide, I gave a gentle puff into their ten-thousand throats at once, and they learned to keep their mouths shut. Far down in the fathomless depths of the sea, walruses were rolling about like monstrous serpents, with swine's heads and alabaster teeth."

"You tell a story well, my lad," said his mother, with a look of pleasure; "it makes my mouth water to listen to you."

"So now we went cheerily to work. The harpoon sped straight into the walrus's breast, and the reeking blood gushed forth like a fountain over the ice. I will have my fun now, thought I; and then I gave some of my choicest morsels; I whistled them my newest bravuras, and I made my fastest sailors, the high rock-like icebergs, move forwards, one after the other, and hem in the boats, like iron nutcrackers playing with brittle nutshells. Heigho, what a whistling and hallooing there was! But I drowned it all with my shrill song. They had to unload the ship of the dead walruses, chests, casks, and cordage, on the trackless fields of ice. I powdered them right and left with snow-flakes heavy as lead; and at last, after they had restored the sea the booty they had wrung from it, I sent them drifting southward in their shattered vessels to get a taste of salt water. Sure enough, they will never bend their course to the Island of Bears again."

"Then you did wrong there," said the Mother of the Winds, rebuking him.

"What good I did, I leave others to tell," said he; "but here is my brave little brother, the West Wind, coming."

The Good Genius, too, is merry on the grand features of Nature. Andersen has given us the North Wind; here we have the Sun, in his setting majesty:—

'Once upon a time, a young woodman sat on the trunk of a tree that he had just felled. He'd had a tough day's work of it, no doubt; but still, the heart of such a forest, at such an hour, wasn't exactly the place or time for a body to take his rest in; yet there the young wood-man sat, as if he had got all the afternoon before him; instead of which, the rising breeze of sun-down began to make the trees shiver again, and the bright eye of Day was now fast getting bloodshot with the coming cold of Night, while the shadows of things had no longer the jolly plumpness of Noon, but were long, and thin, and miserable-looking, as though they were nipped and pinched-up with the growing chilliness of the evening air. Why, then, does the man continue to sit there? Why doesn't he go home? For, see, the sun is flickering in the socket of the west.'

And, again, Morning is announced under the following graceful figure:—'Aurora had just begun to light her fire in the grate of the East, and the old sun was still snug under the blankets of the horizon.'

To show that this author, intolerable as such images are, can describe well, and that it is choice rather than the necessity

of his nature, which makes him vulgar, we give the following picture of a city suddenly starting into being through the agency of the Good Genius:—

‘Silvio had scarcely expressed his approval of the site, when the following words were heard ringing through the air:—

“Where wild beasts have made their lair,
Man shall sleep in safety there!
Where weeds cumber up the plain,
There shall wave the golden grain!
So up with walls!—with thickets down,
Till the wild becomes the town!”

‘Immediately the prince and princess saw some half-dozen white huts shoot up, huddled together beside the dark wood, and a red road run like lightning along the plains towards the river, which flowed in the distance like a silken riband streaming in the wind. Then they beheld larger and higher houses start out of the ground, and the wood grow thinner and thinner; while the buildings, instead of being jumbled together in small clusters, now began to stretch themselves into order, and the thread-like streets to radiate as the fibres of a spider's web. Then Silvio pointed out to the wondering princess how the river was curving from its course, and winding itself half round the growing town, like a rim of burnished silver; and then how bridges were being flung from bank to bank. Suddenly they saw a hundred gilded domes bubble up skimming in the sun like bells of gold, and the distant city bristle with countless minarets, slender as spears. Then they could perceive a massive wall coil itself round the town, and gird it in as with a belt of stone, and the neighbouring wild become mapped into fields and gardens, and grow tessellated with culture; and then they heard a thousand voices in the air, crying—“Peace be unto Silvio, King of the City of the Diamond waters.”’

We must notice the illustrations of this little book by George Cruikshank as very successful. They enter into the feeling and idea of the author; in these days a very rare merit. The scene of the forest in course of its transformation into a fleet, with its swarms of tiny artisans; and again, that of the rock changing into a palace, are very graceful and imaginative.

To pass on to the next on our list,—‘The Silver Swan, a Fairy Tale, by Madame de Chatelain.’

Here the title, the euphonous name of the authoress, and the form and getting-up of the book in its delicate white-and-gold binding, all contribute to one great deception. Instead of being some pretty and graceful fancy of a *lady's* imagination, as all these externals would lead one to suppose, it is a satire on inn-keepers, parvenus, bishops, the aristocracy, and the world in general; while the ‘Silver Swan,’ the head and front of all this offending, is no other than a public-house sign. Every character is mean and selfish—so entirely so, as to deprive the story of any small interest it might otherwise have possessed; while the style combines a little cleverness with a great deal of vulgarity, not unmingled with profaneness. It is

painful to see Fairyland so intruded upon. In fact, however, all the supernatural is included in a red nightcap, which makes money. We may class this book with those odious travesties of the old nursery tales which some publishers think it worth their while to get up expensively, and which we therefore conclude some people buy for their children; though it is impossible they should derive amusement from them, but at the expense of worthier feelings.

As a specimen of the work before us, we give the following scene with a bishop, the only professedly religious person in the work. He arrives at the inn just after its owner has become possessed of the money-making nightcap; and, after a great deal of hypocritical talk, is riding off with a sackful of gold, having previously 'opened it to ascertain whether all *was* gold that glitters, and eyed its contents with a greedy look:—

'Meanwhile, as Kaspar was accompanying the bishop across the yard, a thought struck him, and he said, "Reverend father, I wish to be a baron; will it please your holiness to make me one, and to make Gertrude a Baroness?"

"My son," said the bishop, "it is not in my power to grant your wish."

"Then make me a duke," persisted Kaspar, "and that will do as well."

"Neither duke nor baron can I make," answered the bishop meekly; "it behoves me not to dispense earthly titles; that rests with our monarch."

"Then, father," continued Kaspar, "as you are hand and glove with both kings and popes, pray get me made a baron, for I wish of all things to be noble; and every year will I send you such another sack of gold for your poor parishioners."

"The bait was as tempting as if a more cunning mind than Kaspar's had devised it; and the bishop replied: "Although your wish is rather too worldly a one, my good son, for me to enter into, yet your pious intentions redeem the vanity of such a desire; and I should be to blame if I deprived the poor of such a munificent gift, for want of attempting what my feeble credit may achieve."

"You may be sure, father, that the sack shall hold full measure," observed Kaspar, to clench the favourable leaning of the holy man.

"God's will be done in all things!" ejaculated the bishop, "and if it be his intention to ennoble your race, I know not why I, his humble servant, should attempt to thwart his decrees."

'So saying, the bishop pronounced the parting benediction, and the carriage drove off somewhat heavier than it had arrived.'

The practical lesson to be drawn from this by the children who are amused by it, is, that all men, whatever they profess, love money, and will do anything to obtain it. In the same way the tendency of the following passage is to teach little girls to think about getting married, and to feel the paramount importance of being so. The young ladies spoken of are the daughters of a nobleman, who takes up his quarters yearly, during the season, at the inn at Ems, kept once more by the son of the nightcap, after his short reign of splendour.

'At all events if the Count's family were quick to perceive that their old acquaintance was about to rise again in the world, and that it was politic to renew their intimacy, and to send back the carriage with their compliments and thanks,—Kaspar, on the other hand, was not slow in discerning all the use that might be made of such well-born personages as baits to catch customers; and this kind of angling succeeded so well that the noble family was always entertained scot-free at the Silver Swan—or the Castle, as they chose to call it—on the tacit agreement of the Count's bringing each season a certain number of gudgeons, to whom, during the winter, which he now always spent in town, he had diligently recommended the waters of Ems as a cure for every disease under the sun. Even the young ladies abetted their papa's puffing system by inveigling every man that flirted with them to meet them at Ems, where their paternal castle was situated, as they averred;—and, indeed, so well did the scheme answer for all parties, that, at the end of a few years, Ottilie married a lame Landgrave, who came to the waters in the hope of being soon well enough to dance a saraband; and Frederike was fain to take up with a Piedmontese ambassador, old enough to be her father, who had fancied he should be restored to youth by a trip to this second fountain of youth.'

We could multiply instances, but our readers will have had enough.

As some relief and refreshment, after so much that is disagreeable, we now propose to introduce them to 'the Good-natured Bear,' a courteous and well-mannered beast, who, we hope, will atone to them for what the 'Silver Swan' has made them endure. There is, indeed, so much talent and humour in this story, that we have real pleasure in proclaiming its English origin, in spite of the scene being laid in Germany,—a circumstance which could not be avoided, both because it *is* conceivable that a bear should be born in or near Germany, which it is not, we are thankful to say, in England, and also (and this is the great point of necessity) because it is certain and inevitable that if a bear could ever talk at all, he would do so in the German language.

Instead of dwelling long on the merits of the story, our reader shall himself be the judge, and, to enable him to be so, we purpose making our extracts somewhat longer than the size of the book might otherwise warrant.

The scene lies in the country-house of a certain Dr. Little-pump; where, one Christmas evening, his children are entertaining a party of young companions. Besides these little folks, there were the learned Doctor and his lady; Grechen the charming nursery-governess; a certain uncle Abraham with a dry silent manner and twinkling eyes, who walks off very early to bed; and the three servants of the house. The festivities of the evening had been carried on for some time with infinite glee, when they were broken in upon in the following manner:—

'It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the snow lying deep

up on the ground, when a stout gentleman, in a very rough coat and fur boots, got down from the outside of the Dresden diligence, which had stopped just in front of Dr. Littlepump's door. The large street-lamp, that hung in the middle of the street by a chain fixed to the upper part of the Doctor's house and the upper part of the house opposite, was a very fine lamp with large reflectors inside, and an ornamental top of Prussian blue and gold. All the children were crowding round the windows in a trice, to look at the diligence and the gentleman who had got down.

'Besides his very rough coat and fur boots, the children now perceived that the stout gentleman had also a short cloak, and a pair of large fur gloves, and that he wore a white hunting-hat, with the usual round crown and broad brim, but with an uncommonly handsome green cord and tassel. The hat was pulled down almost over his eyes, so that his face could not be seen; and he had an immense orange-coloured woollen comforter round his throat, which the yellow gleam of the lamp shone upon.

'The diligence now drove on, and left the stout gentleman standing in the middle of the street. It was a fine clear winter's night, but he had, no doubt, found it very cold travelling outside, notwithstanding his rough coat, his fur boots and gloves, his short cloak, and his orange comforter.

'The stout gentleman first shook the snow from his cloak, on the shoulder of which much snow had collected, and he made it fly about on all sides, as he shook himself. After this, he began to stamp with his feet to warm them, and it looked like a clumsy dance in a little circle, which made all the children laugh. The next thing he did was to give himself a good rubbing on the breast, and he did it in so awkward a way, that it had all the appearance of a great clumsy creature giving itself a scratch; and though the children thought, of course, that this clumsiness was only in consequence of the very thick sleeves of the rough coat, which would not allow the gentleman's arms and hands to move with ease and grace, still it looked so funny that the children laughed louder than before. They were almost afraid he would hear it through the windows. The next thing the stout gentleman did was to draw forth an immense pocket-handkerchief of bright grass green, with a broad crimson border, and with this he began to dust his nose, to knock off the sleet and frost-work, and also to rub and warm his nose, which seemed to be very large and long, and to require great attention.

'When the children saw the gentleman do this, they could contain themselves no longer, but all burst out into a loud shout of laughter. The stout gentleman instantly stopped, and began to look round him in all directions, to see where the laughing came from. The children all ceased laughing and became suddenly quiet. The stout gentleman turned round and round, looking up and down at every window of every house near him; till at last his eyes rested upon the three parlour windows of Dr. Littlepump's house, which were crowded with faces. No sooner had he done this, than he advanced towards the house with a long stride and an angry air.

'In an instant all the children ran from the window, crying out—"Here he comes! here he comes!"

'Presently a scraping was heard upon the steps of the door, and then a loud knock! The children all ran to their seats and sat quite silent, looking at each other. Dr. Littlepump walked twice across the room with a serious face, and then stood still, looking down upon the floor. Not a word was spoken. Gretchen covered her face with her handkerchief, and Lydia, Dorothea and Wallis (the three servants), huddled up almost behind the iron pipe of the stove, all pretended to be warming their hands. None of them liked to go to open the door. The room was so silent you might most have heard a feather fall. Now came a louder knock! Then another! and then a ringing of the bell!

"I am sorry," observed Mrs. Littlepump, "that the stout gentleman is so much offended."

"I don't very well know what to say to him," said Dr. Littlepump. Again came the ringing at the bell!

"Lydia," said Dr. Littlepump, "you must open the door, I fancy."

"Dorothea," said Lydia, looking affectionately at the cook, "do just go to the door."

"Wallis," said Dorothea, looking affectionately at the gardener, "you know how many a nice baked potatoe I have given you, before and after dinner; do just open the door."

Wallis took off his spectacles, and sat with his mouth open. Again came the ringing at the bell, and a knocking at the same time.

"Somebody," exclaimed Dr. Littlepump, extending both hands, as if in the act of addressing a large assembly, "somebody must go!"

Upon this, Gretchen rose. "Oh! don't you go, Gretchen, dearest," cried little Val.; "let Wallis go." But Gretchen promised to run away as soon as she had opened the door, and with this assurance she was allowed to go; both Nancy and Valentine continuing to call after her,—"*be sure you run back to us as fast as ever you can!*"

The children sat listening with all their ears, sitting as still as mice who think they hear something. Presently they *did* hear something. It was the snap of the lock, the creaking of the door, and a scrambling noise! The scrambling noise was made by Gretchen, who came running back into the room quite out of breath, crying, "Oh, such a nose!—such a dirty face!—don't ask me anything!"

There was no time for any questions,—a slow heavy footstep was heard in the hall—then in the passage—then the parlour door opened wide, and in walked the stout gentleman with the rough coat! He had, indeed, a prodigious nose, both long and broad, and as dark as the shadow of a hill. He advanced only a pace or two into the room, and then stood still, looking at Dr. Littlepump, who was the only other person who ventured to stand up.

"I believe I have the honour," said the stout gentleman, making a low bow, but without taking off his hunting-hat or comforter—"I believe I have the honour of addressing no less a person than Mr. Dr. Littlepump, chief Councillor to the Austrian Branch of the Tommy Mines of Seringapatam!"

Dr. Littlepump bowed. He held the office of Councillor to a Board of mines in Vienna, where he made a speech now and then in the summer months. The strange gentleman's designation of his post was not quite correct, nor did the Doctor even know what a "Tommy mine" might be; however, he thought it best not to interrupt.

"If," continued the stout gentleman, "if I had not known it was impossible that so learned a Councillor could deliberately allow anybody to be insulted from the windows of his country-house, I should have felt myself extremely indignant upon the present very serious occasion. It may have produced merriment to our young friends here, but it is a serious thing to me."

"Sir," said Dr. Littlepump, recovering his usual composure,—"*it grieves me excessively that your feelings should have been hurt by the laughter of my children and their little friends; but, Sir, I can assure you no harm was meant by it—in fact, they did not intend to laugh—only it happened.*"

The apology is received in good part, and after more civilities,
NO. LVIII.—N.S.

by which the stout gentleman is evidently affected, Mrs. Littlepump says:—

"Pray, Sir, do take off your coat, and let me beg of you to let our gardener relieve you of your short cloak and fur boots. Lay your fur gloves, also, aside, and permit us to have the pleasure of seeing you take a seat among us round the stove."

"Oh, ye green woods, dark nights, and rocky caves hidden with hanging weeds, why do I so well remember ye?" exclaimed the stout gentleman, again clasping his fur gloves together. "I will relieve my mind and tell you all. My rough coat—companion of my childhood, and which has grown with my growth—I cannot lay aside. It grows to my skin, Madam. My fur gloves are nature's gift. They were bought at no shop, Mrs. Littlepump. My fur boots are as much a part of me as my beard. I cannot shave my feet, most respected and excellent married lady. I am indeed a foreigner, as to society. I was born in no city, town, or village, nor in a bed; but in a cave full of dry leaves and soft twigs. I left my native place owing to a domestic calamity; I applied myself very hard to study, till at last, by various means, which I cannot now explain, I acquired the art of speaking the German language; but, the truth is, I am not a man—but a bear!"

'As he uttered these words the stout gentleman took off his orange-coloured comforter, his short coat, and his hat,—and sure enough a bear he was, and one of the largest that ever was seen!

* * * * *

"I trust," said Dr. Littlepump, after a minute's reflection, "I trust that this discovery, this casting off all disguise, produces no change in the nature and habits you have acquired in civilized communities. It is impossible to think so. I feel sure that I am addressing a 'gentleman'—that is to say, a most gentlemanly specimen of your species."

"Banish all suspicion from your breast, Mr. Doctor," said the bear; "neither you, nor any of those I see around, ever need apprehend a single rude hug from me, such as many of my ancestors were too apt to give. But when I give a hug, it is only in the manner of the best-bred people of the time."

'As the bear said this, he cast a tender look, sideways, at Dorothea; and the thought of receiving such a mark of regard from the bear, made her face turn white and red by turns, and then a little blue.

"Oh! we feel quite satisfied," said Mrs. Littlepump, with her most courteous smile, "that your conduct will be of the very best kind. Pray take a seat near the fire. The children will all make room for you."

'She had scarcely uttered the last words, when the children all made room enough in a trice, and more than enough, as they crowded back as far as they could, and left a large open circle opposite the stove. The bear laid one paw upon his grateful breast, and advanced towards the fire-place.

"Permit me," said he, "to begin with warming my nose." As the door of the stove was now closed, the bear bent his head down, and moved his nose backwards and forwards in a sort of semi-circle, seeming to enjoy it very much. "As my nose," said he, "is very long, the tip of it must necessarily be the first part to get cold, because it is so far off my face, where the circulation of the blood is rendered sufficiently quick and warm by the comfortable thickness of my beard; my nose, I fear, may not seem a well-shaped one, but it is a capital smeller. I used to be able, when at the distance of several miles, to smell—ahem!" And here the bear checked himself suddenly. He was evidently going to say something of his life at

home in the woods, that would not be thought very nice in Dr. Littlepump's parlour. But he just caught himself up in time. In doing this, however, his confusion at the moment had made him neglect to observe that a part of the stove was again red-hot; so that approaching too closely, he all at once burnt the tip of his nose!

'The children would certainly have laughed, but as the bear started back, he immediately looked round the room; so every body was afraid to laugh. It was evident that the nose he had been boasting of so much could not smell fire.'

Encouraged and softened by the kindness of his reception, the bear proposes to tell his history, and a very philosophical one it is. The following description of his infantine sensations goes near to lift up the impenetrable veil which hangs over our human babyhood:—

'My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came, and, telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs.

'“Now,” said my mother, “you are what is called standing alone!”

'But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden trussel,—with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze, and the many scents of the woods,—my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First, I looked up among the boughs, then sideway at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence; at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my fore-paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes; and certainly the odour of it was up in my head; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

'The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white colour, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore-paw, and I wondered how I should feel or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw, both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt anything, and what should have made the horns fancy otherwise,—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to

a tuft of moss on my right, near a hollow trunk. Out of this green tuft, looked a pair of very bright round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

'If I had known how to walk, I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts and motions to begin with. So I stood looking at the eyes; and presently I saw that the head was yellow, and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth. "What you have just seen," said my mother, "we call a snail; and what you now see is a frog." The names, however, did not at all help me to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner, I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made all these observations and reflections, when a beam of light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great leap right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting!'

'The next day my mother gave me my first lesson in walking, as she considered I had stood alone very well, and should not have fallen but for the accident of the sunbeam and the frog. She took me to a nice smooth sandy place in the forest, not far from home, and, setting me down carefully, said, "Walk." But I remained just where I was! If a child with only *two* legs feels puzzled which leg it should move first, and how; or if it should move both together and how,—whether by a jump or a slide; judge of the multiplied puzzles of a young bear under such circumstances. Shall I, said I to myself,—or at least I felt as if I said so,—shall I move my right front paw first, or my left; or my right hind leg, or my left? Shall I first move the two front legs both at the same time, and then the two hind legs?—or my two hind legs first, and then my two front legs? Should I move the right front leg, and the right hind leg at the same time, or the left front leg and the right hind leg? Shall I try to move all four at once, and how, and which way? Or shall I move three legs at once, in order to push myself on, while one leg remains for me to balance my body upon; and, if so, which three legs should move, and which one should be the leg to balance upon? Amidst all these confusing thoughts and feelings—common to all young bears, and many other quadrupeds, no doubt, but which the generations of mankind now hear of for the first time—I was afraid to move in any way whatever, and I believe I should have been standing there to this day, had not my mother, with a slow bowing and bending motion of the head and back bone, gracefully passed and repassed me several times, saying, "So, child!—leave off thinking, and walk!"

'My mother was right: directly I left off thinking about it, I found myself walking. O, what a wonderful and clever young gentleman I felt myself! I went ploughing along with such a serious face upon the ground! I soon ran my head against one or two trees and a bit of rock, each of which I saw very well before I did so; only I thought they would get out of my way, or slip aside, or that my head would go softly through them; my mother therefore took me up and carried me, till we arrived within a short distance of our cave. In front of it there was a large space of high grass, through which a regular path had been worn by the feet of my father and mother, who always liked to keep in the path as it was an old habit.

At the beginning of this path, my mother placed me upon the ground, and told me I must walk to the cave in the pathway all by myself. This was a great task for me; I thought I should never be able to keep in such a narrow line, and felt giddy as I looked first on one side, then on the other, expecting every instant to tumble over into the high grass and be drowned, or sink and roll away into another state of existence. However, I managed to get to the cave without any accident.'

But we must not attempt to follow the bear through his various adventures, singular as they are, nor describe the heroic obstinacy of his father and its fate—nor the other wonders of this voracious history—as we have already exceeded our limits, and can only further refer our reader to the book itself to satisfy any curiosity we may have raised.

From modern Fairy lore we pass to ancient—to a dear old friend in a new dress,—‘The Lady Ella.’ The authoress of ‘Hymns and Scenes of Childhood’ has won for herself, among those acquainted with that beautiful little work, a welcome for whatever she may next bring before them; otherwise we should have had small expectation of pleasure from a poetical version of Cinderella, which this poem is! All attempts to enlarge or fill out those earliest favourites of the imagination are dangerous ones, as any developing or spiritualizing of such histories is pretty sure to jar upon fancies in the same direction which each mind has unconsciously worked out for itself. To compare small things with infinitely great ones, the attempt in idea is too like those long paraphrases of Scripture incidents which writers often delight in, but which, in all but gifted hands, give pain and weariness rather than edification to the reader.

In the case of ‘The Lady Ella,’ however, we think the difficulty has been successfully conquered. All the incidents and the general tone of Cinderella-proper are preserved, and those features and circumstances which are added are in keeping with the rest. Even the sudden conversion of the two proud sisters-in-law, —a stumbling-block to some scrupulous persons,—but which is a point of the history we are disposed to be jealous for, is adhered to; and, after a short but sincere repentance, they marry two gentlemen of the court, as we always believed them to do. Woe to us if men always got their full deserts, and forgiveness and mercy were of no avail! The additions to the original simplicity of the narrative are sketches of the father and mother of the heroine, on the two May-days which saw their marriage and her birth;—May-day being, throughout, the eventful, fatal day of the piece. After their death there is the more important novelty of a humble devoted friend, who is the means of some pretty scenes. The Prince, too, is a more important personage, and the lovers are represented as having beheld one another in dreams, as an excuse, we presume, for the

heroine's so readily yielding her heart. Also some fresh and bright descriptions are given of the dawn, from which we are led to infer the benefits of early rising, and the invigorating nature of the morning air.

There is no taste in which children more widely differ than in a love of verse. Some consider it so great a hindrance to the flow of the story, such a bar to natural expression in the characters, so huge an addition to the trouble of reading and extracting the sense, that they hardly regard a story in verse as a story at all, but look upon it as a task, and as such discard it, if the matter is left to their own option. Nor is this any sign that in maturer years they may not become real lovers of poetry. Its use and meaning will then dawn upon them. They will find themselves invested with another taste, and their eyes be enlightened to enjoy a new pleasure. With others there is no such gradual breaking; the sweet sing-song of numbers is delightful to their earliest intelligence. Hymns and songs and rhymes are on their tongue's end before their lips can frame the words; and while this indiscriminate taste is in them, the music of verse atones often for the want of most things beside. It gives pathos to what is insipid, meaning to the senseless, and grace to the vulgar. And, perhaps throughout life, when roused from this first undjudging affection, theirs will still be the more ready and spontaneous pleasure in the poet's labours; though this very facility may render them less accurate judges and critics, as being less *thoughtful* readers, and swayed by early likings and prejudices.

To such youthful devotees this book will give great pleasure. There is a variety in the measure, and a flow and smoothness in the versification, which will gratify their ear; while it possesses, besides, so much feeling and play of fancy, as will tempt the lovers of prose to read for the story's sake. As an example, we give the following pretty and graceful description of the Fairy, and her great feat of transformation:—

"Now, wherefore dost thou weep, my child?"

Asks a voice, as mother's mild.
Ella had no footfall heard,
Not a breath her ringlets stirr'd,
As she looketh up to see
Whose those kindly words may be;
And beating heart and glowing cheek
Of mingled fear and gladness speak;
When a stranger meets her gaze,
In the garb of other days;
Yet no trace of lengthened years
In her face or form appears.

o brightness round her seems,
as haunt us in our dreams;
she beareth in her hand,
d with gold, an ivory wand.

Low of stature, small and slight,
And with eyes so strangely bright,
That their keen though kindly look
Scarcely can the gazer brook:
But upon the startled maid
Gently she her hand hath laid,
While, like some familiar strain,
Sounds her lute-like voice again.

* * * * *

"But our time brooks no delay;
Quickly, then my words obey.
Bring me, first, an orange-gourd."
Instant, at the fairy's word,
In the garden searching round,
Ella soon a gourd hath found,
And with "wonder-waiting eyes,"
To the fairy brings her prize.

She hath cut and scoop'd it round,
 She hath plac'd it on the ground,
 Touch'd it with her slender wand,
 And a chariot there doth stand ;
 Richly lin'd and burnish'd bright,
 All with velvet housings dight ;
 Blazon'd with armorial shield,
 Fleur-de-lis on sable field ;
 And the motto seems to be,
 "Brighter from adversity."
 Ella, speechless with delight,
 Scarcely can believe her sight ;
 But the fairy speaks again,
 "Much to do doth still remain ;
 Hasten, then, my child, and look
 For the trap, in pantry nook."
 There, immur'd, six hapless mice
 Rue, too late, their banquet's price.
 Quickly to the fairy brought,
 Wondrous change the wand hath
 wrought,

As they issue, one by one,
 With a touch the deed is done ;
 Each upstarts a noble steed,
 Of the pure Arabian breed,
 Pawing with impatient feet,
 For a royal chariot meet.
 Full of glee the maiden stands,
 Clapping oft her lily hands ;
 While parings, from the gourd that fell,
 Serve the fairy's purpose well ;
 For, touch'd by Lucinet, behold,
 Harness studded o'er with gold ;
 Saddles, bridles, for a pair,
 Whips and traces, all are there.

And now the fay bids Ella see
 What may in the rat-trap be.
 There, forc'd in narrow bound to stay,
 Long-tail'd, whisker'd, grim and grey,
 Sullenly to fate resign'd,
 Ella doth a captive find.
 Half-dismay'd, the trap she brings,
 Opens the door, and forth he springs ;
 Yet, or ere he 'scape beyond,
 On his tail hath glanced the wand,
 And a portly charioteer
 In his stead doth now appear.
 Off he speeds, his part to do,
 Puts his prancing horses to,
 Whip in hand then takes his seat,
 And the chariot is complete.

Lucinet still looks around,
 For outriders must be found,
 And footmen too, as suits her state,
 Must upon the lady wait.
 Four small lizards' haunt is known
 To the fairy, 'neath a stone,
 Oft at midday basking seen,
 Glittering bright in gold and green.

At her call the bower beside,
 Forth the harmless creatures glide ;
 Pair and pair, on either hand,
 They have felt the wondrous wand.
 Liveried still in gold and green,
 Two tall footmen now are seen ;
 While two outriders, gaily drest,
 In velvet cap, and gold-lac'd vest,
 Saddle, bridle, each their steed,
 Waiting orders to proceed.

At the maiden's joy the while,
 Kindly doth the fairy smile :—
 "Thou thine equipage dost see,
 Aught more splendid scarce might be ;
 Still my task is incomplete ;
 I must find thee robes more meet.
 One more proof of fairy power
 Shall be shown thee in the bower.
 So come, my child, and let me see
 What my wand can do for thee !"

They have enter'd, hand in hand,
 And soon the blushing girl doth stand,
 Dress'd in all the rich array
 That might suit her bridal day.
 Soft and pure as driven snow
 Doth her train of velvet show ;
 Satin dress, with band of gold,
 Clasp'd with gems of price untold ;
 And her clustering tresses fall
 Like a veil of light o'er all.
 Seems she not a lily bright,
 In those robes of virgin white ?
 Rainbow tints might gaudier gleam,
 But they could not so beseeem
 One, whose loveliness alone
 All bright hues hath round her thrown.
 Needeth not that ivory neck,
 Or with gold or pearls to deck :
 Nor could bracelets lend a charm
 To each white and rounded arm ;
 But a sparkling coronet
 On her graceful head is set,
 Jewell'd thick with tiny flowers,
 Such as bloom in fairy bowers.
 Every little bud, a gem
 Worth a regal diadem.
 Ruby rose, and sapphire blue,
 For that flow'r of heavenly hue,
 Whose fond name is lover's plea,
 Unforgotten aye to be.
 Every tint is blending there,
 Every leaf an emerald rare ;
 Pearly dewdrops, diamonds bright,
 O'er each spray shed liquid light,
 Glistening as the paly gold
 Of her silken tresses' fold.

Lucinet herself will suit
 Slippers to each slender foot,

Elfin work, of crystal made,
Ne'er before on earth display'd,
Lending to her step so light,

Glowworm radiance, soft and bright,
While she glides a fairy queen,
All unheard, but not unseen.'

Another work by the same author seems on that account to require notice at the same time; though the difference of subject is so great as to need some apology to the reader for the suddenness of the transition. 'The Wreath of Lilies' is a series of chapters on the various events of the Blessed Virgin's life. Each incident recorded in Scripture is dwelt on at length, with reference to local tradition, and to the opinions of the Fathers; and the whole work bears traces of sustained thought and extensive reading.

It has evidently been a labour of love to the writer, and in accordance with a natural tone of deep, quiet feeling, expressing itself always with reverence and earnestness. We are glad to see so important and neglected a subject treated in this spirit. The *style* in itself we consider open to criticism. The real freshness of the thoughts is often lost in a hazy diffuseness of expression; and, in unwillingness to leave anything bearing on the subject unsaid, the author runs the risk of wearing out the attention of her young readers. And that they *are* always taken for granted to be young ones is evident from the constant appeal to them as 'dear children,' or 'Oh! my dear children,' a form of tenderness which though we believe perfectly genuine in this instance, we confess to have always found wearisome. It gives the whole too sermonizing a character, and nothing that is not a sermon should sound like one. That this style of address, even in its appropriate place, the sermon, may be used too frequently, and ceases in time to be a connecting bond between speaker and listener, most of our readers will bear witness to, who can call to mind how often in the course of one hour they have heard themselves affectionately or deferentially addressed as 'beloved brethren,' and 'dear hearers,' by their own pastor, or, 'respected audience,' in the language of occasional extempore eloquence; till the jaded attention refuses to be roused or flattered any longer by this appeal to its sympathies.

Any criticism, however, on a particular style, must be accompanied by a general admission of the difficulty there must always exist in making the style at once attractive and intelligible to the minds of children, and at the same time grave enough and dignified enough to become the subject, if a serious or a deep one. For it is in such subjects that the difficulty chiefly lies. So long as the matter in hand is within the range of their every-day experience and comprehension, it is no hard task to express it in easy language; but the abstract and unfamiliar must also be brought before them,—either religious

and moral truths, or history, or some touch of science, or descriptions of distant countries and remote times, or what is mysterious, vague, and imaginative. Children must be taught new things, and towards the comprehension of which they have not such a stock of previous knowledge as their elders possess. They must in fact be taught *things* they do not know in *words* they do not know.

To such as begin their education late in life, this difficulty is commonly found an insurmountable obstacle to any great progress; the mature and *set* mind cannot master the double labour. But a child's intelligence is incredibly quick and apt (in a sense we can hardly bring ourselves to understand or recall) to seize upon any clue to a fresh thought; to force its way through any but impenetrable hindrances. It possesses, like the bee, an instinctive power at once to track out the necessary aliment, to extract its sweetness, to make it its own, to store it up for future use. As an instance,—of all the thousand words we know and use, how few were ever taught or explained to us! let them be as long and crabbed as they will, we made them our own before we can remember to have heard them. They became parts of ourselves we know not how, except so far as we may guess from hearing, as now and then happens, an infant of some three years old, speak a new and recondite word in a somewhat ostentatious manner, returning to it once or twice in the course of the day, as it were to get used to the acquisition. We learnt our vocabulary either from conversation or books, and the context made the meaning plain. And so long as the context does this as fully as can be expected from it, there need be no shrinking in a youthful style from long words. It is *necessary* that children should become acquainted with them, and a long word is as easy as a short one in itself, as far as mere understanding it goes, independent of the technical difficulties of reading and spelling, which we would not under-rate. But when long words come together all in a string, presenting an entirely abstract thought; or if when there is something real and visible to be spoken of, it is disguised under a high sounding periphrasis, while all the attendant members of a sentence are figurative and allegorical—however hacknied and familiar the figure may be to older ears, to a child the whole stands a chance of being unintelligible. The leading subject of the sentence is not expressed distinctly enough to throw light upon its other complex and far-fetched members, while these in their turn only further confuse the main idea. As an example of the obscurity we think the consequence of this style, we quote the following sentence from a very young child's book, now before us, 'Early English Princes.' The author is speaking

of the present infant royal family, and says, 'The great, the learned, the pious of the land, with what eager pleasure do they seize upon the most trifling incident showing forth germs of promise in their infant minds.' Here there is hardly one single part of the sentence which throws light upon the rest, all perfectly comprehensible to ourselves, because we are well used to the figurative and conventional language in which the meaning is conveyed. We know that great and wise people are meant by 'the great, the learned, and the pious;' and that England, or Great Britain, is to be understood by 'the land.' We know that 'to seize with eager pleasure upon a trifling incident,' is to be glad when any favourable story is told of the royal children, and that 'a germ of promise in an infant mind,' is such a show of goodness in an infant as leads men to hope that this goodness will increase with its growth, as the tender green shoots of a young tree come in time to be far-spreading, noble branches. But to the young reader there is so little to lay hold of that is positive and intelligible, that we can easily suppose even an intelligent child reading the whole sentence without attaining a glimpse of its meaning, and if much of the book is written in the same style, giving up its perusal in impatience or listless indifference.

The qualities that overcome these difficulties, and can really make abstract and unfamiliar subjects interesting to children, are no common ones. If the writer naturally thinks in short sentences, and through the medium of Saxon words, it is a great preliminary recommendation. But also it is necessary that he should have clearly in his own mind what he has got to tell and to teach, and speak direct from his own heart and brain, not through the traditional tropes and figures which form the common mode of expression, and which clothe a thought much as the family great-coat clothes the person of its different wearers. On a second glance you can indeed recognise each by turn, but you feel that in concealing the close-fitting outline of his own garments, each loses half his identity, and more than half his good looks. It is almost as rare to possess an original way of speaking and writing, as of thinking. The resources and changes of our own language are as little known to many as the charms and varieties of nature are to others. And as it has been asserted that some men's ideas of the beauty of the sky are founded on the pictures of great artists rather than from observation of the sky itself, so the ordinary class of writers do not go to nature's treasury for their words, but borrow them as they have been strung together ready for use by their predecessors.

'The sacred well of English undefil'd'

is deserted; that they may draw from the crystal or earthen vases in which others have collected its waters before them. Children are practically as alive as their elders to the charm of an original style, or the tedium of a common-place one. There is something in a close fit between the thought and the words that express it that is felt and appreciated by all ages. It has a mysterious affinity to wit, and has the same fascinating effect. We defy any one not to feel some inclination to smile over Bishop Butler's sermon on the government of the tongue, serious as the subject is, and the mode of treating it, from this perfect adaptation of the words to the thoughts. The humour of the 'Spectator,' which children are quite capable of entering into, also very much depends on this quality. Another important requisite for success in writing for the young, is a constant sympathy with them, and a clear remembrance of the thoughts and feelings of childhood; to teach where every word must be simple and straightforward, or where again new ideas, and faint allusions may be ventured upon with a certainty of being instantly comprehended. Many writers, for the want of this sympathy, are ostentatiously and offensively simple, where the child's mind is in fact equal to the man's, till from this insulting condescension — teaching, *e.g.* where the eyes and the nose are, or elaborately explaining that a portrait is not a real living person, — they plunge suddenly and without warning into impenetrable metaphysics, or the profoundest mysteries of man's nature.

In order to obtain such sympathy, in most cases an intimate intercourse with children is necessary. It is not enough for the writer to have his own childhood to look back upon; he needs the presence of the living child to verify his recollections by; for memory is treacherous, and confuses the feelings of many years into one. The first five or six years of recollection may be said to make up childhood, or even longer, if that period has been quiet and uneventful, and therefore late in developing into youth; and persons constantly, in looking back to their early thoughts and feelings, attribute to six years old the reflections and opinions of twice that age, and thus compose those curious anomalies we complain of where the little hero is alternately a simpleton, unacquainted with facts and objects most babies are familiar with, and the next minute shows himself competent to carry on scientific or theological disquisitions on subjects that puzzle the wisest.

Perhaps no one has succeeded better than Miss Edgeworth in adapting her stories for the ages for which she designed them, and this without any ostentatious simplicity. Her father's numerous marriages supplied her with a succession of infants to

study from, and her observant and industrious mind knew how to use the advantage.

Another writer occurs to us as eminently excelling; though in his case the success arises from natural felicity of expression rather than any deep knowledge of the character of children: there is such uniform simplicity in Charles Lamb's style, that he needs to put very little restraint upon himself in order to address them in the best way the subject will admit of. He can be simple without being poor; his natural habit of short sentences, the exceeding precision of his thoughts, his plain matter-of-fact statements, which other writers leave to be inferred, but which, in the homely, exactly-fitting words in which he invests them, tell upon his hearers in quite a new light and with a sort of surprise, are all aids and facilities for children understanding under his treatment, what might be beyond them, or at least beyond their interest, in a style less vivid or less simple. 'The Adventures of Ulysses' have always struck us as remarkable for the apparent ease with which what most people would find a difficult task, is achieved. Remote ages are brought out into strong reality; obsolete manners appear natural; the truths which lay at the bottom of Paganism gleam forth through its errors, and the awe which it threw over dark and terrible scenes of nature, personifying them as avenging demons,—is so truly given, that in reading we share something of the same fear. The book does not profess to be much more than a translation of the *Odyssey*; but any one attempting to read one of our poetical versions with a view to a child's power of entering into it, will feel by the contrast how skilfully the writer has adapted it for children, both in the order in which the events are set, the choice of such as will most interest them, and the spirit with which the tone of the original is caught. So that not only is this the only representation of the *Odyssey* in our language which children would have patience and sustained attention to read, but we believe it does really give them the best notion of the original Greek that they are capable of receiving: and whatever can make them realise remote times and the thoughts and feelings of a distant age, must be valuable as enlarging and expanding the mind. The present is always keenly enough before them,—no need to press it upon their attention,—but any opening into the past is as it were a glimpse into a new world. Like the streak of far-off horizon in a picture, it carries away the fancy with it, teaching it to expatiate, and lending it wings to range. For this it is well to introduce children early to ancient history, thus to make the past part of themselves, which, perhaps, can only be done, or at all events can best be done at that age when impressions are

at once most vivid and most lasting.¹ It is not easy to offer any fair specimen, short enough for our limits, of 'The Adventures of Ulysses.' Many of our readers may be familiar with them, in Lamb's collected works, (though amongst children we do not think them commonly known,) and will readily recall the visit to Polyphemus's cave, the journey to the infernal regions, and the sights which met Ulysses there—heroes, and demi-gods, and giants—especially those two, so striking to a child's imagination, Otus and Ephialtes. Again, the sweet interview with Nausicaa, or where he expresses his constancy to Penelope, in that delicate and embarrassing interview with the goddess, wherein he pleads:—

'Ever-honoured great Calypso, let it not displease thee that I, a mortal man, desire to see and converse again with a wife that is mortal. Human objects are best fitted to human infirmities. I well know how far, in wisdom, in feature, in stature, proportion, beauty, in all the gifts of the mind, thou exceedest my Penelope—she a mortal, and subject to decay, thou immortal, ever growing, yet never old; yet, in her sight, all my desires terminate, all my wishes; in the sight of her, and of my country earth.'

Perhaps, however, the Sirens, and those sea monsters, Scylla and Charybdis, depend most on the power with which they are described, for exciting wonder and interest in a child; we therefore extract his account of them:—

'He besought her (Circe) to instruct him in the nature of the Sirens, and by what method their baneful allurements were to be resisted.

"'They are sisters three," she replied, "that sit in a mead (by which your ship must needs pass) circled with dead men's bones. These are the bones of men whom they have slain, after, with fawning invitations, they have enticed them into their fen. Yet such is the celestial harmony of their voices accompanying the persuasive magic of their words, that knowing this, you shall not be able to withstand their enticements; therefore, when you are to sail by them you shall stop the ears of your companions with wax, that they may hear no note of that dangerous music; but for yourself, that you may hear and yet live, give them strict command to bind you hand and foot to the mast, and in no case to set you free till you are out of the danger of the temptation, though you should entreat it, and implore it ever so much, but to bind you rather the more for your requesting to be loosed. So shall you escape that snare."

'Ulysses then prayed her that she would inform him what Scylla and Charybdis were, which she had taught him by name to fear. She replied, "Sailing from *Ææa* to *Trinacria* you must pass at an equal distance between two fatal rocks: incline never so little either to the one side or the other, and your ship must meet with certain destruction. No vessel ever yet

¹ We are struck with a remark to the purpose, by Niebuhr, who says:—'What wisdom there is in Homer! With a few omissions, it is the very book for children. I know of no story, except Robinson Crusoe, which fascinates a child so much as Homer. It is all natural, simple, and capable of being understood by a child. And then, how well does he prepare for all the knowledge of antiquity, without which we cannot now get along! How many thousand things and sayings does the child not understand at once by knowing that great poem! The whole *Odyssey* is the finest story for a child.'

tried that pass without being lost but the Argo, which owed her safety to the sacred freight she bore—the fleece of the golden-backed ram, which could not perish. The biggest of these rocks which you shall come to, Scylla hath in charge; there, in a deep whirlpool at the foot of the rock, the abhorred monster shrouds her face, who, if she were to show her full person, no eye of man or god could endure the sight: thence she stretches out all her long six necks, peering and diving to suck up fish, dolphins, dogfish, and whales, whole ships and their men, whatever comes within her raging gulf. The other rock is lesser, and of less ominous aspect; but there dreadful Charybdis sits, supping the black deeps. Thrice a day she drinks her pit dry, and thrice a day again she belches them all up; but when she is drinking come not nigh, for, being once caught, the force of Neptune cannot redeem you from her swallow. Better trust to Scylla, for she will but have for her six necks six men. Charybdis, in her insatiate draught, will ask all.”

‘They had not sailed past a hundred leagues before the breeze that Circe had lent them suddenly stopped: it was stricken dead, all the sea lay in a prostrate slumber, not a gasp of air could be felt; the ship stood still. Ulysses guessed that the island of the Sirens was not far off, and that they had charmed the air so with their devilish singing; therefore he made him cakes of wax, as Circe had instructed him, and stopped the ears of his men with them; then causing himself to be bound hand and foot, he commanded the rowers to ply their oars, and row, as fast as speed could carry them, past that fatal shore. They soon came within sight of the Sirens, who sang, in Ulysses’ hearing,—

‘These were the words, but the celestial harmony of the voices which sang them no tongue can describe; it took the ear of Ulysses with ravishment; he would have broke the bonds to rush after them, and threatened, wept, sued, entreated, commanded, crying out with tears and passionate imprecations, conjuring his men by all the ties of perils past, which they had endured in common, by fellowship and love, and the authority which he retained among them, to let him loose; but at no rate would they obey him. And still the Sirens sang. Ulysses made signs, motions, gestures, promising mountains of gold if they would set him free, but their oars only moved faster. And still the Sirens sang. And still the more he adjured them to set him free the faster with cords and ropes they bound him, till they were quite out of hearing of the Sirens’ notes, whose effect great Circe had so truly predicted. And well she might speak of them, for often she had joined her own enchanting voice to theirs, while she has sat in the flowery meads, mingled with the Sirens and the Water Nymphs, gathering their potent herbs and drugs of magic quality, till their singing altogether has made the gods stoop, and “heaven drowsy with the harmony.”’

But we have wandered too long from the books before us, and must now turn from those of an imaginative character, with their indefinite teaching, to another class, whose aim is more direct; books especially intended for the instruction of the young minds they are addressed to; showing them scenes in which they may themselves be called to act, or giving them true examples for their guidance—or by a gentle ascent and through flowery paths, leading them to the pursuit and attainment of *vertical knowledge*.

Godfrey Davenant,’ by the Rev. W. Heygate—one of the

series of the 'Juvenile Englishman's Library'—gives the life of a boy at a public school, with much spirit and a thorough acquaintance with his trials and difficulties. These indeed are dwelt on at such length and in such deep colours, as may possibly produce a result quite beyond the intention of the author: and from being a salutary lesson to the boy, may be interpreted instead, as a warning to his parents against committing him unto such a scene of temptation. They may say—'If with a model head master and a model head scholar, the risks and perils are so great, what must these be in a more ordinary school?' and appalled by this reflection, may resolve at least to shun known danger, and decide, without further hesitation, on some new scheme of education, which promises an immunity from evil; or if they are not experimentalists, take the more common alternative of sending their boy to a private tutor, under the hope that where the society is smaller it may therefore be more select.

We do not think that 'Godfrey Davenant' was written to excite such practical alarms. While the author feels deeply the perils of a public school, he is evidently alive to its advantages—its exclusive advantages—and would present his head boy Barrow as the legitimate fruit of the system working on a pure and religious mind. Not, however, to enter further on the *vezata questio* of public and private education, we will confine ourselves to the book itself. There is some discrepancy between its size and getting-up, and the subject-matter within. The one seems to fit it for little boys, while the general tone, especially where it touches upon the state of parties and the prospects of the Church, makes it better adapted to an older class. It thus runs the chance of not falling into the hands of those for whom it was written, or for whom particular parts at least were written. Whether, however, such passages be duly dwelt on or not, there is still a great deal that will interest young readers, and which may be very useful to them.

Godfrey Davenant is represented with the disposition and previous education, which are almost necessary to render him the proper subject for such a story. A perfect boy would keep out of scrapes and remain uncontaminated by evil example; a bad one would not be worth describing under the trial. One therefore is wanted of good feelings and impulses and withal of a yielding and vacillating will, and such is our hero, with the addition of superior talents and some amiable and attractive qualities which attach those better than himself to him. Barrow, as we have said before, is the idea of what a school-boy ought to be, and on the whole is a well-drawn and successful character, except that he is more of a talker—more in the habit of ex-

pressing his feelings and convictions, than it is in the nature of the best of school-boys to be, and this being the case, than it is quite desirable to represent them as being. On such occasions one often feels the want of the Greek chorus—something to stand by and instruct the reader in what he ought to know, and in the moral of each event as it occurs, and thus leave the characters of the piece only their own natural parts to perform. The following extract will give the reader a fair idea of the volume, and we think also a favourable one. It is from a chapter, headed 'More vacillations.' Godfrey sees two of his schoolfellows in conversation with a low fellow, a cock-fighter and badger-baiter of the town, whose appearance is first described:—

'Godfrey Davenant could not help stopping a moment to look at the group which we have described, and he was going on with a smile when Trevellyan called out to him to come across the street: at first he said he could not; but upon a second request he complied, and Trevellyan took his arm, and asked him to go and see a fine badger which had just been caught. Godfrey inquired where it was, and hearing that it was in a forbidden part of the town, he refused. He should now have left the party at once, but curiosity and false shame detained him. He was over-persuaded, and was soon upon his way to the spot with the others.

'But he never felt more uncomfortable in his life than when he had once set out to it. At every turn he expected to see the doctor or some person who knew him; and his companions kept jeering him for the timidity which his manner betrayed. At last they came to a low shabby house and knocked at the door. A woman opened it, and Godfrey felt at once that he was in the worst company into which he could have fallen. Everything in the house was filthy and disorderly, and broken windows, clothes lying on the chairs, and scattered bottles and glasses on the table, were all in keeping with the wretched and immoral lives of the inhabitants. Godfrey was asked to drink but he refused, and insisted on seeing the badger and departing. The lad went out to get the key of the shed in which it was kept, and in a few minutes he took the boys into a back yard, where Godfrey saw nets and snares, and most suspicious-looking dogs, half greyhound, half sheep-dog, with various poaching implements. The badger was seen and bought by Trevellyan and Wilkinson, and they then returned to the house, where, after drinking some gin and paying some money on account, they left with Godfrey.

'To return, however, was not so easy as to come. They had been watched by some idle fellows who owed the school a grudge, and who, knowing their advantages, lay in wait up a little alley, at the end of the street. Directly the boys came opposite to this passage, out sprang the enemy, and they were soon engaged with five fellows, each stronger than any one of themselves, and well used to fighting, which Godfrey certainly was not.

'Davenant fell immediately, and as soon as he was down, two of the assailants belaboured him with all their might. He received a kick in the face, and would probably have been seriously injured had not Wilkinson stood over him and given him the opportunity of getting up.

'The fight was now renewed, and Godfrey resolved to take things more coolly, and, reserving his blows, he acted on the defensive, keeping his back to the wall. The three boys now got together, and standing side by side in a way, they bade defiance to the number of their persecutors. Every one

who has watched the boxing of the lower classes must have observed how round-armed their blows are, and how exposed they leave their faces when striking. Of this the Athelling school-boys were well aware, and they soon gave the enemy such a lesson as made them draw off.

'Trevellyan and Wilkinson were delighted, but so was not Godfrey. His face would soon be black and blue; it was past the bell, and he would have to bear the wrath of the doctor, and the reproaches of Barrow and of his own conscience. All this because he had not courage in the first instance to resist so absurdly slight a temptation. Godfrey did not meet Barrow that night, as he had gone into the doctor's to tea, and a profound silence was observed by the three upon the whole affair.

'The moment prayers were over next day, the doctor asked Godfrey what he had been doing.

"I was fighting in Athelling, Sir, yesterday."

"You were attacked, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where were you?"

"In Crown Street, Sir."

"Crown Street!" exclaimed the doctor, in a voice of thunder: "what were you doing there, Sir?"

'Godfrey was silent.

"Did you go into any house in the street?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Whose?"

"Mick Thompson's, I think, was the name."

"You went *there*, Sir? Impossible, Sir! You could not have gone there, I am sure," replied the doctor, much agitated. After a minute, he said,

"Did you go there of yourself, Sir?"

"I did not go for any one else, Sir."

"Did not some one else persuade you to go there, I ask you?"

"I went entirely, Sir, to please myself: I have no excuse to offer."

"Oh, oh! no excuse. Well I like that. If you have no excuse, and are ready to take upon yourself all the blame, you cannot be very far wrong. I trust you, Sir. I believe you fully. But if you were not what you generally are, I should send you away at once—I should expel you."

'Godfrey stood pale and motionless, and did not offer a word of defence. The doctor watched him and felt more sure of his innocence. He looked occasionally at Trevellyan, who seemed restless and alarmed, and then suddenly sent for the porter. Over he came. Dr. Wilson immediately asked who came in with Mr. Davenant yesterday evening.

"Mr. Trevellyan and Mr. Wilkinson," was the reply.

'Wilkinson was summoned into the library where the sixth were, and was questioned with Trevellyan. Both were pale and hurried in their manner, but agreed in denying that they had been with Godfrey until he was leaving the town.

'Dr. Wilson would not examine them separately, so as to find out inconsistencies in their accounts. He simply asked them the question, and when they answered, said, "I receive what you say. You may go to your places;" and then turning to Godfrey he asked whether he had ever been there before, to which Godfrey replied with startling earnestness, "No, never." The doctor seemed struck with his manner, but said nothing. A heavy imposition was then set for Godfrey, and he was confined to the play-ground for the remainder of the quarter.

'It was with a sad heart indeed that he left the school-room. He could not speak to any one, and his throat ached with that dull suffocating pain which attends unrelieved sorrow. He shrunk from meeting Barrow, and retired to a lonely part of the ground. Barrow, however, was not to be

thrown off in that way. He came up and took Godfrey's arm at once, and in the kindest manner begged him to explain the affair under promise of secrecy. Godfrey did so, and Barrow never spoke from the beginning to the end of his recital.

'There was a long silence, and poor Godfrey could contain no longer: he burst into tears and hid his face with his hands, leaning over the wall towards the fields. Barrow did not disturb him for a time. He knew that his friend would find relief in giving way to his sorrow.

'At last Godfrey said, in a broken voice, "So even you, Barrow, cannot speak to me, and I have not a friend left."

"Don't say so, Davenant. Don't think so. It is very unjust. I am as much your friend as ever. I shall always be your friend, come what will."

"Why don't you speak to me, then?" said Godfrey, still looking away.

"Partly because I was so angry with Trevellyan and Wilkinson, and partly because I was sorry for you."

"I shall never do any good, Barrow, I am sure I shall not. I have often thought so, and it is no use trying. I go on time after time just the same."

"Hush! hush! It is very wrong to say so. You are tempting despair."

"Yes, but it is so. I make no progress. I hear what Wilson says and what you say, and I read my mother's letters, and I make vows and prayers, and it's all of no use. I say it's of no use at all."

"You will be strengthened if you persevere, Godfrey; gradually, but not all at once, perhaps."

"How can I tell that? What security have I that God loves me, when I don't obey Him?"

"Your Baptism, Godfrey."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean this, that you are a child of God, a member of CHRIST; and thus have a claim on God, which He will always allow. You must never think yourself given up and helpless. You have a *right*, by this one gift, to grace and pardon."

"But if I have forfeited that right?"

"Your repenting shows that you have not. If you had lost the benefit of your Baptism, you would not have the power to repent. *This* is your surety. So long as God gives you repentance, He recognises your claim to be His child."

"I never thought of this before."

"You must have heard Wilson preach this doctrine."

"Never!"

"Then you have not attended to him?"

Godfrey was silent. He felt that he let his thoughts wander too often to enable him to deny the charge, but he asked,

"How did the doctor prove this when you heard him?"

"By the parable of the prodigal son, for one thing. He said that this parable was applicable first to men coming into the Christian Church, but still more to those who have become Christians. Before, they were God's children only by creation; afterwards, by adoption also. And so the baptized have more right to come in with the words of the prodigal son, than Heathens have, because they only can say, "Father" in the highest sense of the word, and therefore the Church opens the service with this sentence, as you know."

"But baptized sinners are the worst, and they lose their gift sometimes, and are more miserable than before."

"Yes, when they lose the power of repentance, but not till then."

'This was a new light to Godfrey; and the doctrine and Barrow's counsels restored him to hope, and inspired him to make fresh efforts.'

The following is a letter from Barrow to Davenant. Both have been successful in their efforts, the one at College, the younger at school. We cannot but feel it a mistake to make a modest youth allude as he does to his own powers and attainments. True humility has the marvellous gift of forgetting itself entirely, or at least of appearing to others to do so. Its struggles are all internal; other eyes are not called on to witness the combat or to bear testimony to the victory. How it is that some gifted persons succeed in keeping their gifts out of their own sight as they do, so as to appear actually unconscious of them is, and must always be, a mystery—it is one of those many paradoxes that religion makes us acquainted with. We only know that it is possible because we have seen it; but of this we may be certain that such a marvel is not brought about in the subject of it by his relating to others the difficulty of the task, and realizing and dilating on the hardness of the struggle.

“ My dear Godfrey,

“ I know that you will not be hurt at my cautioning you whenever I think you are in danger. But now, after my own success, I may advise you as a brother in peril. The risk which I allude to is, as you will have guessed before this, that of taking pride in our own powers or attainments. I have felt the temptation grievously, I assure you; and the remedy I find most successful is—first, whenever a vain thought occurs, to remember that GOD, and not I, is the cause of whatsoever talents and knowledge I may possess, and that His, therefore not mine, should be the glory: and, besides this, I try to reflect how little I have done with the talents committed to me; how often I have neglected to serve GOD with His own gifts. These thoughts are to me very humbling and very useful.”

It is in such passages as the following that we feel the want of harmony that exists between the form of the book (which very much determines its class of readers) and the subjects discussed in it. Godfrey goes home, and finds his father, the old rector, succeeded by a clergyman of low church and Calvinistic opinions.

‘ That which completed Godfrey’s displeasure at Mr. Jepherson’s conduct was the method of administering the elements of the Holy Communion. He had the unfaithfulness and presumption to give them to the first communicant who, at his request, passed on the paten and the cup down the whole line to the end; and all this was done with that ease and self-satisfaction of manner which is too frequent in the mere popular preacher. Upon this, Godfrey wrote very indignantly to the Doctor, and asked his advice. The following was his answer:—

“ My dear Davenant,

“ I am quite as much shocked as you describe yourself. It is sad indeed, and I hope and pray that this race of priests may pass away. But when you come to ask me what you should do, it is quite another thing. My answer then is very plain—‘ Submit.’ When you are older, you may as patron, or even as parishioner, remonstrate firmly, but not now.

“ I would beg you to remember constantly, that although Mr. Jepherson is sadly wrong in every way, yet that he is a member of a body which has been

and still is very valuable to our Church. We owe more to the Evangelical party than I can now explain. And although Mr. Jepherson seems an ultra person, and not a fair representative of it, yet he is still one of that earnest body. As for his Calvinism, bad as it is from your account, we must remember that the doctrines of God's grace and of the utter helplessness of man, have been sadly forgotten and neglected. And it is no wonder therefore, that they who maintain them take an extreme and isolated view of them. Whatever you think, do not let all this give you a disgust at earnest religion, and make you take the old cold formal ways—than which nothing worse has been invented short of heresy or rebellion.

“Yours most sincerely,

“H. W.”

‘Godfrey read the letter very carefully again and again, but his natural conclusion was, “I am sure the Doctor would not say so much if he knew Jepherson. When a man can talk of the damnation of the mass of men with a cheerful face, a voice like that in common conversation, and his whiskers and hair so carefully combed out into the nicest and most unpriestly proportions, I cannot call him earnest: however, I will try to follow his advice for all that.”’

The boys who read this can hardly help feeling themselves in some sort set up as judges between the Doctor's arguments and Godfrey's feelings, and the latter is pretty sure to carry the point, inasmuch as he expresses the real opinion of the author—the Doctor's letter, only what he thinks ought to be said to very young people when placed in such a perplexity. These young umpires, though perhaps not very competent to decide on the merits of the two schools in our Church, will yet be alive enough to the palpable inconsistency of the good Doctor, who seems to pray that a race of priests may pass away who are members of a body which has been and still is very useful to our Church, and to whom we owe more than he has time to explain.

Next, and of the same series, stands ‘Christian Endurance,’ by the Rev. J. M. Neale, a very beautiful collection of true stories, told in most affecting and heart-stirring language. The general simplicity of the style as well as the form of the volume show it to be intended for children, whom it is certain to interest warmly, but older readers can more fully enter into the merit and felicity of expression of many passages: as, for example, the descriptions of scenery and localities, which though given in few words, in consideration of that youthful eagerness which commonly hurries over such matters in impatience to reach the action of the narrative, have yet great force and graphic effect. We would mention as especial instances of this the account of the rainy season in Madeira, and the evening scene in Lahore. The stories range from the days of imperial Roman greatness to the present time. In the former the difficulties of imparting anything like life and reality to the talking and acting of that period, wrapped by our imaginations in the

frozen state of a dead language and obsolete manners, are very successfully overcome: in all, we feel that the author believes and realizes his narrative, and is as much impressed by its feeling and beauty, as the reader himself can be. We are reminded, in the zeal with which he records the good works of others, of that high quality which the Apostle desires for the heads of the Church, 'that they be lovers of good men;' a virtue which such histories of Christian courage and self-devotion ought also to foster in his readers. We hardly do justice to our own commendation, by extracting part of a story when its effect depends so much, as in this instance it does, on the sustained interest of the whole; we will, however, with this deprecatory remark, give a scene from the 'Martyrs of Alpujarras,' as the whole would be beyond our limits.

After the conquest of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella, the remnant who remained in Spain were kept in strict bondage by their conquerors, till in 1568 they rose in simultaneous rebellion. Vowing vengeance against the Spaniards and the Christian religion, they spread over the country with the utmost rapidity, bringing desolation and slaughter wherever they came. The news of their revolt scarcely preceded their actual appearance, and the unhappy country people had hardly time to look for shelter before they were upon them. In the little village of Oanez, one of the first in the route of the insurgents, a hasty consultation was being held by the inhabitants, as to whither they must fly from the impending danger, when the Moorish guns were heard close at hand. The parish priest, the good father Gonzago, seeing that escape to any distant shelter was now impossible, called upon the men to bring what arms they could muster, and hurried his flock into the church tower, which, having been originally built as a fortress, presented some means of defence. Having done what was possible for the safety of his little garrison, he continued to fortify them by his prayers and counsels up to the moment when the enemy, headed by Ferag ben Ferag, came up and summoned them to surrender.

'In a few moments the Moors, in number about sixty, were round the church, and the leader, no other than Ferag ben Ferag, made signs that he had something to say, for the clang of the bells prevented his being heard. When they were stopped he spoke.

"Yield, Nazarenes, at once, and embrace the true faith! We will give you life—we will leave your village untouched—if each and all will make oaths that they believe God's true Prophet."

"We had rather die a thousand times," cried Lorenzo, a young yeoman of the village. "We defy you for a pack of infidels, and your prophet for an impostor, that has long ago been in hell."

"Hush, my son," said the priest. "What need to speak the truth with bitterness? It is true, Moor, that we will not accept life on your

terms; but we are willing to pay ransom, such as yourselves may fix, so that you will make oath on the Koran to hurt us neither in life or limb."

"Let us rather fight it out, father," said Lorenzo. "If we conquer we shall win the more glory; and if we die, we shall die martyrs."

"My Son," said Father Gonzago, sternly, "beware of your own presumption. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall."

"We fight for God, not for plunder," said Ferag. "Men, fire."

"Down all of you!" cried the priest. And the volley that followed, though the musket-balls rattled like hail on the old walls, and two, finding their way in through the *luffers* of the belfry window, rung one of the bells, did no harm.

"Now," cried Pedro, "it is our turn," and he and Rodrigo, and one or two others, fired with good effect. At the same time there was a twang of the cross-bow, and a Moor, who little expected such a death, received the bolt in his heart. Father Gonzago, though he remained on the outside of the tower to encourage those who were in the greatest danger, took no active part in the defence; for it is forbidden by canons of the Church that one who is a priest should, for whatever cause, shed blood.

"Bid the women hand up the stones from the ground," cried Rodrigo, "we may break some of these fellows' skulls."

It happened that the church was about to have been under repair, and a good number of stones had been brought into the tower for that end. The women and children formed a line up the winding staircase, and the stones flew from hand to hand. Engracia was one of the line, and little Inez (a child of four years old) stood by her side.

"Are you frightened, Inez?" asked Engracia.

"Not very," said the child, "you are with me; besides, God can take care of us, can He not, sister?"

"He can indeed, Inez, and very likely, if we could see them, the angels are fighting on our side."

"Then He will deliver us from the Moors?"

"One way or the other, Inez; either He will send us help here, and drive away our enemies, or, if He gives us into their hands, and they end our lives, He will take us to dwell with Him in Paradise. But then you know if we deny Him, as the Moors wish us to do, He will deny us."

"What do you mean by denying Him, Engracia?"

"If we say that we believe in the false prophet Mahomet, even though we do not really, for the sake of saving our lives."

"I will not deny Him, no indeed, sister; and I will never, never, never believe in Mahomet: I had rather be torn to pieces first."

"Remember, Inez, that you cannot do this of yourself; He must give you grace to do it. Will you pray to Him for this?"

"Yes, Engracia," answered Inez. And she knelt down by her sister's feet, and began repeating the Lord's Prayer, the only one she knew.

In the meanwhile the siege went on with great vigour. The priest had been wounded in the arm but no one else had been hurt, while nine or ten Moors lay dead around the tower.

But now their ammunition failed, and a second party of Moors came up to recruit the first. Their first measure was to lay a train against the tower door.

The powder was prepared, the train made,—the Moors retreated a little,—they brought flint and steel,—there was a hiss, a dense smoke, an explosion, and the enemy had entered the tower stairs. There was but one Christian cheek that turned pale, and that was Lorenzo the boaster's.

"There is another door, General," cried one of the soldiers that had first entered.

"It matters not," replied Ferag ben Ferag. "We can soon burn them out."

Accordingly the interior fittings of the church were rudely torn down, and heaped together under the tower. A few rushes and a little grass were hastily collected, and thrown in with the rest, and the whole was ready for kindling, when Ferag called to those on the top, to know whether they preferred yielding at discretion, or being burnt alive.

"We have not a choice left," said father Gonzago. "If we allow them once to set fire to the tower, we must perish: if we yield, we may escape. At all events we have no right to be guilty of self-murder. We will yield ourselves prisoners," he continued, "but we hope that you will give us good and honourable treatment, as those that have in no wise done you harm, save in defending ourselves."

"Leave preaching," cried Ferag, "and open the door; you have kept us too long waiting, already."

The little garrison assembled, some at the top of the tower, some in the belfry; the door of the winding staircase was thrown open, and Ferag with eight or ten soldiers ascended it, and appeared among the Christians on the roof. "Now," said he, "I know that the best name you have for us is the blood-thirsty Moors; and if we were really so, you must acknowledge that I have cause enough to order you all to death. But I am willing to be merciful; and such as shall renounce the belief of the Nazarenes shall not only have their lives, but their property also. How say you, child," he continued, catching hold of Inez.

"Do you want me to deny Christ?" asked Inez.

"The very thing," said Ferag. Come do it at once, and I promise you that you shall be as kindly treated as if I were your father."

"But then He would deny me," said Inez, looking at Engracia. "No; I can never do that."

"Look out there, below, some of you," cried Ferag. And twisting his hand in the long dark hair of the little Inez, he swung her over the battlements, and the soldiers caught her on their pikes.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," said the priest, looking upwards. "The youngest Christian the oldest Martyr."

"Hold your tongue, Señor," cried Ferag; "I'll warrant that we shall have enough to say to you presently. By the way, I had forgotten: where is the villain that defied the Prophet some time ago?"

The wretched Lorenzo was dragged out. "Now then," said Ferag, "will you abjure your faith at once, and profess ours? If not it will be over the battlements and on to the pikes."

"I cannot disbelieve our faith," said Lorenzo, trembling. "Even if I said I did, my heart would not go with my words."

"I care nothing for your heart," answered Ferag; "all I have to do is with your tongue. Do you confess Mahomet: aye or no?"

"Well then," began Lorenzo.

"My son," interrupted the priest, "if you fall away, I myself will accuse you as an apostate when we both stand before the judgment-seat of CHRIST."

"I have lived a Christian," said Lorenzo, "and by God's grace I will die a Christian. Do with me as you list." And he was hurled over and piked below.

"There is another account in your reckoning, Señor," said Ferag to father Gonzago; "but now to the rest of this work. You Nazarenes have seen how I have punished two of your number, and by the Prophet! I will do the same to all that persist in their folly."

One by one these confessors of CHRIST were brought forward: one by

one they remained constant in their faith, and were thrown over. Father Gonzago stood by and encouraged them, or congratulated them, as their fears or their faith were the strongest; at length he, with Engracia and a maiden of her own age, named Eugenia, were left alone.

"It will be a most blessed thing, and a miraculous favour to me," said the priest, if I, miserable sinner, can say with our LORD in that Day, 'Of those whom thou gavest me I have lost none.' Some, whom I misdoubted have triumphed gloriously; and I well trust, my daughters, that you will not fail."

"Pray for us, therefore, father," answered Engracia, "that we may be strengthened to bear all GOD's will concerning us. Why do you leave us," she asked Ferag: "We are Christians as well as the others; if they deserved to die, so do we too."

"True, answered the Chief; but you will be sent, with others, to Fez, as a present to the king there. Hassan, you will see them under good guard."

Meanwhile a pulley had been fixed at the top of the tower, and a rope being passed through it, the priest was carried down and tied to one end. The Moors pulling at the other, raised him to the height of some twenty feet, and then allowed him to fall; and this over and over again, till every bone had been dislocated or broken. Still he lived; and still like Stephen he prayed for his persecutors. They beat him with a heavy cudgel; they tied a rope to his neck and dragged him along the road; at last some of the Moorish women that followed the camp, despatched him with their scissors and long knitting needles.

Changing their purpose towards Engracia and her companion, they and thirty other maidens were shortly after put to a cruel death, which they bore with unshaken constancy.

'Poynings, a Tale of the Revolution' (another volume of the same series) aims a blow at the glorious and immortal memory of William III. and the revolution of which he is the hero, and is written with such sympathy for the loyal party of that period, and so fully realizes their position, their hopes and fears, that it is a useful auxiliary to all who would inspire their children with the same political views. The arguments are well chosen and easy to enter into and understand. We do not see that the Whigs could place the justice of their cause before children's minds in at all the same self-evident and convincing style; though they might probably give different versions of the same characters. James II. certainly figures more to advantage than in our every-day histories; while Dr. Burnet, by being lowered in the esteem of some readers, so far gains his more proper level. The story itself is too slight and undeveloped to excite much interest, and few of the fictitious characters are drawn out sufficiently to bring out individual peculiarities, or to make the Lucy and Charles of this narrative distinguishable to the memory from all the other Lucies and Charleses with which story-books are peopled, after a few days have blended them with their fellows. The historical personages are more vividly drawn.

scene on the Prince of Orange's arrival at Exeter, whither

he marched immediately on his landing, is well given. He had been ill-received by the populace along the whole line of his march—a disappointment which made him anxious for the success of his adventure, and ruffled his never very amiable temper. Sir Ralph Montague, devoted to the legitimate sovereign, chances to form one of the cavalcade, having, under the protection of a pretended safe conduct, sought an audience of the Prince, whose party he believes to be in some way concerned in the sudden disappearance of his son. The youth had in fact been stolen away by their emissary, to secure the quiescence of the father. Sir Ralph speaks to his servant:—

“This looks well,” said Sir Ralph, who, wearied with his position in the rear, had asked and obtained permission to be near the Prince’s person, “this looks very well indeed. Why, if Monmouth, after all the show of popularity, so decidedly failed, what will this end in?”

“Take my word for it, Sir, the Prince does not like his reception. Why, his hooked nose is curling up like an eagle’s beak,” observed Wills.

“I should not like it,” returned his master. But hold! what are they going to do now?”

During the last few minutes William with his own party had been at the west front of the Cathedral. The Prince was employed in giving orders to his aides-de-camp about quartering the troops, and one after another, the gentlemen who attended him in that capacity, galloped down the narrow city streets to execute their various commissions. Behind the group I have mentioned, was a small battalion of picked Dutch soldiers, acting as the life guard.

“Now, gentlemen,” said William, in his harsh disagreeable voice, “go one of you, for the Bishop, and tell him that we propose having the *Te Deum* sung for our happy arrival.”

“The Bishop, your Highness, is gone,” replied one of the officers: “they say he has ridden to London.”

“Call the Dean then, we cannot be kept waiting here all day.”

“The Dean, my Lord, is gone with the Bishop,” was the reply after a short pause.

“You will oblige me, Dr. Burnet,” said the Prince angrily, “by going into the Cathedral, seeing what dignitaries or choristers you can find, and letting me know.”

Dr. Burnet, with infinite trouble, clambered down from his horse, and obliged the Prince. Presently he came out with the only canon he could find, and a few choristers who happened to be in the building. The canon, a burly-looking man, seemed to feel very little reverence for his summoners; as soon as he had left the Cathedral, he carefully put on his four-cornered cap, and walking with great deliberation, inquired where the Prince of Orange was.

“There he is, Sir; there he is,” said Burnet; “there on the white horse.”

“Oh aye, I see him,” returned the other, putting on his spectacles with great gravity. “Humph! he is very like his pictures.”

“For heaven’s sake! Sir,” said Burnet in a low voice, “think to whom you are speaking, and show a little more reverence.”

“To whom I am speaking! Why, Sir, in the last rebellion I had anything to do with—and that was forty years ago—I have talked to better princes than this one of yours, and you don’t think——”

"My friend," said William, "we propose attending prayers in the Cathedral at once, and we shall therefore be obliged if you will read them."

"Well, my Lord, I rather guess I shall, seeing that I am paid for so doing."

"Hark ye, Sir," said the Prince, "you will make no mention of the Prince of Wales."

"Hark ye, my Lord," replied the canon, "are you my Ordinary?"

"What does he say?" asked the Prince, who, familiar enough with the English language, had had no great opportunity of becoming acquainted with its ecclesiastical terms.

"Nothing worth repeating, my good Lord," replied Burnet. "You will take care, Sir, to do as the Prince directs."

"What's your name, Sir?" asked the canon, coolly.

"*Que dit-il?*" asked Marshal Schomberg, not sufficiently acquainted with English to understand what was passing.

"An end to this," cried William. "Burnet, you shall read prayers: go and make things ready for us and for the *TE DEUM*; we will follow you presently; and mind you read our Declaration."

We come next to two very small books, which in different ways, are both successful attempts to make the little songsters for our choirs alive to their duties and privileges. The first—'Michael the Chorister,' is written with exceeding simplicity of language, such as is seldom attained to. This quality increases the effect of the narrative, which in parts is very pathetic and affecting, though always within the compass of a child's understanding and sympathies. The story must be read as a whole, and does not admit of being broken into extracts. It is a common suggestion, in behalf of a certain class of little books, that they are well adapted as presents and school prizes. Anything peculiarly safe, touching on no forbidden topics, and entering on no disputed ones, which the giver may part with without fear of its producing a host of embarrassing questions, or any other than a quiet result, recommends itself especially for this destination, which demands virtues chiefly of a passive nature; and all this may safely be pronounced of Little Michael. It is invaluable as a gift, to any little boy or girl of one's acquaintance, but beyond this the story has the active merit and qualification of being very pleasant and interesting reading for the donor himself, though only about a little singing-boy. 'The Island Choir,' is of a somewhat bolder character. The author looks back with affection to the times when choirs were first founded, and has imagined a story, which sounds like a legend of those by-gone days. The scene lies in a solitary island, to which a 'good bishop sends men to build a church, and a cell for four good men to live like brothers in, and to take care of twelve little choristers, who were to sing God's praises all day long.' What we desire for the story is, that it should really be a legend or tradition, not an invention of the author's, seeing that it calls in the most sacred supernatural agency,

even beyond the intervention of angels; this we feel open to objection, though the tone throughout the 'Island Choir,' is reverential and impressive. After describing the original founding of the church and choir, the story opens with the departure of the venerable superior to the mainland, to defend the cause of their body against the slanders of enemies. His three brethren insist on escorting him to the opposite shore, and set out in the only boat the island possesses, leaving the twelve choristers, now the island's only inhabitants, standing on the shore, to wait and watch for their return.

'And as they pushed off, the choristers began to chant a Psalm, and the four brethren chanted too. When they began, the voices blended together as when they chanted every day in church. But as the boat got farther from the shore, the voices of the one seemed fainter and fainter to the other; and at last, when they had got a great way, the brethren could scarcely hear the voices of the boys at all. Then the old brother stood up in the boat and stretched out his hands, that he might give his blessing to the children he was leaving on the shore, before he was out of sight. But he was very feeble with age, and now he was burdened with sorrow at leaving the cell to go among troublesome and bad men: and as he stretched out his hands, he tottered, and fell on the side of the boat. Then the three brethren all at once ran to that side of the boat, that they might raise up the old man whom they loved so much. But, because they all ran to one side of the boat, the boat lay down upon its side, and was upset, and the four brethren and the two fishermen were drowned, and the boat sank.

'Now the twelve boys had watched them all this time from the shore; there was not one who had moved a limb or turned his head aside, because they wished to see the last of the old man who was leaving them for the first time. And every one had a tear in his eye; so that when the boat went down, they were not quite sure that they saw aright. But when every one had wiped away the tear and looked steadfastly, and still they saw not the boat, though they strained their eyes very long, then they knew that the four brethren were departed, and that they were twelve little boys left alone in the world.'

The various characters of the boys are happily described, and their different ways of showing grief, till we come to the master spirit of this deserted little band:—

'Lastly there was one who left off weeping when his first tear was wiped away, after the boat went down. He was a tall slim boy, with a gentle eye, and smooth black hair, and a face that was grave, and pale and thin, and his name was Clement. His step was free, and his head erect, and yet he seemed sad, and his ways were those of a man and not a boy. He seldom sought the company of others, though he shrunk not from it when they came. His words were few, and his laugh not loud, and there seemed to be always more in his thoughts than came forth of his lips. His comrades knew not why he was so different from them. Some thought it was pride and love of self, but those who loved him most believed it not. These thought it was sorrow for a little brother, who had once sung by his side in church, in the same white dress, and the same holy words.

'But it was not only this (the loss of his brother,) that made him sad and

silent. And only one knew what it was at this time, and he was not on earth. For Clement some time before, all meek and gentle as he was, had fallen into a fault. And to one of the brethren he had confessed this fault, and his penance for it was not over yet. But his sorrow was for the fault, and not for the punishment he suffered for it. And now that his own little brother, and the brother that knew of his fault were gone, he thought it was time to make himself fit to go to them. So he lost no time in tears.'

The boys wandered about in listless grief; 'but Clement sat still on the sea-shore, and rested his head on his hand, and looked wistfully on the waves where the boat went down.' He is joined by his friend Hilary, who, after long watching with him, falls asleep.

'But Clement watched the waves. The sun had long gone down, but the moon rose high, and the sky was clear, and the sea very light and smooth, and Clement could see the smallest speck that lay on the far sea. And late at night when many an hour had passed since the boat went down at dawn, he laid his hand on Hilary's hand, and woke him very gently. And he made him look at the distant wave, where there was a dark speck, and it grew greater and greater as it slowly drifted to the shore. Long before it reached the shore, there was another speck on the distant wave, and soon another and another rose in sight, till six dark spots came all in a line, as the first was laid at their feet by the sluggish sea. The two boys shuddered and hid their faces in each others' breasts, for they saw that the dark spot was a man all stark and stiff, and they knew it was one of the fishers whose boat went down at dawn. At last Clement arose, and went to the body, and drew it farther ashore, and laid it straight on the sand, and knelt beside it, and closed its dull fixed eyes. And both boys knelt to pray when the task was done. Then they looked and saw that the other fisher was come ashore, so they brought his body and laid it besides his mate's. Then the youngest brother was thrown ashore, and another and another, and last of all the wise old brother with his limbs all straight, and his pale face paler still, and his arms both folded close upon his breast. And when the boys had laid the six all side by side, their hearts were heavy, and they sate them down to weep till dawn. But Clement wept longest and most, and Hilary tried to comfort him; and told him how the brethren were all in Abraham's bosom, for the many good deeds they had done, and their gentle training of twelve little boys. But Clement said, "I weep not for these that are gone, for where they are my own little brother is, and I know they are happy there. But there is no Priest among us, and how shall we bury these Christian men?"'

Grief makes him fall into a deep sleep, and Hilary summons his companions; these 'could not look on the six dead men, so they turned their heads away, but they wrapped their vestments round Clement as he slept and carried him, two at the head and two at the feet, all the way up to the cell.' On his awaking, he reminds his companions that, 'if there are not priests for the praying, there are children for the singing,' and leads them to the church, where they sing their parts till all their hearts, even his, fail, for their desolation. He passes the

night alone in the church, and his spirit is strengthened by prayer. In the morning

‘He stood at the upper end of the hall, on the raised part where the four brethren ate their meat; and beckoned the children round him, and said: —“O dear brothers, since we wot not how long it is GOD’s will that we stay here alone, it is neither safe for our bodies nor good for our souls that we live in idleness. Now if ye will hearken to me, I will set you your tasks; and be well assured our guardian Angels will be nigh to help us, if we will help ourselves.”’

They willingly receive him as their superior, and to each he sets a task, summoning Hilary with some others to the beach. These he bid to cut down a great tree which grew there, which after long labour they succeed in, and afterwards remove all the branches. Of the larger ones, he charges Hilary to make crosses in preparation for the graves of the dead, and so dismissed him and the rest.

‘Clement remained alone, and sat on the naked trunk, and read his book of prayers. And he looked out on the sea, and never towards the land, because not very far away the six drowned men were lying, and they had been dead three days, and to see them made him sad. Now the tide was coming in, and when it was come full in, the sea came all about the trunk, but Clement left it not. At length it was time for the tide to ebb, and even as the waves went out from the shore they moved the great trunk with them. Then Clement put up his book in his bosom, and stretched himself out on the tree, and clung to it fast, and so he floated out to sea.’

The child whom he had set to watch, seeing something on the waters, ran to him who stood by the bell, and both began to toll, which sound reaching Clement on the waters, seemed to him like his death-knell, and his faith began to fail, till he beheld behind him an angel in the likeness of his little brother, and before him the vision of a child like that of the picture over the altar, and so he crossed to the mainland and was cast on shore. Here he hastens to a church, and implores the priest he finds there to listen to his tale; but he was a proud, hard man, and would not believe Clement’s words, and drove him away, Another priest soon passed by, and to him he ran,

‘And took him by the sleeve of his alb, and stayed him, and said, “O Father, have pity on a little boy, and do his bidding for JESU’s sake. There are six dead men on yonder island who have no Priest to give them burial, and eleven little boys who have only the Angels for their keepers.” And he told him all his story. Now the Priest was a kind man, and loved all men, and little children most of all, so he listened to Clement’s tale, and spoke kindly to him, and promised to go with him to the island and do what was best for the little island choir.’

And soon they called a boat, and the Priest sat up in the stern, with his vestment and alb and stole; but Clement lay at his

feet with his head on the Priest's knee, for his strength was failing fast. Joyfully were they received by the desolate children, only that some grieved for Clement's wan and altered looks. Under the Priest's help and guidance, they dig graves for the dead, after which he leaves them for a time to bring more help.

'Then Clement called Hilary, and they two walked together to the cell, and went to look at the six new graves in the churchyard. And Hilary brought the crosses he had made out of the rough boughs, and they set them up, one at the head of every grave, six crosses in a row. But when they had set up six, lo, there was yet another left; and Hilary was frightened and amazed, and said, "Dear Clement, I thought I had made but six crosses; but see, such was my trouble of mind that I knew not what I did, and here are seven: what shall be done with the seventh?" Then Clement answered, "It was not thy trouble of mind, brother, that did this, but the wise foresight of the pure spirit within thee. Let it lie at present, I pray. And now that my task is done, I am very, very faint; do thou sit by me while I rest." So Clement lay down with his head upon the rough cross, and one hand in Hilary's hand, and his eyes looking up to heaven. And after awhile he said, "My little brother is near me, Hilary, and now he is come to take me away. O pray that my fault may be forgiven."

'Then Hilary wept and said, "Dear Clement, who will be near me when thou art gone? For there is none so dear to me as thou." And he wept very bitterly when he saw that Clement's life was going fast. But Clement said, "I shall be with thee, Hilary, and shall, it may be, watch over thee at all times, as my brother watches me. God will be good to the island choir, for the sake of His holy Child Jesus." Then he spoke no more, and just as the sun went down he closed his eyes and fell asleep; and Hilary knew that his sleep was the sleep of death.'

'The Wonder Seeker,' by Miss Margaret Fraser Tytler, author of 'Tales of the Great and Brave,' &c. This lady is not to be confounded with her sister, the authoress of 'Mary and Florence,' and several other well-known stories for children, though we trace a family likeness in their productions.

'The Wonder Seeker' is an attempt to render natural history interesting to children, under the sugared disguise of a tale; and, so far, we must regard it as a failure. Truth and fiction will not in this case help one another on, and the two incongruities do not look the better for being forcibly intertwined. The hero who listens to, and discovers, all these wonders, is, at seven or eight years old, when his history opens, a spoilt, ill-mannered, proud, overbearing boy—an unfavourable specimen of an odious class—but is presently converted to a state of heavenly and preternatural goodness by a course of natural history.

In this way, two subjects and two books have, as it were, been spoiled into one rather absurd one. Separately, the boy would have been reformed by ordinary methods, with which our experience of cause and effect could have sympathized,

while the natural history would have assumed a more orderly, and therefore instructive arrangement, and the young reader's faculties would have been spared the confusion consequent on being hurried from wolves to locusts, from nightingales to dogs, from beetles to tigers, without any reason that we can trace, except the extremely discursive minds of the speakers and thinkers in this volume. Moreover, by the plan it adopts, all the inhabitants of nature's kingdom are represented as always doing wonders, so that any poor child inspired by Charles Douglas's success in wonder-seeking to make similar researches, would be in danger of giving up the real pursuit in despair, as a dull one. To the story as a *story*, another evil results from this blending of two objects into one; for, in order to satisfy Charles Douglas's awakened curiosity, and thus to bring out the instructive portion of the book, he is made the exclusive object on whom a clergyman of middle life, and from his occupation naturally busy, bestows an unlimited quantity of his time and thoughts. As it is a serious injury to children in real life to make them of overwhelming importance; so it is an error to represent them as such in fiction. It is enough to make ordinary little boys dissatisfied with their lot in life, to see how eagerly Charles Douglas is attended to, while they are frequently enjoined 'not to interrupt,' 'not to be troublesome,' 'not to ask so many questions,' 'to go into the nursery, or be quiet,' all forms of rebuff which our readers can recall, as having once been familiar as household words in their own ears; and from which they can probably trace some salutary and quieting influence. The little Douglas has at his service, besides his papa, an ancient family retainer, who never says anything, but has a fund of loyal devotion within, which makes him ready to sacrifice his life for his young master on the slightest occasion—a pony of his own—a tutor who, however, plays a subordinate part,—and above all so strong a hold on the affections of the rector of the parish (Mr. Stanley), a gentleman living in a beautiful parsonage, and possessing a horse of the pure Arabian race, that he joyfully devotes the best hours of his day and the best years of his life to the exclusive pleasure and instruction of this young gentleman. They ride and walk about all day, looking for natural wonders and sometimes visiting the poor, and they read natural history all night. Nor is Mr. Stanley ever so busy as not to be able to renounce every other call on his time for this paramount one.

In the end, Master Douglas, in a fit of reckless bravery, nearly breaks his neck; and after being nursed by Mr. Stanley, is ordered off to Germany. It was a surprise to us, as showing inconsistency in the good rector, that he did not immediately

resign his living, in order to accompany the invalid, who set out with only his father, his tutor, and his grey-haired retainer in his suite; however, for four years they drag on life asunder, till in the last page we are again introduced to the faithful Mr. Stanley, in a broken-down chariot, somewhere on the Alps, whence he is rescued by Charles Douglas. It seems he had been pursuing the party from town to town for days, having resolved to travel for the future with his young friend. 'Yes,' he says, 'we have met again, my dear boy, not, I trust, to be speedily parted.'

As an example of the subjects the book treats of, as well as of a certain exaggeration of tone, we extract what follows. Charles has made a discovery of the grave-digging propensity of beetles, and is engaged in an interesting experiment: four black beetles under a glass-case are burying the remains of a bullfinch. At first the beetles are more intent on making an escape from their prison than in pursuing their funeral labours, and in this aspect of affairs Charles is summoned to breakfast.

'At last he was obliged to go away, and he did so in very low spirits, for he began to think that this experiment would be of no avail. I do not know that his disappointment prevented Charles from eating any breakfast, but he certainly gave a far shorter time to it than usual, and returned to the glass-case, where he gave one quick look, and then clapped his hands in delight, for it was quite evident that the work was already begun.'

'Two of the beetles had disappeared,—they must then be hid under the bird; and this was soon proved, for by slow degrees a small mound of earth rose all round, as if the little sextons were building a fortress to protect their work. That day the pretty Arab, Zora and Mite were brought to the door as usual; but they pawed the ground, neighed, and shook their bridles in vain, not even a ride could tempt Mr. Stanley or Charles from their post at the table: and they were rewarded; for the interest of their watch more than repaid them for their promised ride * * * * * That evening the bullfinch lay an inch and a half below the surface of the earth, and looked as if neatly laid out and stretched upon its little bier. The next day it was covered over, and the work of the industrious beetles was finished.'

'This was certainly proof sufficient that Charles's had been a real and true discovery: but he never seemed weary of making certainty still more certain. Birds, moles, frogs, snails—all were one after another laid under a glass-case, and to one and all the little grave-diggers, as Charles persisted in calling them, performed the same good office.'

'“Do not you think, Mr. Stanley,” he said, “that it would be delightful spending a whole lifetime doing nothing else but watching the habits and natures of all the living creatures in the world? not man,—that would not interest me half so much.—but animals, and birds, and fishes, and insects? I think I should like the insects best of all, because some of them are so very small, that their ingenuity and wisdom seem more extraordinary—may I call it wisdom, Mr. Stanley?”'

'“I see no reason,” said Mr. Stanley, smiling at Charles's anxious look of inquiry,—“I see no reason why, if you like the word, we should talk of the wisdom of a worm or a fly, as well as of the sagacity

of an elephant, or the cunning of a fox; we often see less wisdom in the works of man than in those, for instance, of the May-fly in the first stage of its existence. Are you aware that it comes into life a helpless, shapeless little creature, a white worm of small size?" * * *

Then follows a description of the little silken house, or case, in which the worm exists till it becomes a fly, and in which it floats on the water; the whole account given with a sort of romantic unction which makes the more accurate matter-of-fact books on entomology seem cold and poor.

"Oh how strange, how very strange, Mr. Stanley, all these things are! What credit we give to the person who first invented ships, and who, I dare say, made a great many trials before he knew how to manage the proper balance; and here is this little worm that might put them all to shame. I do wish, Mr. Stanley, that I had a hundred times more sense than I have, and could know and understand all these things perfectly. Though I delight to hear about them so much just now, they sometimes puzzle me; I cannot understand them. Do you think I ever shall?" he asked, despondingly.

"You will at least improve," answered his friend; "but trust me, dear Charles, many people, older and wiser than you, are puzzled about these things: no human understanding can master all, no, nor a hundredth part of all the difficulties, all the wonders of God's works. I do not warn you of this to discourage you; on the contrary, I think you are in a fair way of overcoming many of those difficulties that now seem to you insurmountable. You already know a great deal. I dare say, when you look back only two or three years, you wonder how you could then be so ignorant; and it will be the same some years hence. What seems to you great knowledge now, will then be very little in your eyes. We shall, I hope, go on instructing each other, shall we not? Or do I take too much credit to myself, Charles, in thinking I have done you a little good since we met?"

"A little good! Oh, Mr. Stanley! do not say that," exclaimed Charles, darting from his seat, and throwing his arms round his friend. "You would not say that, if you knew all. 'A little good.' Oh! when I remember what I used to be, how I do wonder that you could ever be so kind to me! But God put it into your heart—I know He did—that when it seemed He had taken away everybody that loved you, you might find one left; for I will love you all my whole life, and thank you and pray for you,—indeed I will." And poor little Charles, in his anxiety to prove to Mr. Stanley his gratitude, seemed to lose the power of doing so; for he stopped suddenly, and, looking up in his friend's face, burst into tears.

Let no mamma or tender friend, charmed by Charles Douglas's sensibility, try experiments on their own little darlings, hoping to train them to the same powers of expression: they will infallibly be disappointed—at least until the child learns what is expected from it. 'I have done you a little good,' followed by this burst of affection so ready at a summons! Of all sublunary things, a child's deep, *real* emotions are least under the beck and call of another; they are least to be reckoned on at a given moment. Children surprise us by showing feeling and emotion when we do not expect it from them, and are dull and passive when we do. We do not know how to touch the chords

of their hearts; and it is well for them that we do not, else, with a busy, vain curiosity, men would be for ever sounding and prying into the delicate instrument, till its thrilling, divine tones would become no better than a tinkling cymbal, all surface and all noise.

‘ Then tear we not the veil away,
Nor, ruthless, tell in open day
The tender spirit's dream.
O let the deepening stream
Might from the mountain springs in silence draw;
O, mar we not His work, who trains His saints in awe!’

Though we consider order and system essential in books of instruction, and, besides, feel strongly that the plan of assembling together a quantity of miscellaneous natural wonders defeats its end, by inducing on the reader a very incredulous spirit, yet, so far as a book inspires interest and curiosity on such subjects, it is a valuable one. Of all tastes which we would wish to encourage early in children, a love of Nature is to our mind the most important. Childhood seems the appointed time for its development, and if that golden season slips by, unenlightened on the beauties and the marvels around us, maturity finds us too busy and too dull to make room for them, or to discern them. It is beyond measure surprising, and yet a matter of every-day experience in ourselves, and in our friends, that this natural world,—beautiful, wonderful, and for ever changing, open to all men's eyes, and needing nothing but eyes to see,—should yet be a sealed book to the majority of mankind; that men should walk amid fair scenes, day by day, and yet see only the path they tread on; that the sky should glow over our heads, and the flowers bloom at our feet; that a world of life and wonderful instincts should perpetually be unfolding itself before us; and that we should pass through it so absorbed in business, or care, or vain imaginations, as to be unconscious of all, and return to our daily tasks with little other benefit and refreshment than what bodily exercise and purer air must bring. We would not of course say that many are utterly blind to the beauties of this outer world, but let most men compare their pleasures and impressions in the course of an ordinary country walk with those of a true lover and observer of Nature, and they will grant there is force in what we say. It is not, however, that we would have children fluent talkers about such impressions—which in early youth must be unconscious ones,—but that they should then begin to feel them. After years will prove to them how pure a consolation, how true a freshener of existence this love is;—as time advances, bringing troubles in its train,—as this moral world shows itself harassing, restless, disappointing; and

all things change and grow dark but Nature, that type of its Creator, ever working, yet ever at rest, and inspiring in those who will watch its movements, both its rejoicing activity and its repose.

It is some sense (unconscious perhaps) of the value of this intercourse with Nature, which makes it such delight to witness an infant's dawning sympathy with the world, animate and inanimate, around it—its first intelligent glance at moon and stars, flowers and insects. The homeliest nurse will use all her arts to win such precious smiles, too soon to be attracted from objects like these, by bolder and louder claimants for admiration, but which, if duly nurtured, may grow into a love strong and lasting as life itself.

We cannot touch on this subject without being reminded of a treasury of beautiful thoughts on children and their ways—the latest gift of a poet to whom his generation already owes so much. The following poem, though pursuing a deeper train of thought, will already have occurred to many of our readers. Such, however, as have fallacious memories will yet thank us for quoting—

‘LOOKING WESTWARD.

- ‘ Had I an infant, Lord, to rear,
And mould in Jesus' Law,
How should I watch in hope and fear
The first deep glance of awe,
- ‘ When for a bright and conscious gaze,
He lifts his eyelids meek ;
And round his own world's little maze,
Some marvel fain would seek !
- ‘ Bright be the spot, and pure the ray,
That wins his steadfast eye;
A path of light a glorious way,
To guide his soul on high.
- ‘ O, rich the tint of earthly gold,
And keen the diamond's spark ;
But the young lamb of Jesus' fold
Should other splendours mark.
- ‘ To soothe him in the unquiet night,
I ask no taper's gleam,
But bring him where the ærial light
Falls from the moon's soft beam.
- ‘ His heart at early morn to store
With fancies fresh and rare,
Count not thy jewels o'er and o'er,
Show him no mirror's glare ;
- ‘ But lift him where the eastern heaven
Glows with the sun unseen,
Where the strong wings to morning given
Brood o'er a world serene.

- 'There let him breathe his matin thought
Of pure, unconscious love;
There taste the dew by angels brought,
In silence from above.
- 'Yet might I choose a time, me seems
That earliest wistful gaze
Were best to meet the softening beams
Of sunset's glowing maze.
- 'Wide be the western casement thrown,
At sultry evening's fall,
The gorgeous lines be duly shown,
That weave Heaven's wondrous pall.
- 'Calm be his sleep, whose eyelids close
Upon so fair a sight;
Not gentler mother's music flows,
Her sweetest, best good-night.
- 'So hastes the Lord our hearts to fill
With calm baptismal grace,
Preventing all false gleams of ill,
By His own glorious Face.'

The simple, passive contemplation of Nature is, however, hardly consonant with childhood. A child does not commonly show himself deeply impressed by merely looking at a fine landscape: he longs to be in it, to be acting in the scene, and thus feel himself part of it:—he must be doing; must build with the snow, and slide on the ice, and bathe in the stream, and gather the flowers, and sport himself in the sunshine, and climb the trees, and range the hills; but while he thus seems only acting his own part, all the scene wherein he performs it is printing itself indelibly on his memory, and founding a store of pure and freshening thoughts; his present wild joy to become food for happy reflection in future tranquil years.

This propensity to be doing much excuses to our heart what it is the fashion to apply very hard names to—bird's-nesting and similar vices. Certainly, that child is best who, loving and ardently admiring the prize, yet remembers the absent mother, and, mindful of her fluttering despair, leaves untouched the treasure where he found it; his the subdued will, the gentle heart! his moderation, his forbearance establishes a lasting bond between him and Nature's works; his love for them is purest and most lasting. But is nothing to be said for the town-bred boy, wandering away to the fields and woods in his seldom-recurring holiday? His keen glance detects amongst highest branches a confused mass of rough twigs, which duller eyes could not distinguish from the similar tussock at his feet. A few bold and well-judged springs, and he is looking down upon his discovery.

Here, through his whole life, will he see anything more beautiful? So rough, so unformed it looked from below, and here

how smooth, how graceful! what sweet contrast between the downy white within and the tender green of its mossy edge! what order, what skilful blending of incongruous and refuse material into an exquisite and perfect whole. And the four small eggs so wondrous bright, and smooth, and round! And all this is his! he has found it—he may keep it—he may place it by his bed-side, and find it there when he wakes next morning! The dingy garret is brightened to his imagination already, by its presence; he thinks how his sisters will admire—how the boys will gather round and envy him his prize; and forgetting that he makes one little pair disconsolate, he carries off the spoil. It may be he hears a feeble twitter, and his heart misgives him; but it is too late, he thinks, now; and birds will get over their sorrow like men, and build another nest. Happy those who can admire things within their reach without wanting to have them! it is a rare and a noble virtue: but at least, a bird's nest is a temptation, and if men will not think so, they have forgotten their childhood, or have had a very peculiar one.

But to return from a long digression to our books, which in this instance, as they relate to boys' pleasures and pursuits, seem rather in harmony with it.

'The Boy's own Library' contains a good deal that may amuse them; many lively stories of quaint characters, and village incidents, some of which we recognise as having amused our own childhood, and some information on natural history and country matters, told in an animated manner. Indeed, the cheerfulness of this series is something quite remarkable, reminding us of that determined hilarity to be found in the corners of country newspapers, as the bright season of the year comes on—and which is often constrained to express itself in quaintnesses and other singularities of style. The author, in sympathy with his youthful readers, and in remembrance of his own boyhood, can hardly restrain his own gladness of heart, into which everything, animate and inanimate, is supposed to enter, and which must be his excuse for certain unchristian ob-jurgations ('by Jove!' for example,) and occasional familiarities and vulgarities of style.

We suppose this resolute happiness affords an example of 'the healthy tone,' which is now so frequent a subject for commendation with reviewers, when they wish to condense strong approval of a publication into the fewest words. The boy-friends of the author are led to suppose all they see as happy and prosperous as themselves. When the hay-makers are described as loading waggons with mountains of hay as heavy as themselves, he exclaims, 'Theirs is a happy life!' an immunity from care, which the village labourer would hardly take to himself;

—and the travelling chair-mender is described as exempt from every trouble of humanity. It is thus that he and his friend the tinker, to adopt the phraseology of Mark Tapley, 'come out strong,' under adverse circumstances.

'What is that has arrested your attention now beside the rustic cottage up the lane?—The old chair-bottomer. He leads a happy life enough, no doubt. You see the small rushes which he every now and then mixes up with the larger ones?—Those are of English growth; such as we saw beside the river, and waving above the bank where we beheld the water-hen. He can always have plenty of those for the trouble of cutting them; the larger come from Holland. His is not so good a trade as it once was, for there are not so many chairs bottomed with rushes since cane seats came into fashion. Watch how nimbly and strongly he twists the rushes with his fingers; now in this corner, then in that, plat after plat is laid down; and every time he goes round the corner of the chair the hole in the middle grows less. How merrily the ragged fellow whistles! What cares he? He carries his shop upon his back, and finds employment in every village he comes to. If he does his work well, he is sure of a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese. That woman keeps the village alehouse, and she has come to talk with him about mending and bottoming her chairs before the club-feast is held at her house. Rare quarters will he have there, and you will hear him singing in the kitchen in an evening, after he has done his work, like a linnet; and, perhaps, his old crony, the tinker, is at work somewhere in the neighbourhood and will join him at night, when they will talk over the pleasant trips they have had together, the many beautiful villages they have seen in their rambles, and which is the pleasantest road to take if you wish to reach them. Wonderful things have these two happy old fellows seen in their travels; nests, and snakes, and water-newts, and great gledes, that carried off young chickens. They have chased young foxes and hunted young hares, and taken rooks'-nests from the topmost branches of many a tall elm-tree; and when they could get no work in autumn you never saw what quantities of brown nuts and ripe blackberries they would bring home. No two boys were ever happier than they are when out in the country together.'

From the successes and failures of individuals, with their narrowness of views, their partial aims, their limited experience, we turn now to a work written for the enlightenment of young children—free from all these hindrances to perfection—the product of united wisdom, and careful consultation, and enlarged philosophy.

Children have hitherto been left to see, and feel, and touch, very much as instinct guides them; their senses have been supposed able to do their work without the aid of formal written documents; and, as the common law of England exists in the memories, and experience, and customs of men rather than in books, so those great principles of our physical being, the five senses, have been thought able to act without formal treatises to inform them that they see, and feel, and touch, and smell. We

"know that we see, and we also know in a sense *what* we see, without the assistance of a book to tell us. However, it has been discovered that infants should not be left, as they have

been, to their own discoveries and conclusions, but that they should take up these earliest pursuits more *selon les règles*—that they should not only see the sun, but *know* that they see it, and also be brought to a distinct statement of *where* they see it,—in the heavens out of their reach—and not, as in uninstructed ignorance they might have imagined, ‘in a room, or lying on the road.’ To rectify the prevalence of such common and natural errors, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, under the sanction of the fifty distinguished gentlemen who form its Committee, have published a very profound work, entitled, ‘Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses—for Young Children;’ the aim of which seems to be to throw discredit on intuitive knowledge, and not to admit anything to be known until it has been taught by this learned Society. We quote, *verbatim et seriatim*, the following ‘questions on the body,’ which occur early in the volume:—

- ‘Where is your head?
- ‘Where is your neck?
- ‘Is your head above or below your neck?
- ‘Which is nearest to your neck, your shoulders or your head?
- ‘Are your eyes above or below your cheeks?
- ‘Where is your right cheek?
- ‘Where is your left cheek?
- ‘Is your nose to the right or left of your right cheek?
- ‘Is your nose to the right or left of your left cheek?
- ‘Are your cheeks outside of your nose?
- ‘Is your nose outside of your cheeks?
- ‘Which is nearest the floor, your knees or your foot?’

And again, the following questions, which we have selected, as the book advances:—

- ‘Did you ever see people walking about with shoes on their hands?
- ‘Why should we not wear shoes on our hands?
- ‘Did you ever hear a horse talk?
- ‘What is the noise called that you make when you are very much pleased?
- ‘What is the noise called that you make when you want me to know anything?
- ‘How do you feel when you want something to eat?
- ‘Where do you put bread and meat at dinner?
- ‘What do you do to the things you eat, when they are in your mouth?
- ‘Could you eat by putting bread or meat into your hand instead of your mouth?
- ‘Can you bite with your hand?
- ‘Here is a piece of bread; how do you know it is not a piece of cheese?
- ‘Is sugar of any use?
- ‘Can you get it in the fields and roads, like dirt and sand?
- ‘Is a fly smaller or larger than you?
- ‘Did you ever see a cat or a dog asleep?
- ‘Do tables and chairs sleep—do they eat and drink?
- ‘Did you ever hear any noise come from the church?
- ‘Is the church as large as a house, do you think?’

'Why are you called Jones as well as Mary?

'Are you ever called anything but Mary Jones?

'Where was the sun when you saw it—was it in a room, or lying on the road?'

So long as intuition will tell us all this, we believe that most men will prefer its repose, to the bustle of more conscious knowledge. A child does not *know* anything more at the end of these questions, than it did at the beginning, (except in the matter of right hand and left, which we confess intuition will not teach,) the only new idea it can have acquired, is the knowledge that it knows, and so far it may be a loser in humility. Not but that there is, after all, a sort of difficulty in the questions, for the very strangeness of them. In surprise that we should be asked them, our reasoning powers are held in abeyance. What can a 'noise' coming from the church mean? And again, in that startling and perplexing query, 'Here is a piece of bread; how do you know it is not a piece of cheese?' we feel at first, simply that we know it is not, and we suppose that the questioner also knows; but for a moment we are puzzled. Presently, however, rousing our faculties from a bewilderment which, in his eyes, will surely pass for ignorance, we discriminate, with philosophical accuracy, between cows and corn-fields, and discover that, after all, there is something clever in *knowing* that we know the difference.

We extract the following series of questions on liquids, for the sake of the observations the author has appended to this branch of his subject :—

'What do you drink with your dinner?

'What do you drink with your breakfast?

'What colour is milk?

'Which is softest, bread or water?

'If you let fall a piece of bread, can you pick it up?

'Why do you not take up water in the same way as you pick up bread?

'Which is most like water, glass or wood?

'Can you drink glass?

'How is glass like water?

'This last exercise can be expanded in the following manner :—A piece of common window-glass may be taken—the finger can be held behind the glass, and the child asked—can you see my finger? The finger should then be put before a card, and then behind a card. Repeat the experiment with the glass, and vary the experiment until the child discovers, and expresses his discovery, that he can see a finger through glass, but not through card. It is not worth while to trouble him with the word transparent at present, for no additional knowledge will be thereby obtained. When he is farther advanced, he may be told that things we can see through, are called transparent. When the difference between the card, &c., and the glass, in respect of its transparency, has been understood, take a drinking-glass and repeat the above exercise; put the finger first into, then on the opposite side of the glass; let the child evince clearly by words, he can see the finger through two portions of the glass: then pour water into glass, repeating the preceding exercises. That the child also may clearly stand that water is transparent, independently of its situation in a glass

(for he may perchance think that the water is rendered transparent by the vessel), put something, as a shilling, into it, and show him that the shilling can be seen, notwithstanding that the water is between it and his eye; and repeat and continue the exercises on two or three occasions. Unless the examination be varied, in every possible manner, the teacher cannot be safe against some false association in the child's mind.'

Now what does a child really learn from all this parade of teaching, all these experiments, all these precautions against false impressions? Absolutely nothing. From the time that a baby flattens its face against a window-pane, it knows perfectly well that glass is a hard transparent substance. And so soon as it can see the sponge at the bottom of its bath, and stretches forth its hand through the yielding fluid to reach it, it knows that water is a soft transparent substance, though following the suggestion of our author, it does not use the word transparent at present, 'for no additional knowledge will be thereby obtained.' Yet some three or four years after, it may be taught to think it knows a good deal, without one addition to its stock of ideas, from finding all its unconscious impressions made the subject of question and answer in a book, and may gain such a sense of cleverness and importance as elated M. Jourdain, when he first learnt from his grammarian that he was talking prose. He had talked prose just as easily and fluently, for fifty years, as at the moment of this discovery, but he had never been proud of it till now. This method of instruction, with nothing to teach on the one hand, and on the other, of laborious learning, without acquiring any new idea—has results which reminds one of the fish dinners described in Tancred, 'repletion without sustenance;' or of another still airier banquet, which it may be in the memory of our readers to have seen infants subjected to by some careless nurse, who, to stay the cries of her helpless charge, holds the empty vessel, which once contained its food, to its eager and hungry lips. The poor babe sucks on all the more laboriously for the failure of each successive effort, till its ineffectual exertions end, as in the intellectual repast we compare to it, in painful and empty inflation.

We cannot conclude our remarks on children's books without some mention of two series of volumes, which merit extensive circulation,—'The Family Library,' which is complete, and 'The Select Library,' now in progress. They consist of both republications and new works—in neither case written for children, but not the less adapted to their taste. For the pleasure children take in books is of two kinds. Naturally, such as are written expressly for them, which are about children like themselves, which tell of joys, and troubles, and interests, just like their own, have their earliest preference; as the first stories *told* to a little

child are about good and naughty little boys and girls. This is the pleasure of sympathy. But as their powers expand, as the simple process of reading becomes mechanical, another class of books is opened to them; such as in no wise directly concern children, but which tell of the perils and adventures, the thoughts and feelings, the joys and sorrows of manhood, which reveal to them something of what life is. The moment when a child first sees this new world opening before it, is indeed an enchanting one, full of such intense delight, such consciousness of awakening powers, that it may be regarded as a turning-point of existence. All must, more or less, keenly remember this period in their own lives, and perhaps will be able to point out some particular book—containing, it may be, a picture of romantic or adventurous life,—and read at this critical period of their youth with such full apprehension and sympathy, that it seems as it were to have influenced their whole subsequent current of thought, and set it in one fixed direction from that time forward. No actual insight into society can produce this effect. Much intercourse with the world at a very early age has, indeed, a precisely contrary effect, and dwarfs the imagination instead of expanding it. A child cannot comprehend the busy scene it finds itself in, and in ineffectual attempts to exercise an immature judgment on objects beyond its reach, ceases to exert those powers which properly belong to its age. The least injury that can be expected from introducing children early into what is conventionally called the world, is this intellectual blight: their moral nature may be far more fatally injured. A boy of ten may be *blâsé*; there may be nothing new left for him to see, no scene of society with which, in his own poor way, he may not be familiar. The children of Paris have been described, we trust by a prejudiced pen, as having all this air of premature experience, and already wearing a look of weariness and satiety; and that from living always in public, and in a whirl of amusement.

No books can have quite this ill effect; bad or injudicious ones may taint a young imagination, or awaken pride and vanity in all their evil forms,—a course of fashionable novels could hardly fail of involving this consequence; but though childhood, by this means, ceases to be amiable, it is still there; fancy is not destroyed; hope, at least, is left. What incalculable extent of moral evil a perfectly promiscuous course of reading may produce on some minds, is of course beyond all human calculation; or how deeply and permanently the imagination may be affected. It is such considerations make us feel the value of a series of books adapted for this stage of childhood; books that will instruct and enlarge the mind, and amuse the fancy; which

will introduce them to distinguished past and living authors of our own and other countries; and all carefully freed, not only from what is directly harmful, but also from such topics as children had best, for the present, remain ignorant of.

This is not really a reading age; the world is busier than ever, and people say, when they grow up and live in it, that they have no leisure. Let our children, then, make good use of the peaceful golden time, and read with such earnestness in youth that the habit may abide with them through life; or even if then they follow the world's fashion, and so are thrown back upon the labours of their childhood, they may have stored up something worth knowing at that age when men learn easiest and remember longest.

ART. II.—*First Impressions of England and its People.* By
HUGH MILLER. London: Johnstone. 1847.

THIS is a volume which ranks very decidedly above the ephemeral swarm of tours which the sunshine of the summer holidays annually gives birth to, and is worthy of occupying our attention by itself, instead of being despatched in the batch with others of the same genus. The writer is no ordinary observer, and what he thinks worth telling, is pretty sure to be worth hearing. We will not say that there are no superfluous pages in the volume, or that there are no signs of writing to make book; but we are able to say that there is less of book-making, and more appearance of the genuine minutes of an active and acute mind, than it is often our good fortune to find in a traveller's volume. We have not, indeed, the lurid brilliance of 'Eothen,' or the substantial knowledge of 'The Crescent and the Cross;' but we have a considerable variety of original remark on familiar subjects—on English character and common life;—good descriptions of well-known scenery;—and some well-told rambles to places (like The Leasowes and Hagley) not generally visited.

The author, Mr. Hugh Miller, of Cromarty, and now, we believe, editor of a leading Edinburgh weekly paper, is well known to our readers north of the Tweed by a previous work, 'The Old Red Sandstone,' by which he earned the just reputation not only of a pleasing writer on geology, but of having, by his original researches, done much to establish the existence of vertebrate animals in that formation. He is, throughout, the self-taught Scotchman, and the merits and the faults of this volume are to be referred to one or other of these two qualifications. For it is a positive qualification for observation of English life and scenery to have been born and reared in Scotland, and to be crossing, like Mr. Miller, the Border for the first time. Only a Scotchman or an American would observe fine shades of national character, which, from their very familiarity, escape the native; while the Scotchman is less liable than the American to fall into those blunders on every day matters, and that continual misconception, which pervade all foreigners' views of this country. From Washington Irving or Mr. Miller, we may gain a fresh light to see ourselves in; from a German tourist, such as Raumer or Kohl, we can but learn what Germans think of us—we get light on the German,

† the English mind, and our principal amusement in reading

them must be, we should think, in tracing the sources of their mistakes to *their* national prejudices. It is the German in England that we study, not England by help of the German. As for French tours, they are so supremely ridiculous that the less said of them the better. German pedantry and French egotism are equally fatal to the exercise of that delicate tact, which, dismissing from view broad national characteristics, as well as notable singularities, can fix and describe those minuter general traits, the observation and comparison of which alone can give the knowledge of national character which is worth having. The observer should be habituated to a system of things sufficiently different to produce the effect of contrast, and to have something with which to compare what he sees ; and sufficiently similar to prevent his attention from being arrested by the obvious and prominent features of the new country. An instance of what we mean is supplied by what is remarked by Mr. Miller,—that so much of the cockney literature is of a rural character. It is the force of contrast that enables the Londoner to find redolent of poetry mere hedge-side nature, a lane, a field, the most common-place brook, the most every day daisy and primrose. Because of the different scenes among which he has to live it is that the London poet prizes beauties so trivial and down-trodden that they escape the notice of even the poet that lives among them.

It may, perhaps, create surprise, to find so much stress being laid on the difference between the English and Scotch character. It may be thought that now that Edinburgh is within sixteen hours of London, and that the intercourse is so unlimited, that no difference of importance now exists, beyond a few peculiarities, not enough to constitute a national distinction, or more than is to be found in almost every county of England. But if we conceive sufficiently the spirit of enmity and hatred which for so many centuries kept the two people apart, a rampart far more impregnable than Hadrian's wall, we shall understand how different their case is from that of any portion of England, and how much must be required, even after the feud is forgotten, to obliterate the distinctive marks it originated. The relations of Scotland towards England, as compared with that of any distant country towards the metropolitan centre, may be said to be this. There is a common type of character and manners in the middle class in this country, which is most fully realized in those parts of it in which there is most general admixture in education and in after life, and therefore in the capital, or rather,—for continued residence in London superinduces its own peculiarities,—in that class who, resident in the large towns of the metropolitan counties have the most main-

tained intercourse with London, and with each other. Towards this central and circulating heart, the more languid life of the remoter districts is continually flowing; and so far as each member comes short of the common type, it is from having been insufficiently penetrated by the vital fluid, and a defect in becoming assimilated to the whole mass. Provincial peculiarities are thus defects—incomplete specimens of the genus to which they belong. National characteristics are the properties of the species found most perfect in those individuals who approach nearest to the national type. In Scotland we find, what we do not find in any English county, a different set of ideas, habits, manners, rules of society and of trade, language, and law, as the standard and type towards which character tends. This may be illustrated by what Mr. Miller has observed, (p. 234,) that every six or eight square miles of area in Great Britain, nay, every town or village, has its own distinguishing intonations, phrases, modes of pronunciation; in short, its own style of speaking the common language. In workmen's barracks, where parties of mechanics gathered from all parts of the country spend the greater part of a twelvemonth together, he has detected these colloquial peculiarities in the forming. All these peculiarities of phrase and pronunciation are defects, departures from the normal standard of pure English. But Lowland Scotch is a distinct and substantial dialect, and yet the varieties with which it is spoken, from Galloway to Aberdeen, gravitate round a common type, like the different shades which Herodotus distinguished in the Ionic of the Asiatic Ionians. It is well known that English is spoken most purely in the Highlands, in Inverness for example, and for the obvious reason that they have learnt it as a foreign dialect; it is the book-taught language of an educated people of whom Gaelic is the mother tongue. It is the same with the adoption of English habits by the educated classes; so far as they have done so, they have denationalized themselves by adopting those of another nation, in the place of the old Scotch model,—more akin to the French than to the English,—not improved provincial angularity into the metropolitan polish.

While on this subject, we may collect from different parts of the volume observations on the contrasts presented by the two countries. And first, the physical differences of the two populations.

'I had entered a considerable way into England ere I was struck by the peculiarities of the English face and figure. There is no such palpable difference between the borderers of Northumberland and those of Roxburghshire. But as the traveller advances towards the midland counties, the English cast of person and countenance becomes very apparent. The

harder frame and thinner face of the northern tribes disappear shortly after one leaves Newcastle; and one meets instead with ruddy, fleshy, compactly-built Englishmen, of the true national type. There is a smaller development of bone, and the race, on the average, seem less tall; but the shoulders are square and broad, the arms muscular, and the chest full; and if the lower part of the figure be not always in keeping with the upper, its inferiority is perhaps rather an effect of the high state of civilization at which the country has arrived, and the consequent general pursuit of mechanical arts that have a tendency to develop the arms and chest, and to leave the legs and thighs undeveloped, than an original peculiarity of the English as a race. The English type of face and person seems peculiarly well adapted to the female countenance and figure, and the proportion of pretty women to the population,—women with clear fair complexions, well-turned arms, soft features, and fine busts, seems very great. To my eye, however, my countrymen—and I have now seen them in almost every district in Scotland—present an appearance of rugged strength, which the English, though they take their place among the more robust European nations, do not exhibit; and I find the carefully-constructed tables of Professor Forbes, based on a large amount of actual experiment, corroborative of the impression. As tested by the *dynamometer*, the average strength of the full-grown Scot exceeds that of the full-grown Englishman by about one-twentieth—to be sure, no very great difference, but quite enough in a prolonged contest, hand to hand, and man to man, with equal skill and courage on both sides, decidedly to turn the scale. The result of the conflict at Bannockburn, where, according to Barbour, steel rang upon armour in hot close fight for hours, and at Otterbourn, where, according to Froissart, the English fought with the most obstinate bravery, may have a good deal hinged on this purely physical difference.”—Pp. 238, 239.

The character of their habitations is no less distinct than that of the inhabitants:—

‘The older English dwelling houses furnish a contrast to our Scotch ones of the same age. In Scotland the walls are of solid stone-work, thick and massy, with broad-headed chamfer-edged rybats, and ponderous soles and lintels selvaging the openings, whereas the wood-work of the interior is almost always slight and fragile, formed of spongy deal, or with hollowed fir rafters. After the lapse of little more than a century, there are few of our Scotch floors on which it is safe to tread. In the older English dwellings we generally find a reverse condition of things; the outsides, constructed of slim brick-work, have a toylike fragility about them, whereas inside we find strong oaken beams and long-enduring floors, and stairs of glossy wainscot. We at once recognise the great scarcity of good building-stone in the one country, and of well-grown forest-wood in the other, as the original and adequate cause of the peculiarity. Their dwelling-houses seem to have had different starting points, those of the one being true lineal descendants of the old Pict’s house, complete from foundation to summit without wood; those of the other, lineal descendants of the old forest dwellings of the Saxon, formed ship-like in their unwieldy oaken strength, without stone. Wood to the one class was a subordinate accident of late introduction, stone to the other; and were I sent to seek out the half-way representatives of each, I would find those of England in its ancient beam-formed houses of the reign of Elizabeth, in which only angular interstices (?) in the walls are occupied by brick, and those of Scotland in its time-shattered fortalices of the type of the old Castle of Craig-house in Ross-shire, where floor rises above floor in solid masonry, or of the type of Borthwick Castle, near Edinburgh, stone from foundation to ridge.’—P. 173.

This genealogy of our domestic architecture appears to us true, as it certainly is ingenious; and the very exceptions to the general features of difference here given, exceptions which will occur to everyone, serve to establish Mr. Miller's reasoning. If the old manor-houses and granges of Worcestershire show no lack of stone, it is to be ascribed to the near neighbourhood of the Broadway-hills offering a supply of excellent free-stone, of which the midland counties, or the chalk downs of the southern, are destitute; while, on the other hand, the wooden frontings of the Edinburgh houses are to be referred to the edict of James IV. in 1588, permitting the citizens to extend their houses seven feet further into the street, in order to get the Burrow-muir cleared of timber. And the Norman invader must, we suppose, be put aside from the comparison; for a Norman castle or cathedral, no matter where situate, stone, and the best, was never stinted, so much so that Mr. MacCulloch says, that one half of the ancient strong-holds in the Scotch Highlands, thrown together into an heap, would be found scarce equal in the aggregate to a single English castle of the more magnificent type.

It is again the contrast with Scotch scenery that gives vividness to Mr. Miller's descriptions of English scenery:—

'The eighty miles of the Manchester and Birmingham railway are quite the country for travelling over by steam. If one misses seeing a bit of landscape as the carriages hurry through, and the objects in the foreground look dim and indistinct and all in motion, as if seen through water, it is sure to be repeated in the course of a few miles, and again and again repeated. I was reminded, as we hurried along, and the flat country opened and spread out on either side, of webs of carpet-stuff nailed down to pieces of boarding, and presenting at regular distances returns of the same rich pattern. Then detached houses stand up amid the green fields; little bits of brick villages lie grouped beside cross roads; irregular patches of wood occupy nooks and corners; lines of poplars rise tall and taper amid straggling cottages; and then having once passed houses, villages, and woods, we seem as if we had to pass them again and again; the red detached houses return, the bits of villages, the woody nooks and corners, the lines of taper poplars amid the cottages, and thus the repetitions of the patterns run on and on.'—P. 48.

'York, like all the greater towns of England, if we except the capital and two or three others, stands on the New Red Sandstone, and the broad extent of level fertility which it commands, is, to a Scotch eye, very striking. There is no extensive prospect in even the South of Scotland, that does not include its wide ranges of waste, and its steep mountain sides never furrowed by the plough; while in our more northern districts, one sees from every hill-top which commands the coast, a landscape coloured somewhat like a russet shawl with a flowered border; there is a new selva of green cultivation on the edge of the land, and all within is brown heath and shaggy forest. In England, on the contrary, one often travels, stage after stage, through an unvarying expanse of flat fields laid out on the level formations, which, undisturbed by trappean or metamorphic rocks, stretch away at low angles for hundreds of miles together, forming blank

tablets on which man may write his works in whatever characters he pleases. Doubtless such a disposition of things adds greatly to the wealth and power of a country; the population of Yorkshire at the last census, equalled that of Scotland in 1801. But I soon began to weary of an infinity of green enclosures that lay spread out in undistinguishable sameness, like a net on the flat face of the landscape, and to long for the wild free moors and bold natural features of my own poor country. One likes to know the place of one's birth by other than artificial marks, by some hoary mountain, severe yet kindly in its aspect, that one has learned to love as a friend,—by some long withdrawing arm of the sea, sublimely guarded, where it opens to the ocean by its portals of rock,—by some wild range of precipitous coast, that raises high its ivy-bound pinnacles, and where the green wave ever rises and falls along dim resounding caverns,—by some lonely glen with its old pine forests hanging dark on the slopes, and its deep brown river roaring over linn and shallow in its headlong course to the sea. Who could fight for a country without features, that one would scarce be sure of finding out on one's return from the battle, without the existence of the mile-stones?—P. 26.

The natives of mountainous countries have ever been proverbial for being wanderers, whether Scotch or Savoyard, and paradoxical as it may seem, this very desire to see other countries springs in fact from the force of their attachment to their own. In a country devoid of natural features, it is persons and houses, both transient and perishable objects, towards which the infant affections are attached. If the wanderer, who, young and sanguine, went forth from such a home to seek his fortune in new scenes, return at all, it is from a sorrowful curiosity to see what changes time has wrought—to find the home of his birth levelled with the soil, the protectors of his youth only remembered by the inscription on their grave-stone, and the old church itself smartened out of recollection by the hands of some zealous innovator. But one who has been bred under the shadow of some everlasting hill, knows that kith and kin may have vanished, or worse, may have forgotten him, but he is quite sure of finding the mountains and the loch where he left them, and as ready to welcome him and cheer his age as they cradled his youth. Not that the mountaineer is wanting in family affection—the highlands are the home of clanship; but he has, besides these mortal ties, a magnetic attraction which keeps his deepest feeling true to one point. Hence, while natives of champaign countries are continually migrating, natives of a mountainous country, though errant adventurers in youth, generally find their way back to settle in the country where they were born.

‘Yon weather-beaten hind,
Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England’s laughing woods he goes,
And England’s wealth around him flows.

Ask if it would content him well,
 At ease in those gay plains to dwell :
 Where hedgerows spread a verdant screen,
 And spires and forests intervene,
 And the neat cottage peeps between ?
 No, not for these will he exchange
 His dark Lochaber's boundless range ;
 Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
 Bennevis grey and Garry's lake.'

And the poetry to which the two countries give birth is similarly contrasted. As the mountains and mists of the north are represented in the stormy rhapsodies of Ossian, and the rough Border glens and swollen torrents inspire the rude horse-play, half fight, half fun, of the lowland rhymers ; so the rich plains, meandering brooks, and sedgy fens of England, have penetrated deep into our native poetry, and have furnished colour and allusion to our poets from Shakspeare and Milton, down to Tennyson and Hood. But the characteristics of peculiarly English landscape have been best painted by a Scotchman. Thomson was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire, was at school at Jedburgh, and did not quit Scotland till his twenty-fifth year. Thoroughly English as his description is, curious evidence is furnished by Sir H. Nicolas's recent edition, in which a few of Thomson's early productions have been printed, that he only learnt very gradually even to speak and write the language correctly. These juvenile effusions are not (like Burns's) written in lowland Scotch, but are full of inaccuracies of expression and accent, and of English vulgarisms, as of one doubtfully acquiring the language. It is on the same principle that made Thomson our truest rural poet, that Mr. Miller is so genuine an admirer of landscape so English in its taste as that of Cowper and Shenstone. Two of his pilgrimages, in a limited tour, are to Olney and the Leasowes.

But to go on with his illustrations of the difference between the character of the two nations.

' Nothing in the English character so strikingly impressed me as its immense extent of range across the intellectual scale. It resembles those musical instruments of great compass, such as the pianoforte and the harpsichord, that sweep over the entire gamut, from the lowest note to the highest ; whereas the intellectual character of the Scotch, like instruments of a narrower range, such as the harp and the violin, lies more in the middle of the scale. By at least one degree it does not rise so high ; by several degrees it does not sink so low. There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained ; our first men stand in the second rank, not a foot-breadth behind the foremost of England's second-rank men ; but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman. Like that class of the mighty men of David to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged, great captains who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew lions, or who lifted up the spear against three hundred

men at once and prevailed, they attain not with all their greatness to the might of the first class. Scotland has produced no Shakspeare; Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would fall short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. Bacon is as unique as Milton, and as exclusively English; and though the grandfather of Sir Isaac Newton was a Scotchman, we have no Scotch Sir Isaac. I question, indeed, whether any Scotchman attains to the powers of Locke: there is as much solid thinking in the Essay on the Human Understanding, as in the works of all our Scotch metaphysicians put together. It is, however, a curious fact, and worthy of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England, all its first-class men, belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy, and crushed the opening mind of the country, and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement-slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprang up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and literati of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakspeares, Bacons and Newtons of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men, the tallest however of their age anywhere, and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place. Though absent from the competition in the previous century, through the operation of causes palpable in the history of the time, we find them quite up to the mark of the age in which they appear. No English philosopher for the last hundred and fifty years produced a greater revolution in human affairs than Adam Smith, or created a more powerful influence on opinion than David Hume, or did more to change the face of the mechanical world than James Watt. The history of England, produced by a Scotchman, is still emphatically the English history, nor, with all its defects, is it likely soon to be superseded. The prose fictions of Smollett have kept their ground quite as well as those of Fielding, and better than those of Richardson. Nor does England during the century exhibit higher manifestations of the poetic spirit than those exhibited by Thomson and Burns. To use a homely but expressive Scotticism, Scotland seems to have lost her *bairn-time* of the giants; but in the after *bairn-time* of merely tall men, her children were quite as tall as any of their contemporaries.

'Be this as it may, it is unquestionable that England has produced an order of intellect to which Scotland has not attained; and it does strike us as at least curious, in connexion with the fact that the English, notwithstanding, should, as a people, stand on a lower intellectual level than the Scotch. I have had better opportunities of knowing the common people of Scotland than most men; I have lived among them for the greater part of my life, and I belong to them; and when in England I made it my business to see as much as possible of the common English people. I conversed with them south and north, and found them extremely ready, for, as I have already remarked, they are much franker than the Scotch to exhibit themselves unbidden. And I have no hesitation in affirming that their minds lie much more profoundly asleep than those of the common people of Scotland. We have no class north of the Tweed that corresponds with the class of ruddy, round-faced, vacant English, so abundant in the rural districts, and whose very physiognomy, derived during the course of centuries from untaught ancestors, indicates intellect yet unawakened. The reflective habits of the Scottish people have set their stamp on the national countenance. What strikes the Scotch traveller in this unawakened class of the English, is their want of curiosity respecting the unexciting and the unexaggerated, things so much on the ordinary level as to be neither prodigies nor shows. Let him travel into the rural districts of the Scotch

Highlands, and he will find the inquisitive element all in a state of ferment regarding himself. He finds every Highlander he meets adroit of fence, in planting upon him as many queries as can possibly be put in, in warding off every query directed against himself. The way-side colloquy resolves itself into a sort of sword and buckler match, and he must be tolerably cunning in thrusting and warding, who proves an overmatch for the Highlander. And in the Lowlands, though perhaps in a less marked degree, we find the same caution and curiosity. In the sort of commerce of natural information carried on, the stranger, unless he exercise great caution, is in danger of being the loser. It is the character of the common people in this kind of barter, to take as much and give as little as they can. Not such the character of the English. I found I could get from them as much information of a personal nature as I pleased, and on the cheapest possible terms. The Englishman seems rather gratified than otherwise to have an opportunity of speaking about himself. He tells you what he is, and what he is doing, and what he intends doing; gives a full account of his prospects in general, and adds short notices of the condition and character of his relatives. As for you, the inquirer, you may if you please be communicative about yourself and your concerns, and the Englishman will listen just for a little; but the information is not particularly wanted, he has no curiosity to know anything about you. And this striking difference which obtains between the two people is a fundamental one. The common Scot is naturally a more inquisitive being than the common Englishman, he asks many more questions, and accumulates much larger hoards of fact.

‘ But the broader foundations of the existing difference seem to lie rather in moral, than in natural causes. They are to be found, I am strongly of opinion, in the very dissimilar religious history of the two countries. Religion, in its character as a serious intellectual exercise, was never brought down to the common English mind, in the way in which it once pervaded, and still to a certain extent saturates, the common mind of Scotland. Nor is the peculiar form of religion best known in England, so well suited as that of the Scotch to awaken the popular intellect. Liturgies and ceremonies may constitute the vehicles of a sincere devotion; but they have no tendency to exercise the thinking faculties,—their tendency bears rather the other way, they constitute the ready-made channels through which abstract, unideal sentiment flows without effort. The Arminianism too, so common in the English Church, is a greatly less awakening system of doctrine than the Calvinism of Scotland. It does not lead the earnest mind into those abstruse recesses of thought to which the peculiar Calvinistic doctrines form so inevitable a vestibule. The man who deems himself free is content simply to believe that he is so; while he who regards himself as bound is sure to institute a narrow scrutiny into the nature of the chain that binds him; and hence it is that Calvinism proves the best possible of all schoolmasters for teaching a religious people to think. I found no such peasant metaphysicians in England as those I had so often met in my own countrymen who, under the influence of earnest belief, had wrought their way, unassisted by the philosopher, into some of the abstract questions of the schools. And yet, were I asked to illustrate by example the principle of the intellectual development of Scotland, it would be to the history of one of the self-taught geniuses of England, John Bunyan, that I should refer. Had the Tinker of Elstow continued to be throughout life what he was in his early youth, a profane irreligious man, he would have lived and died obscure and illiterate one. It was the wild turmoil of his religious convictions that awakened his mental faculties. Had his convictions slept, his mind would have slept with them, and he would have remained exactly what the great bulk of the common English still are.

‘In at least one aspect, however, religion, if we view it in a purely secular aspect, and with exclusive reference to its effects on the present scene of things, was more essentially necessary to the Scotch as a nation than to their English neighbours. The Scottish character seems by no means so favourably constituted for working out the problem of civil liberty as that of the English. It possesses in a much less degree that innate spirit of independence, which, in asserting a proper position for itself, sets consequences of a civil and economic cost at defiance. In the courage that meets an enemy face to face in the field, that triumphs over the sense of danger and the fear of death, that when the worst comes to the worst, never estimates the antagonist strength, but stands firm and collected however great the odds mustered against it, no people in the world excel the Scotch. But in the political courage manifested in the subordinate species of warfare that has to be maintained, not with enemies that assail from without, but with class interests that encroach from within, they stand by no means so high; they are calculating, cautious, timid. The man ready in the one sort of quarrel to lay down his life, is not at all prepared, in the other, to sacrifice his means of living. And these striking traits in the national character are broadly written in the history of the country. In perhaps no other instance was so poor and so limited a district maintained against such formidable enemies for so many hundred years. The story so significantly told by the two Roman walls is that of all the after history of Scotland, down to the union of the two crowns. But, on the other hand, Scotland has produced no true patriots, who were patriots only; none, at least, whose object it was to elevate the mass of the people, and give to them standing, in relation to the privileged classes, which it is their right to occupy. Fletcher of Saltoun, though from the Grecian cast of his political notions an apparent exception, was, notwithstanding, but a mere enthusiastic Scot of the common national type, who, while he would have made good the claims of his country against the world, would, as shown by his scheme of domestic slavery, have subjected one half of his countrymen to the unrestrained despotism of the other half. It was religion alone that strengthened the character of the Scotch, when it most needed strength, and enabled them to struggle against their native monarchs and the aristocracy of the country, backed by all the power of the state, for more than a hundred years. . . . Knox is the true representative of those real patriots of Scotland who have toiled and suffered to elevate the character and standing of her common people; and in the late disruption may be seen how much and how readily her better men can sacrifice for principles’ sake, when they deem their religion concerned. But apart from religious considerations, the Scotch affect a cheap and frugal patriotism, that achieves little and costs nothing. In the common English there is much of that natural independence which the Scotchman wants, and village Hampdens, men quite as ready to do battle in behalf of their civil rights with the lord of the manor as the Scot with a foreign enemy, are comparatively common characters. Nor is it merely in the history, institutions, and literature of the country in its Great Charter, in its Petition of Right, its Habeas Corpus Act, its Trial by Jury, in the story of its Hampdens, Russells, and Sidneys, or in the political writings of its Miltons, Harringtons, and Lockes, that we recognise the embodiment of this great national trait. One may see it scarce less significantly stamped in the course of a brief morning’s walk, on the face of the fields. There are in Scotland few of the pleasant styles and sequestered pathways open to the public, which form in England one of the most pleasing features of the agricultural provinces. The Scotch people, in those rural districts in which land is of most value, find themselves shut out of their country. Their patriotism may expatiate as it best can on the dusty

public road; for to the road they have still a claim, but the pleasant hedges, the woods and fields and running streams are all barred against them; and so generally is this the case, that if they could by and by tell that the Scotch had taken Scotland, just as their fathers used to tell in joke, as a piece of intelligence, that "the Dutch had taken Holland," it would be no joke at all, but a piece of most significant news almost too good to be true.'

In this very just appreciation of the intellectual characteristics of the two people, every reader will be ready to join; but though the remarks themselves are unquestionably true, we think that the author is in too great a hurry when he finds the cause of the Scotch mental development in their religious doctrines, the adoption of which at first is but one of the phenomena to be accounted for. Why was Calvinism so readily accepted by the people? There were predisposing causes in their mental physiology, and the predestinarian theology once adopted has reacted on their minds and been the instrument of culture. Religious fatalism seems a system especially fitted for the class of intellect Mr. Miller has so well described, clear and logical, loving the positive and decisive, and determined upon eliminating all difficulties and contradictions. The foreknowledge of God being posited, and other phenomena of life irreconcilable with this truth being overlooked, the predestinarian creed is a consistent, clear, and definite scheme, singularly flattering to the proud austerity and egotism which appears so prominent in the temper of the first Covenanters. The original fallacy and narrowness of basis being overlooked, the parts of the scheme admit of being demonstrably proved, and carried to even extravagant lengths with a consistency of reasoning, by the side of which the just statement of the complicated relations of man to God, and of the tangled and broken skein of human life, must needs seem confused, contradictory, and ill-reasoned. And it so happens that of all the writers of the period of the Reformation, Calvin is the one most adapted to be generally relished by the Scotch. There is in the Institutes none of the enthusiasm, the exaggeration, the wilful paradox of Luther, but a methodical system expounded in calm clear language, as dialectical as a schoolman's. The same characteristics mark the Scotch metaphysicians of the eighteenth century. First principles being given, they have been admirable in expounding, illustrating, and even discovering subordinate laws; but when they have attempted to construct a complete philosophy of mind, they have betrayed the barrenness, narrowness, and exclusiveness of an intellect clear-sighted but not profound. The average amount of talent in Scotland is greater than in most other countries; genius is rarer. Literary ability is common; but few works by Scotch writers bear the stamp of individuality; they are such as might be written by any

educated person. The intellectual power of the nation has never yet been directed to exploring what is peculiar to itself; and until the time of Scott almost all its men of talent who had education, expended their powers in modes of composition which were never meant to have any relationship with the native tastes of their country. If Burns had formed his mind among them, he would perhaps have left all his native thoughts behind him, and gone to write tragedies for a London theatre, second-hand imitations of Otway or Rowe, and the ploughman's true genius would have been lost to us. The Scottish talent for ratiocination has been exhibited in very various directions in metaphysics, law, and political economy; but mere reason, like mathematics or chemistry, is in all countries the same. There is no peculiar triumph in its possession. Mackintosh, Adam Smith, Stewart, Macculloch, Jeffrey, are English, or at least British, in talent, and have nothing national about them. But poetry, imagination, art, all the modes of expressing the complex and combined sentiments of the mind, require a separate and national literature as their vehicle. The Scotch have not found this, except within the limited range in which Burns, Hogg, or Allan Ramsay may be said to have struck it out. And the circumstance of their compositions being written in the dialect of the lower classes, almost shows of itself that that in Scotland which is national, neither arises from, nor addresses itself to, the educated classes.¹ In short, the Scotch mind is one which takes education well; in apprehension it is not so quick as the French, nor so slow as the English; but it is more just than the former, and more inclined to theory than the latter. But it is a love of theory which does not, like the German, disincline it to facts, but on the contrary induces it to collect them. Of these facts it requires an explanation, finds a satisfactory one, and then presses on to gather in a fresh field, putting its deductions by, like so much manufactured goods ready for use, not to be employed as material for new deductions, to be continually sifted and resifted. It is thus conversant with a wide extent of the tertiary strata of human knowledge, but never descends to explore the primary formations. No better example can be given of what we would describe than the writings of Robert Chambers. The great popularity of his works—he will be found in many a back-parlour in Scotland to which Scott has not penetrated—is to be ascribed to his having exactly hit the national taste for a superficial generalization, implying throughout a reference to a popular metaphysics, based

¹ See 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' iii. 327.

on the facts and relations concerning the middle class. His general observations are often minute, sometimes attenuated and even threadbare of meaning, but they can seldom be said to be commonplace. They have an air of originality about them, and can always be read once with pleasure, and are probably more novel in form to an English reader than to the author's own countrymen. They have a cast of feature like what we are accustomed to remark in the Dissenting literature of England, apart from its puritanism, which we often see in countenances that have no deeply formed character, and describe as general intelligence. The cultivation of the educated class in England takes the form of taste and polish, and classical language; that of Scotland takes a logical and metaphysical form. The motions of the intellect are more visible than in the classical system, the aim and art of which is to conceal its art. Scotch education is very imperfect in the classical languages; a young man from a Scotch college has almost to begin *de novo*, on coming to one of our Universities. But he is generally better able to deal with facts, less likely than the English schoolboy to take up with conventional views in the lump, more disposed to think for himself. He trusts his own judgment more, and is not given to catch a tone of thought from his companions. Hence he is not the material easily to make the man of the world of, one indispensable requisite for which is to adopt the prevailing habits of thought, and to move under them as easily as if they had been made for you. Observe a mixed company of Scotch and English men of business; the English, though perhaps with less intellect and less information than the Scotch, will give the tone to the conversation, and the other party will instinctively yield the field to them. But in a business transaction, if there is a gainer and a loser, it will rarely happen that the Scotchman will be on the latter side. It is just the same in politics; politically they have been slowly absorbed into the weightier and wealthier state, but, man to man, the relation of Scotch and English intellect would be about that of their comparative physical strength, as shown by the dynamometer. On the same principle may be explained the fact that a Scotch audience of the lower class is a better audience for an educated man to address than the corresponding one in England. A man will not be understood by an English mob unless he has previously become sufficiently well acquainted with them to be able to hit their peculiar prejudices, or their predominant feelings at the moment; but a stranger might safely address an assemblage of Scotchmen on the abstract question. No dull and hopeless clods of earth are there, but men who in the midst of the toils and hardships of the life of

husbandmen and shepherds, are continually experiencing all that variety of mental impressions which is to be found expressed in the poetry of Ramsay or Burns. And the same in the pulpit. We do not think the average of presbyterian preaching is above that of the English pulpit, but it is better listened to; it is more adapted to the congregation, and less of a portion of the routine than ours. That in which the English sermon fails is not so often want of ability, as want of fitness for the audience. The speaker belongs to a different class from his hearers, and has not mixed enough with them to enter into their modes of thought. The link of a common philosophical turn of idea which serves to connect the best educated Kirk minister with the humblest of his flock is not there. In habits and sphere the English parson is cut off from his parishioners, and there is no intellectual bridge by which they can communicate. Hence so many of the lower classes in this country are either Wesleyans or of no religion.

‘The type of English dissent in the middle rank,’ says Mr. Miller, ‘is Independency, and shrewd, intelligent, thoroughly respectable men the English Independents are. But when I got among the lower English people I lost sight of Independency altogether. The only form of dissent I then encountered was Wesleyanism; in the New Connexion political, speculative, and not over sound in its theology; in the Old, apparently much more quiet, more earnest, and more under the influence of religious feeling. The type of dissent seems as decidedly Wesleyan among the humbler English as it is Independent among the middle class; nay, judging from what I saw, and my observations, if necessarily not very numerous, were at least made at points widely apart, I am inclined to believe that a preponderating share of the vital religion of the labourers and handicraftsmen of the English people is to be found comprised among the membership of this excellent body. And yet, after all, it takes up but comparatively a small portion of the lower population of the country. Among the great bulk of the humbler people religion exists not as a vitality, not even as a speculative system, but simply as an undefined hereditary prejudice that looms large and uncertain in the gloom of darkened intellects. And to the extent to which this prejudice is influential, it favours the stability of the Established Church. The class who entertain it evince a marked neglect of the Church’s services, give no heed to her teaching, rarely enter her places of worship even; nay, her right has been challenged to reckon on these as adherents at all. They have been described as a neutral party that should be included neither in the census of dissent nor of the Establishment. But to the latter they decidedly belong. They regard the National Church as theirs, as a Church of which an Englishman may well be proud, and in which each one of them some short time before he dies is to become decent and devout. And there may be much political strength, be it remarked, in prejudices of this character. Protestantism in the Lord G. Gordon mobs was but a prejudice, not a religion. These mobs were religious mobs without religion; but the prejudice was, notwithstanding, a strong political element, which, until a full half century had worn it out of the English mind, rendered concession to the Papists unsafe. We see nearly the same phenomenon exhibited by the Orangemen of Ireland of the present day, a class with whom Protestantism

is a vigorous influential principle, though it bears scarce any reference to a world to come ; and find in like manner the Episcopalian prejudice strong among the English masses broken loose from religion.

‘ When I first came among the English I was impressed by the apparent strength of dissent in that country. At least two out of every three Englishmen I met in the lodging-houses, and no inconsiderable proportion of the passengers by the railway, so far as I could ascertain their denominations, were, I found, dissenters. I had lodged in respectable second-class coffee-houses and inns, I had travelled on the rails by the second-class carriages ; I had thus got fairly into a middle stratum of English society, and was not aware at the time that, like some of the geologic formations, it has its own peculiar organisms, different in the group from those of either the stratum above or the stratum below. Dissent is a mid-formation organism in England, whereas Church-of-Englandism more peculiarly belongs to the upper and lower strata. Church-of-Englandism puts up at the first-class inns, travels by the first-class carriages, possesses the titles, the large estates, and the manor-houses, and enjoys, in short, the lion’s share of the vested interests. . . . It possesses among the higher classes a double element of strength. It is strong, on the principle eulogized by Burke, from the union which it exhibits of high rank and the sacerdotal character. Religion developed in the Puritanic type, and existing as an energetic reforming spirit, is quite as independent of riches and exalted station in its ministers now as it was in the days of the apostles ; but to religion existing simply as a conservative influence,—and such is its character in the upper walks of English society,—wealth and title are powerful adjuncts. When the mere conservative clergyman has earls and dukes to address, he is considerably more influential as a rector than as a curate, and as an archbishop than a dean. The English hierarchy is fitted to the English aristocracy. And, further, it derives no little strength through an element from which the Establishment of Scotland, owing, in part, to its inferior wealth, but more to the different temper of the Scotch people, derives only weakness ;—it is strong in its secular and Erastian character. There is scarce an aristocratic interest in the country, Whig or Tory, with which it is not intertwined, nor a great family that has not a large money stake involved in its support. Like a stately tree that has sent its roots deep into the joints and crannies of a rock, and that cannot be uprooted without first tearing open with levers and wedges the enclosing granite, it would seem as if the aristocracy would require to be shaken and displaced by revolution, ere, in the natural course of things, the Establishment would come down. The Church of England is, at the present moment, one of the strongest institutions of the country.

‘ There is, however, a cankerworm at its root. The revival of the High Church element, in even its more modified form, bodes it no good, while in the extreme Puseyite type it is fraught with danger. In the conversions to Popery, to which the revival has led, the amount of damage done to the Establishment is obvious—it is robbed of some of its most earnest, energetic men. These, however, form merely a few chips and fragments struck off the edifice. But the eating canker introduced by the principle into its very heart, threatens results of a greatly more perilous cast. . . . The position in which the revived influence has placed the English Church is one of antagonism to the tendencies of the age. Institutions waste away like icefloes stranded in thaw-swollen rivers, when the general current of the time has set in against them. The present admiration of the mediæval cannot be other than a mere transitory freak of fashion. The shadow on the great dial of human destiny will not move backward ; vassalage and serfship will not return. Science will continue to extend the limits of her empire, and to increase the numbers of her adherents unscared by any

spectre of the defunct scholastic philosophy which Oxford may evoke from out of the abyss. It is worthy of notice, too, that though Popery and Puritanism, the grand antagonist principles of Church history for four centuries, are both possessed of great inherent power, the true analogue of modern Puseyism proved but a weakling, even when at its best. The Canterburyism of the times of Charles I. did that hapless monarch much harm. While many a gallant principle fought for him in the subsequent struggle, from the old chivalrous honour and devoted loyalty of the English gentleman down to even the poetry of the playhouse and the *esprit du corps* of the green-room, we find in the thick of the conflict scarce any trace of the religion of Laud. It resembled the mere scarlet rag that, at a Spanish festival, irritates the bull, but is of no after use in the combat.'—Pp. 384, &c.

Here, as before, we find the author quick-sighted in noticing the prominent features presented by English society, but missing the mark when he attempts to speculate or assign causes. And there is something inconsistent in his reasoning, even on his own grounds. If 'religion,' as he says, 'existing as an energetic reforming spirit,' is as powerful and as independent of external aids now as in the days of the apostles, 'Puseyism,' in which, in other parts of his book, (see, for example, his account of a 'Puseyite' chapel at Birmingham, p. 239,) he acknowledges this energetic tendency to exist, cannot be at the same time 'the canker-worm at the root;' it should be rather the life and spirit which comes just in time to revivify the decaying branches. And we need hardly point out to our English readers the blunder, not unnatural in a Scotch Presbyterian, of regarding the movement in the Church of England as a mere echo of the Laudian era. But we are not going to involve ourselves in controversy; we have quoted these passages simply as observations on English social life, of which 'Puseyism' is now in its external relations a solid element—and not for the sake of their theological bearings. As for the more decidedly controversial portions of the volume, they are its worst parts. They are not only out of place, but are in themselves feeble. It is the *sutor ultra crepidam*. The argument on the Atonement, which meets us at the outset, the defence of the orthodoxy of the geologists, and the refutation of the 'Infinite Series' of natural causes, have too much the character of the sermon, and have too often made their appearance in that capacity before, to be incorporated with *Impressions of England*. And yet, as is almost always the case, these very themes, where the author is weakest, are those on which he exhibits most of his characteristic tendency to dogmatism or opinionativeness. He pronounces on these abstruse points with the air of a man who has triumphantly set the controversy at rest for ever, but which only betrays to the better informed that he has not yet advanced so far as to feel the difficulty. This is the besetting fault of

self-taught men, who, by dint of strong minds, have raised themselves from ignorance to an equality with the educated class. They forget that, after all their efforts, it is but an equality, and not a superiority to others which they have attained, and they take, like Richard Cobden to lecturing the House of Commons, to setting everybody right on every subject.

We shall now give one or two more extracts illustrative of English habits as compared with Scotch. Here is the difference between an English and Scotch Sunday in its economic bearings :—

‘(At Manchester) I sauntered down to the gate by which a return train was discharging its hundreds of passengers fresh from the Sabbath amusements of the country, that I might see how they looked. There did not seem much of enjoyment about the wearied and somewhat dragged groups; they wore, on the contrary, rather an unhappy physiognomy, as if they had missed spending the day quite to their minds, and were now returning, sad and disappointed, to the round of toil from which it ought to have proved a sweet interval of relief. A congregation, just dismissed from hearing a vigorous evening discourse, would have borne, to a certainty, a more cheerful air. There was not much actual drunkenness among the crowd, thanks to the preference which the Englishman gives to his ale over ardent spirits, not a tithe of what I would have witnessed on a similar occasion in my own country. A few there were evidently muddled; and I saw one positive scene. A young man, considerably in liquor, had quarrelled with his mistress, and, threatening to throw himself into the Irwell, off he had bolted in the direction of the river. There was a shriek of agony from the young woman, and a cry of “stop him! stop him!” to which a tall, bulky Englishman, of the true John Bull type, had coolly responded by thrusting forth his foot as he passed, and tripping him at full length on the pavement, and for a few minutes all was hubbub and confusion. With, however, this exception, the aspect of the numerous passengers had a sort of animal decency about it, which one might in vain look for among the Sunday travellers on a Scotch railway. Sunday seems greatly less connected with the fourth commandment in the humble English mind than in that of Scotland, and so a less disreputable portion of the people go abroad. There is a considerable difference, too, between masses of men simply ignorant of religion, and masses of men broken loose from it; and the Sabbath-contemning Scotch belong to the latter category. With the humble Englishman, trained up to no regular habit of Church-going, Sabbath is pudding day, and clean-shirt day, and a day for lolling on the grass opposite the sun, and, if there be a river or canal hard by, for trying how the gudgeons bite, or if in the neighbourhood of a railway, for taking a short trip to some country inn famous for its cakes and ale; but to the humble Scot become English in his Sabbath views, the day is, in most cases, a time of sheer recklessness and dissipation. It was a shrewd remark of Sir Walter Scott, that the Scotch, once metamorphosed into Englishmen, make very mischievous Englishmen indeed.

‘Among the varieties of the genus philanthropist, there is a variety who would fain send our working people into the country on Sabbaths to become happy and innocent in smelling primroses, and stringing daises on grass stalks. An excellent scheme theirs, if they but knew it, for sinking a people into ignorance and brutality, for filling a country with gloomy

workhouses, and the workhouses with unhappy paupers. 'Tis a pity that the institution of the Sabbath in its economic bearings should not be better understood by the utilitarian. The mere animal that has to pass six days of the week in hard labour, benefits greatly by a seventh day of rest and enjoyment; the repose according to its nature proves of signal use to it, just because it is repose according to its nature. But man is not a mere animal; what is best for the ox and the ass is not best for him, and in order to degrade him into a poor unintellectual slave, it is but necessary to tie him down, animal-like, during his six working days, to hard engrossing labour, and to convert the seventh into a day of frivolous, unthinking relaxation.

'The history of the Scotch people during the seventeenth and the larger portion of the eighteenth centuries strikingly illustrates the value of the Sabbath. Religion and the Sabbath were their sole instructors, and this in times so little favourable to the cultivation of mind, so darkened by persecution, and stained with blood, that we derive our knowledge of the character and amount of the popular intelligence mainly from the death-testimonies of our humbler martyrs, here and there corroborated by the incidental testimony of Burnet. In these noble addresses from prison and scaffold, the composition of men drafted by oppression almost at random from out the general mass, we see how rigorously our Presbyterian people had learned to think, and how well to give their thinking expression. In the quieter times which followed the Revolution, the Scottish peasantry existed as at once the most provident and intellectual in Europe, and a moral and instructed people passed outwards beyond the narrow bounds of their country, and rose into offices of trust and importance in all the nations of the world. There were no Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in those days. But the Sabbath was kept holy, it was a day from which every dissipating frivolity was excluded by a stern sense of duty. The popular mind with weight imparted to it by its religious earnestness, and direction by the pulpit addresses of the day, expatiated on matters of grave import, of which the tendency was to concentrate and strengthen, not scatter and weaken, the faculties; and the secular cogitations of the week came to bear in consequence a Sabbath-day stamp of depth and solidity. The one day in the seven struck the tone for the other six. Our modern apostles of popular instruction rear up no such men among the masses as were developed under the Sabbatarian system in Scotland. Their aptest pupils prove but the loquacious *gabbers* of their respective workshops, shallow superficialists that bear on the surface of their minds a thin diffusion of ill-remembered facts and crude theories, and rarely indeed do we see them rising in the scale of society; they become Socialists by hundreds, and Chartists by thousands, and get no higher. The disseminator of mere useful knowledge takes aim at the popular ignorance; but his inapt and unscientific gunnery does not include in its calculations the parabolic curve of man's spiritual nature; and so, aiming direct at the mark, he aims too low, and the charge falls short.'—P. 45, &c.

Our readers must be beginning to think that 'Impressions of England' are rather too much taken up with giving the author's impressions of Scotland: we will only remind them that this appearance is owing to the selection which we have made, with the view of illustrating one people by comparison with the other, and proceed to render account of some visits to purely English subjects. In a brief and not very extended tour, four expeditions were devoted to visiting the homes of four poets—

Stratford, Olney, Hagley, and the Leasowes. For by a union of tastes, not at all singular, though not generally recognised, the geologist, the collector of facts, who finds himself at home amidst the lanes and the smoke of Birmingham and Glasgow, and spends days in a survey of the Dudley coal-field, has a no less genuine love of poetry and natural scenery, and loves to expatiate not only over the grander features of the northern mountains, but the tamer beauties of the English midland, and the elegancies of artificial landscape. To account for this he tells us that accident had thrown in his way, when a boy, a copy of Dodsley's Shenstone, among the ten or twelve English poets, whom at a time when books were a luxury of difficult procurement, he used to con over and over at the rate of about twice in the twelvemonth. The accident of this poetic library formed one half of Mr. Miller's mind, as the stone-quarries of Cromarty had the formation of the other half.

Shenstone, the tuner of some of the most melodious of the ditties of the Arcadian school, and a steady favourite not only with the professed critics but the public, till the rise of the romantic school suddenly antiquated the poetry of the eighteenth century in a mass, left nothing behind him so finished or so durable as the Leasowes, by far his greatest work. In elaborating that little domain, 'pointing his prospects, entangling his walks, and 'widening his waters,' he spent twenty years of his life, and his fortune. It is a singular coincidence, that the creator of Abbotsford was in part urged to that unhappy ambition by the example of Shenstone, and yet with the warning of Shenstone's ruin before him, perished on the same shoal. 'I can trace,' says Sir Walter in one of his prefaces, 'even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of the Leasowes; and I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to boot.' Yet the poem written in wood and water in the hollows of the Clent Hills, appears to be fast following the fate of the twenty-six 'Elegies,' and the 'Schoolmistress,' and the future historian of the eighteenth century may have to owe to Mr. Miller's visit his knowledge of this most perfect creation of the art of landscape, at the time when that art was in its perfection.

A small sloped or reclining valley having two branches, something in shape like the letter Y, opens into a broader valley rich and well wooded, which is formed by two lines of hill, opposite but not parallel (like the outstretched sides of a parallel ruler), which rise at the edge of the flat basin of the Dudley coal-field. This forked reclining valley is the Leasowes. As it partakes along its bottom of the slope of the eminence on which it lies,

it possesses what is not common in the central parts of England, true down-hill watercourses, along which the gathered waters may leap in a chain of cascades; while it commands in its upper recesses, though embraced and sheltered on every side by the surrounding hill, extended prospects of the country below. It thus combines the scenic advantages of both hollow and rising ground, the quiet seclusion of the one, and the expansive landscape of the other. But though wood and water and hill are still there, and the oaks and beeches as grouped by the poet's hand have been yet spared, neglect and desolation have marred all the elaborate grace which the skill of the artist had shed upon them. The spring

‘All bordered with moss
Where the harebells and violets grow,’

flows on, but moss, harebells, and violets, with the path that led to them, and the seat that fronted them, are gone; the waters fall dead and dull into a quagmire, ‘like young human life leaping out of unconscious darkness into misery,’ and the chain of artificial lakes are changed into a boggy swamp of coarse grass and rushes, bordered by scraggy alders. Temples of Pan and the Muses may be traced by their foundations, decayed oak posts show where seats invited to view some choice fairy vision of dell and thicket, and two barrowfuls of brick denote the site of Virgil's obelisk. The gold-fish—

‘Not a brook that is limpid and clear
But it glitters with fishes of gold’—

alas they have long been food for pike; and to complete the whole, the Birmingham and Hales Owen canal, on an embankment some seventy or eighty feet in height, cuts right across the south of the dell just where it should have opened on the champaign beyond.

‘With the poet's erections, every trace of his lesser ingenuities has disappeared from the landscape; his peculiar art, for instance, of distancing an object to aggrandise his space, or in contriving that the visitor should catch a picturesque glimpse of it just at the point where it looked best; and that then losing sight of it, he should draw near by some hidden path, over which the eye had not previously travelled. The artist with his many-hued pigments at command, makes one object seem near and another distant, by giving to the one a deeper, and to the other a fainter, tinge of colour. Shenstone, with a palette much less liberally furnished, was skilful enough to produce similar effects with his variously tinted shrubs and trees. He made the central objects in his vista, some temple, or root-house, of a faint retiring colour; planted around it trees of a diminutive size and a ‘blanched fady hue,’ such as the almond, willow, and silver osier; then after a blank space he planted another group of a deeper tinge, trees of the average hue of the forest, such as the ash and the elm; and then, last of all in the foreground, after another blank space, he laid down trees of deep-tinted foliage

such as holly and yew. To the aerial he added the linear perspective. He broadened his avenues in the foreground, and narrowed them as they receded, and the deception produced he describes, and we may credit him, for he was not one of the easily satisfied, as very remarkable. Good reason had he to be mortally wroth with the members of the Lyttleton family, when, as Johnson tells us, they used to make a diversion in favour of Hagley, somewhat in danger of being eclipsed at the time, by bringing their visitors to look up his vistas from the wrong end.

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'Some of the other arts of the poet, are, however, still very obvious. It was one of his canons, that "when an object had been once viewed from its proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path which the eye had travelled over before." The visitor suddenly lost it, and then drew near obliquely. We can still see that all his pathways were covered ways which winded through thickets and hollows. Ever and anon, whenever there was ought of interest to be seen, they emerged into the open day, like moles rising for a moment to the light, and then straightway again buried themselves from view. It was another of his canons, that "the eye should always look downwards upon water." "Customary nature," he remarks, "made the thing a necessary requisite. Nothing can be more sensibly displeasing than the breadth of flat ground," which an acquaintance, engaged like the poet in making a picture gallery of his property, had placed between his terrace and his lake. So in the Leasowes, whenever water enters into the composition of the landscape, the eye looks down upon it from a commanding elevation; the visitor never feels as he contemplates it that he is in danger of being carried away by a flood should an embankment give way. It was yet further another of Shenstone's canons, that "no mere slope from the one side to the other can be agreeable ground; the eye requires a balance;" not however of the kind satirized by Pope, in which

"Each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other;"

but the kind of balance which the higher order of landscape painters rarely fail to introduce into their works. "A building, for instance, on one side may be made to contrast with a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill, on the other." And in illustration of this principle, we find that all the scenes of the Leasowes are, at least, well balanced, though all their central points are, unluckily, away; the eye never slides off the landscape, but cushions itself upon it with a sense of security and repose. "Whence," says the poet, "does this taste proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection?" But, after all, in regard to gardens, the shape of the ground, the disposition of the trees, and the figure of the water, must be sacred to nature, and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art.'

The history of the Leasowes would not be complete, unless we were to quote Goldsmith's account of their fate subsequent to the poet's death.

'The garden was completely grown and finished; the marks of every art were covered up by the luxuriance of nature, the winding walks were grown dark, the brooks assumed a natural selvage, and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

'The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated, as well in prose as in verse; and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot, where every turn was marked with the poet's pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. Truepenny, a button-maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing to be also possessed of taste and genius.

'As the poet's ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the button-maker's were for the more regular productions of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be that as it will, he employed the shears to some purpose; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas on the stables and hogsties, and showed his friends that a man of true taste should always be doing.

'The next candidate for taste and genius was a captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend; but, unfortunately, he had taste too. His great passion lay in building, in making Chinese temples and cage-work summer-houses. As the place before had the appearance of retirement, and inspired meditation, he gave it a more peopled air; every turning presented a cottage, or ice-house, or temple; the garden was converted into a little city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the air of a village in the East Indies.

'In this manner, in less than ten years, the improvement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand to do mischief. Those parts which were obscure, have been enlightened; those walks which led naturally, have been twisted into serpentine windings. The colour of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here, and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of its first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favourite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a dryad or a wood-nymph of his former acquaintance, and might, perhaps, find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation as in the deserts of Siberia.'

This is Goldsmith's tale (not certainly spoiled in the telling) of the dilapidations of improvers and men of taste. The dilapidation of decay and neglect has been slower, but, perhaps, more matter-of-fact; and its progress was further accelerated by the English amusements of the sight-seers.

'Young men tried their strength by setting their shoulders to the obelisks; and old women demonstrated their wisdom by carrying home the seats to their fires; a robust young fellow sent poor Mr. Somerville's urn spinning down the hill; a vigorous iconoclast beheaded the piping faun at a blow. There were at first large additions made to the inscriptions, of a kind which Shenstone could scarce have anticipated; but anon, inscriptions and additions too began to disappear; the tablet in the dingle suddenly failed to compliment Mr. Spence; Virgil's grove no longer exhibited the name of Virgil. The "ruinated priory wall" became too thoroughly a ruin; the punch-bowl was shivered on its stand; in short, much about the time when young Walter Scott was gloating over Dodsley, and wishing he too had a property of which to make a plaything, what Shenstone had built and inscribed on the Leasowes could have been known but from Dodsley alone. His artificialities had perished like the artificialities of another kind of the poets his contemporaries; and nothing survived in his more material

works, 'as in their writings, save those delightful portions in which he had but given body and expression to the harmonies of nature.'

Shenstone had not even so much enjoyment of his plaything as his more celebrated imitator. Few men, as may be seen from his letters, have enjoyed life less.

'He was not vicious; he had no overpowering passion to contend with; he could have had Phillis had he chosen to take her; his fortune, nearly three hundred pounds a-year, should have been quite ample enough, in the reign of George II. to enable a single man to live, and even to furnish a surplus for making gimcracks in the Leasowes. He had many amusements; he drew tastefully; had a turn, he tells us, for natural history; wrote elegant verse, and very respectable prose; the noble and the gifted of the land honoured him with their notice; above all, he lived in a paradise, the beauties of which no man could better appreciate, and his most serious employment, like that of our common ancestor in his unfallen state, was "to dress and to keep it." And yet, even before he had involved his affairs, and the dun came to the door, he was an unhappy man. "I have lost my road to happiness," we find him saying, ere he had completed his thirty-fourth birth-day. Nay, we even find him quite aware of the turning at which he had gone wrong. "Instead of pursuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which distinguish the region of happiness, I am got into the pitiful parterre-garden of amusement, and view the nobler scenes at a distance. I think I can see the road, too, that leads the better way, and can show it to others; but I have got many miles to measure back before I can get into it myself, and no kind of resolution to take a single step. My chief amusements at present are the same as they have long been, and lie scattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée*, I suppose approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée*." Still more significant is the confession embodied in the following passage, written at an earlier period:—"Every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce a whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry and envious, and dejected and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased, though it is a gloomy joy, with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, 'that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.'" Amusement becomes not very amusing when rendered the exclusive business of one's life. All that seems necessary to render fallen Adams thoroughly miserable, is just to place them in paradises, and, debarring them serious occupation, to give them full permission to make themselves as happy as they can. Well would it have been for poor Shenstone had the angel of stern necessity driven him early in the day out of his paradise, and sent him into the work-day world beyond, to eat bread in the sweat of his brow. I quitted the Leasowes, in no degree saddened by the consideration that I had been a hard-working man all my life, from boyhood till now, and that the future, in this respect, held out to me no brighter prospect."—P. 171.

We shall not follow Mr. Miller over the more beaten ground of Stratford and Olney. One of his remarks in Westminster Abbey will serve to show how the most hackneyed sights may suggest new inferences.

'The next thing that caught my eye were two slabs of Egyptian porphyry, a well-marked stone, with the rich purple ground spotted white and

pink, inlaid as panels in the tomb of Edward I. Whence, in the days of Edward, could the English stone-cutter have procured Egyptian porphyry? I was enabled to form, at least, a guess on the subject, from possessing a small piece of exactly the same stone, which had been picked up amid heaps of rubbish in the deep rocky ravine of Siloam, and which, as it does not occur *in situ* in Judea, was supposed to have formed at one time a portion of the Temple. Is it not probable that these slabs, which, so far as is yet known, Europe could not have furnished, were brought by Edward, the last of the crusading princes of England, from the Holy Land, to confer sanctity on his place of burial, mayhap originally, though Edward himself never got so far, from that identical ravine of Siloam which supplied my specimen? It was not uncommon for the crusader to take from Palestine the earth in which his body was to be deposited; and if Edward succeeded in procuring a genuine bit of the true Temple, and an exceedingly pretty bit to boot, it seems in meet accordance with the character of the age, that it should have been borne home with him in triumph to serve a similar purpose.'—P. 353.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Miller. Though we have consulted our readers' interests in selecting such portions as we thought likely to be most acceptable to them, yet we are far from having exhausted the volume; and, indeed, have altogether abstained from the geological observations, which form a main feature of the volume, and which will be read with pleasure by the unscientific reader.

ART. III.—1. *J. D. Fuss, De Poesi et Poetis Neolatinis Dissertatio.* Leod. 1837.

2. *Matthiæ Casimiri Sarbiewii Carmina.* Argentorati, 1803.

WE never enter a large library without fully sympathizing with him who, at the sight of so many books now totally unread and unknown, and at the thought of the laborious days and sleepless nights wasted in their composition, burst into a flood of tears. No sight more humiliating to the pride of man than the dust which envelopes, and the worms which devour volumes, the authors of which fondly hoped that they would delight, instruct, and profit future generations. Such works, we mean, as those which are consigned to the narrow, dark, topmost shelves of libraries: works only to be attained by mounting the highest ladder the establishment can furnish:—and when attained, needing a five minutes' purification from cobwebs and dirt, before the scholar can venture to open them.

But perhaps of all the works which the voice of the learned is unanimous in consigning to oblivion, none are more absolutely, and (on the whole) more justly condemned, than the writers of modern Latin poetry. The immense mass of compositions in this branch is but little known. The *Deliciæ* of the English, French, Italian, Dutch, and German poets, who wrote in Latin between the revival of learning and the year 1600, occupy twenty-five thick and closely printed duodecimo volumes: that is, contain the bulk of about one hundred *Æneids*. Now these *Deliciæ* extract but a few lines from some, a few pages from other, voluminous writers: the immense mass of the whole is almost beyond conception. And when it is considered that at least as much more was written between the years 1600 and 1700, the idea of the time and labour thus employed, and, as the event proved, thrown away, becomes quite overwhelming.

And yet some portion of this mass was deserving of a better fate:—and from time to time attempts have been made to reintroduce some of these forgotten writers to public notice. Pope, in the year 1740, republished a selection from the works of the Italian poets; and the two volumes thus occupied, are creditable both to himself and to his publisher.

Were a *Pleiades*, after the example of the Alexandrian grammarians, to be selected from the writers of modern Latin poetry, the usual literary verdict would, we suppose, honour the following authors:—John Baptist Spagnoli, better known as *Mantuanus*, Vida, Casimir Sarbiewski, Buchanan, San-

nazar, the Cardinal de Polignac, and Vanier. Nor are we inclined to dispute the justice of this selection, with the exceptions of Mantuan and Buchanan: for whom we should substitute Fracastor, or Balde, or (if moral considerations were left out of the question) Secundus. All of the above-named writers, except Buchanan, were members of the Roman Communion: and most of them more or less connected with sacred subjects.

Whatever praise may be conceded to sacred poems composed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, their effect, when compared with the hymns of the earlier Church, is precisely that of a *cinque cento* building when contrasted with that of a Gothic cathedral. Compare an ode of Horace with a primitive or mediæval hymn on a similar subject:—the change is astonishing. Set side by side their treatment of any topic connected with death,—that of consolation to surviving friends. Contrast Horace's

‘Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum,
Poscis Quintilium Deos,’

with the noble anapæsts of Prudentius:—

‘Deus ignee fons animarum,
Duo Qui socios elementa,
Vivum simul ac moribundum
Hominem Pater effigiasti,’ &c.

But take the same Horace in contrast with one of the writers of the seventeenth century. How strongly does Casimir's ‘Ode ad D. Virginem Matrem, cum illi dicata navis in Indiam solveret,’ recall an ode to Diana or Venus!

‘Diva ventorum pelagique præses,
Quæ laborantes super alta naves,
Summoves saxis, uteroque Nerei
Eripis imo,’ &c.

Nor can we see that the adoption of a classical measure was the occasion of this difference. We can point to hexametrical poems of mediæval writers which have all the solemnity of the measures more usually adopted by the Church. We make no apology for quoting an entire poem written by Marbodius, Bishop of Rennes, towards the year 1000: because it strikes us as unusually solemn and impressive. Its subject is the death of some Abbat, with whom the author appears to have been acquainted.

‘Summe Pater Christi, Qui semper es atque fuisti,
Et Qui semper eris, nec cresces, nec minueris,
Da, Deus, Abbati Regni promissa beati!
Nate Patris Christe, Quem mundus credidit ista
Æqualem Patri, spoliato remque baratri,
Abbatem serva pro quo rogat ista caterva!

Vivificum Flamen, Patris Prolisque Ligamen,
 Nec minor alterutro, quoniam procedis ab utro,
 Abbati præsta non deficientia festa!
 Per totum mundum Cui, Nati dicta secundum,
 Voto communi Trino servitur et Uni,
 Vivens o vere! defunctorum miserere!

We find no difference in the spirit of these lines from that of the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, or any other glorious mediæval hymn. By way of contrast, the reader may examine the hymns of Pope Urban VIII., which came out with all the luxury of Roman typography from the papal press. A more wretched cento from the works of Horace can hardly be imagined.

A few remarks may here find a place on the measures of the hymns principally employed by the Church. Of these the principal is Iambic Dimeter (long measure). It is written either metrically, as by Prudentius; or rhythmically, as by S. Ambrose; although the latter kind of hymn was almost invariably, and, with very bad taste, got rid of in the great revision of the Roman Breviary. Take as an example the *Tristes Erant Apostoli*, which has been indeed cramped into metre, but has lost nearly all its sweetness.

UNREFORMED.

'Tristes erant Apostoli,
 De nece sui Domini,
 Quem morte crudelissimâ
 Servi damnârunt impii.
 Sermone blando Angelus
 Prædixit mulieribus:
 In Galilæa Dominus
 Videndus est quantocyus.
 Illæ, dum pergunt concitæ
 Apostolis hoc dicere,
 Videntes Eum vivere
 CHRISTI tenent vestigia.
 Quo agnito, Discipuli
 In Galilæam propere
 Pergunt, videre faciem
 Desideratam Domini.
 Quæsumus, Auctor omnium,
 In hoc Paschali gaudio
 Ab omni mortis impetu
 Tuum defende populum.
 Gloria Tibi, Domine,
 Qui surrexisti a mortuis
 Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
 In sempiterna sæcula.'

REFORMED.

'Tristes erant Apostoli,
 De CHRISTI acerbo funere:
 Quem morte crudelissimâ
 Servi necârunt impii.
 Sermone verax Angelus
 Mulieribus prædixerat:
 Mox ore CHRISTUS gaudium
 Gregi feret fidelium.
 Ad anxios Apostolos
 Currunt statim dum nuntiæ,
 Illæ micantis obvia
 CHRISTI tenent vestigia.
 Galilææ ad alta montium
 Se conferunt Apostoli,
 JESUQUE, voti compotes,
 Almo beantur lumine.
 Ut sis perenne mentibus,
 Paschale, JESU, gaudium,
 A morte dirâ crimumum
 Vitæ renatos libera.
 DEO Patri sit gloria,
 Et Filio, qui a mortuis
 Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
 In sempiterna sæcula.'

The hymns, κατ' ἑξοχὴν, of the church, have all been written in this measure, with but one or two exceptions. For example,

¹ It is odd enough that Mr. Newman should, in his *Hymni Ecclesiastici*, give the reformed editions of the hymns as the compositions of S. Ambrose.

the *Veni Creator Spiritus*,—the *Vexilla Regis* prodeunt, the *Deus Tuorum Militum*, the *Ad Regias Agni Dapes*; and last, but not least, though officially unauthorized by the Church, the exquisite poem of S. Bernard, *De Nomine Jesu*. Rhyme very seldom occurs in these stanzas: though assonances sometimes do. Our readers are probably aware that assonances are the rhymes of vowels, leaving the consonants out of the question. Thus *bad, war, mat*, are assonant to each other. This verse is an example:

‘*Pœnas cucurrit fortiter,
Et sustulit viriliter:
Pro Te effundens sanguinem,
Æterna dona possidet.*’

Again, Trochaic tetrameter catalectic,

‘*As at Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,*’

is another very favourite measure of the Church’s. The rhymes are usually perfect, and very often run in triplets, as:—

‘*Pange lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium:
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi,
Rex effudit gentium.*’

Assonances here also occur sometimes; as in the *De Paradiso* of S. Peter Damian, a few stanzas of which we will quote for their very beauty:—

‘*Non alternat luna vices,
Sol vel cursus siderum:
Agnus est Felicis Urbis
Lumen inocciduum;
Nox et tempus desunt ei,
Diem fert continuum.
Omni labe defalcata,
Carnis bella nesciunt:
Caro facta spiritalis,
Et mens unum sentiunt;
Pace multâ perfruentes,
Scandala non perferunt.
Inde statum semper iidem
Exultantes capiunt;
Clari, vividi, jucundi,
Nullis patent casibus;
Absunt morbi; semper sanis
Senectus juvenibus.
Hic perenne tenent esse,
Nam transire transiit;
Inde virent, vigent, florent,
Corruptela corrui;
Immortalis vigor vitæ
Mortis jus absorbuit.*’

It is worthy of notice, how very seldom the Church has made use of classical measures in her hymns. The 'Gloria, Laus, et Honor,' is perhaps the only world-famous one that forms an exception. The reader doubtless remembers the touching account of the origin of that hymn. Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, had been thrown, on some frivolous charge, by the Emperor Louis, into prison, during the course of Lent. On the Palm Sunday, while the king and his nobles were on their way to High Mass, the captive Bishop sang from the window of his prison the processional hymn which he had composed, and its immediate effect was his liberation.

Sapphics, also, are sometimes employed by the Church; and are perhaps the best adapted of any classical metre to her purposes. Prudentius rises above himself when celebrating the triumph of the 'Innumerable Martyrs of Saragossa:—

'Quantus, Eventi, tua bella sanguis
Tinxerit; quantus tua Primitivæ;
Quum tuos vivax recolit triumphos
 Laus Apodemi.
Plenus est artis modus annotatas
Nominum formas recitare CHRISTO,
Quas tenet cælo liber explicandus
 Tempore justo.
Octo tunc Sanctos recolit decemque
Angelus, coram PATRE FILIOQUE
Urbis unius regimen tenentes
 Jure Sepulchri.'

Mediæval poets got hold of the rhythm of this measure, and compounded it unmetrically; a system in which, as might be expected, they met with little success.

Alcaics are but ill adapted to the songs of the Church, and were scarcely known till introduced into the reform of the Paris breviary. The hymn, 'Descende cælo: te Michael vocat,' on Michaelmas-day; and that 'Regnator orbis summus et Arbiter,' on the Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, will be perpetual monuments of bad taste.

Whether Latin rhyme can be successfully revived, is a question to which Dr. Fuss, in the work which stands first on our list, has paid some attention. To say that it possesses no sweetness is, we imagine, to be guilty of a kind of classical pedantry. The most successful measure is the following kind:—

'Sacramenta Fidei pridem inchoavi,
Quando Dei Filium in Jordane lavi,
Et figuras veteris Legis consummavi,
Cum de Suo Latere dextero manavi.

Ego sapientiæ sum assimilata,
Cujus fonte pectora plena sunt potata;
Unde si quæ fuerint corda irrigata,
Non affliget amplius, suis hæc creata.'

And it is generally used in historical poems, legends of saints, and the like; though more frequently only with two lines rhyming, as—

'Apud Lambeth obiit, labor jam finitur,—
Et in Cantuariâ corpus sepelitur:
Licet prohibuerit Abbas rigorose
Jacet ibi conditus glebâ gloriose.'

The reason why Trochaics are fitter for Latin rhyme than Iambics is very clear. The former, by their very nature, require double rhymes; the latter do not; and double rhymes are almost the only kind of rhyme that the ear can catch in Latin.

Anapæsts would supply this want; but probably they were felt to be too light a measure for the solemnity of a Christian hymn. They do indeed occur; usually, however, in proses and intermixed with other kinds of verse, as—

'Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid vidisti in viâ?
Angelicos testes,
Sudarium et vestes.'

The hymn, 'Adeste fideles,' is, however, an exception.

When hexameters are employed in Church hymns, they are very seldom furnished with rhymes. There were two methods in which this process took place; the one, properly called Leonines, where the middle and end rhymed:—

'Martyr Sancte Dei, duc ad loca me requiei.'

This involved its own peculiar difficulties; for it was necessary either that the second foot should be a spondee, or that its last syllable, as in the above instance, should commence a dissyllabic word, otherwise we get such horrible verses as—

'Ille tuos cinēres servet Pancratiū hæres.'

The first syllable of the third foot is considered common:—

'Virgo coronata, duc nos ad regna beata.'

And we find some instances where a single rhyme was thought sufficient:—

'Sit nomen Domini benedictum in nomine Petri;'

which leaves us really no rhyme, as it falls on the *arsis* of one foot and the *thesis* of another.

The other kind of Leonine hexameter is where two suc-

cessive ones rhyme. This was a great favourite with Hildebert of Mans, who has filled page after page with this measure.

'Vertimus ut libitum est privata ad commoda leges,
Destruimusque focos, et tristi tempore reges.'

It is rather astonishing that, while the Western Church is so rich in metrical hymns, and so prolific of metres themselves, the Eastern Communion should hardly have any deserving the name. Her *Troparia*, her *Contakia*, her *Heirmoi*, her *Stichera*, are almost all in poetical prose. It is curious that Leonines never came into use, of which Homer furnishes some examples; *e. g.*—

ἄστεος αἰδομένοιο, θεῶν δέ ἐ μήνις ἀνῆκεν
πᾶσι δ' ἐθήκε πόνον, πολλοῖσι δὲ κήδε' ἐθήκεν
ὧς Ἀχιλεὺς Τρῶεσσι πόνον καὶ κήδε' ἐθήκεν. Π. φ. 523.

And—

ὧς εἰπὼν ἐν χειρὶ κόμην ἐτάραο φίλοιο
θήκεν τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὤφ' ἱμερον ἄρσε γόοιο
καὶ νῦ κ' ὀδυρομένοισιν ἔδω φῶς Ἥελιοι. Ψ. 152.

There is such a measure in modern Greek, applied to secular purposes, as—

δὲν με λαμβάνει τὸ ψωμί τὸ καλοῦμαι
οὐδ' ὁμορφὸν φαλάγγιον, μὲ μέλι γεναμένο,
οὐδὲ καλλὰς αὐγύπτιες ἢ πολυσησαμάταις,
οὐδὲ ἐκείναις ἢ λευκαῖς, ὅπου 'νιὲ ζαχαράταις.

But the ecclesiastical metre of the Greeks seems to be confined to their distichs of rhythmical Iambics, *e. g.* which turn, almost universally, on a conceit;

Σὴν πατρικὴν γύμνωσιν εὐφρόνως σκέπων,
Τὰς πατρικὰς εὐρατο εὐχὰς ἐς σκέπη.

And—

Μὴ θεὸς ἰάσθῃ πατὴρ ἀσχύνῃ πλάτος
βίου πλατυσμὸν εὐχαὶ πατὴρ λαμβάνει.

Of M. Fuss's Neolatine attempts, as he calls them, we cannot speak very highly. He adopts classical expressions, and uses classical elisions, while employing mediæval licenses, and exhibiting mediæval rhymes. The result is, that his poems are neither one thing nor the other. We will give an example from Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' where he has carefully preserved the metre.

'Lieblich in der Bräute Locken
Spielt der jungfräuliche Kranz,
Wenn die hellen Kirchen-glocken
Laden zu des Festes Glanz.
Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch den Lebens-Mai;
Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier,
Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei.

'Suave comis flos coronans
Ludit in virgineis:
Clare quum campana sonans
Convocat sponsaliis.
Vitæ ver, heu! terminatur
Festo hoc pulcherrimo:
Blandus error, heu! nudatur
Rupto velo et cingulo.

Die Leidenschaft flieht,	Cupido languescit,
Die Liebe muss bleiben,	Rosæ nec fas,
Die Blume verblüht,	Dum foeta marcescit
Der Frucht muss treiben,	Satietas.
Der Mann muss hinaus	E lazo vir vitæ
In's feindliche Leben,	In ævæ vocatur,
Muss wirken und streben,	Fervensque conatur,
Und pflanzen und schaffen,	Seritque creatque
Erlisten, erraffen,	Captatque raptatque
Muss wetten und wagen,	Audendo, tentando,
Das Glück zu erjagen.	Fortunam venando.
Da strömet herbei die unendliche	En undique manant uberrima
Gabe,	dona,
Es füllt sich der Speicher mit köst-	Beata, en, replent granaria dona,
licher Habe;	
Die Räume wachsen, es dehnt	Et latior domus jam spatiis est.'
sich das Haus.'	

Try now the same in English; and it will be seen how much more easily our own language throws itself into the sense of the German.

'Lovely from her ringlets stealing
O'er the bride her roses fall;
When the clear church bells are pealing
For the wedding festival.
Ah! Life's sweetest morning ended
All the May of life must fail,
And the lovely dream is rended,
With the girdle and the veil.
Passion hastens away:
Love still we must nourish;
The bloom must decay
But the fruit shall flourish.
The man must go out
Into hostile existence,
Must conquer resistance,
Must be working and striving,
Creating, contriving,
Must risk and adventure
On fortune to enter:
Then wealth, like a torrent, streams in without measure:
The granary swells with the labour-gained treasure:
The rooms are extended—the house is enlarged.'

Here is another example from Schiller's familiar 'Das Mädchens Klage:—

'Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt am Ufer's grün;
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr:
Du Heilige, rufe dem Kind zurück:
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.'

'Quercetum fremit, eunt nubila,
 Puella sedet ad litora,
 Fracta æstuat unda et æstuat;
 Et nigram in noctem gemitus dat,
 Oculos plorando turbata;
 Cor mortuum, mundus est vacuus,
 Nec voto quidquam habet amplius,
 Tu, Sancte, tuam prolem recipias:
 Mihi contigit terræ felicitas,
 Ego vixi et amavi beata.'

Again, the English runs more smoothly than the Latin even in our own halting version, which we offer, in obedience to Coleridge's well-known invitation to translators:—

'The oakwood roareth, the storm-clouds race,
 The maiden the green sea-strand doth pace:—
 And breaketh the billow with might, with might,
 And her song rings out to the darksome night;
 Her eyes are faded with crying:—
 My heart it is dead—the world it is woe—
 There's nothing to wish for beyond or below:
 Thou, Holy One, welcome thy child to rest!
 I have shared in earth's all brightest and best;
 I have lived and loved—I am dying.'

How admirably the same rhythm will render in English the ecclesiastical hymns of the Western Church, Mr. Wackerbath has shown in his '*Lyra Ecclesiastica*.' We give one specimen:—

'Et si pœnas infernales
 Cognovisses, quæ et quales,
 Tuos utique carnales
 Appetitus frangeres,
 Et innumera peccata,
 Facta, dicta, cogitata,
 Mente tota consternata,
 Merito deplangeres.
 Quando caro sepelitur,
 Heu! de spiritu nil scitur:
 Utrum gaudet an punitur,
 Non fit magna mentio.
 Luctus quidem simulatur,
 Sed substantia vastatur,
 Et propinquis generatur
 Zelus et contentio.
 Sed his paucis propalatis,
 Partim tactis et narratis,
 Quæ tum sanctis tum damnatis
 Præparata legimus;
 Jam prudentius agamus,
 Sanctam vitam degamus;
 'n hoc mundo defeamus
 Mala quæ peregrimus.

'Couldst thou realise the presence
 Of hell's deep and dark horrescence,
 All thy fleshly concupiscence
 Thou to master wouldst not fail;
 And thy sins past numeration,
 Word, and deed, and cogitation,
 With a soul in consternation,
 Thou wouldst worthily bewail.
 When to earth the body goeth,
 Of the soul man little knoweth,
 Little saith and little sheweth
 Of its joy or misery.
 Grief, indeed, is simulated,
 But the wealth is dissipated,
 And contention generated,
 'Mid the consanguinity.
 But these few things being stated,
 Partly touched on and narrated,
 Which to sinners destined,
 And to saints, we plainly read,
 Take we rede of wisdom's giving,
 Choose we holiness of living,
 And while yet on earth, in grieving
 Wail we every evil deed.

Non vivamus ut jumenta,
Ne post mortem ad tormenta
Veniamus, et lamenta
Intolerabilia.
Modo veniam precemur,
Mortem CHRISTI meditemur,
Ad superna præparemur
Desiderabilia.

Live we not like brute creation,
Lest, at death, to desolation,
We should come, and lamentation,
And intolerable ire.
Pray we now for God's salvation,
Meditate we JESU's Passion,
Dwell, while here, in conversation,
With the joys that saints desire.

It is now our intention to offer a few remarks on three of the poets whom we have named above, Mantuan, Casimir, Buchanan.

Baptista Spagnoli, surnamed Mantuan from the place of his birth and residence, was the earliest of these. Here, in 1448, he entered the order of the Carmelites at an early age, and was seven times vicar-general of his native city, and at last advanced to be prior-general of the order. He devoted himself entirely to the composition of Latin verse, and left behind him 55,000 lines, which have been published at Antwerp in four volumes, 8vo. He was, by contemporaries, evidently considered the equal of Virgil. The popularity of his Eclogues was long unbounded; Badius honoured them with a comment; Murmutius prefixed an argument in verse to each; Laurentius drew up an index to the whole, as in the case of a classical author. They were read at all English schools till the great rebellion; they seem to have retained much of their popularity till the beginning of the eighteenth century; they have been translated into English by Tuberville; and even now, in such dictionaries as Ainsworth and Young, Mantuan stands as an authority. So that Holofernes was by no means singular in his opinion. 'Ah! good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice—

'Venegia, Venegia,
Che non te vede, e non te pregia.'

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan; who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.'

Unfortunately Mantuan must now be judged by more critical rules than the worthy pedant had ever heard of. Of his 55,000 lines, we only profess to have read the eighth part; namely, his Eclogues, three books of his Parthenice, his Christian Fasti, and his epic, to dignify it by that title, The Messiah. Probably, however, if we judge him by these we shall not be uncharitable to his fame.

His Eclogues were written about the year 1474, though not published till 1498. They are ten in number; the first eight the composition of the poet's early youth, the others a later addition. We do not wonder at their popularity. There is a freshness and reality about some of their pictures of country

life which is very charming; and, notwithstanding some instances of that carelessness and hurry which eventually has blasted Mantuan's reputation, are, generally speaking, correct in diction and harmonious in rhythm. We except the two last, which are in all respects inferior to the rest, and, of all imaginable subjects, are occupied by certain controversies of the day on Carmelite discipline. The great fault in the language is the anxious display of the writer's learning, and the strange and profane mixture of Christianity and paganism. Thus, a shepherd, in enumerating those who have returned from the infernal regions, mentions Theseus, Orpheus, Hercules, and our Lord.

Some of our readers may wish to know what sort of poetry it was which Sir John Cheke quoted, and Buchanan impressed on gentle King Jamie's whipping-boy. We will not inflict it on them in the original; but we will endeavour to furnish them with a translation of one of the Eclogues; and, in compliment to Master Holofernes, we will take the one—

‘Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub ulmo,
Ruminat,’

and so forth, which will, at all events, live in Shakspeare's verses with a life far beyond its own merits.

‘*Lubin*.—Colin, the cattle seek the elm's cool shade;
Be ours the task, on yon soft hillock laid,
To tell some tale of love: lest sleep surprise
Midst nature's silence, our unguarded eyes;
And starting from our slumber, we behold
The prowler's ravage, and the scattered fold.

Colin.—Of old I knew that spot; it saw my grief
When day by day rolled on without relief;
And, since thou wilt to hear a shepherd's fate
In deeds of love, mine own will I relate.
Here, in my sullen silence, day by day,
Careless of friends, I sighed my life away.
My flute was silent, and my bow unstrung;
The filbert clusters all unplundered hung.
No monster wolf I chased from out the grove,
Nor basket now, nor pastoral wreath I wove;
Reared in no rustic game my manly shape,
Nor plucked the wild wood strawberry and the grape.—
But why with rustic themes prolong my rhyme?
The day hastes onward, and we lose our time:
Thou ask'st me, what the cause? I deem no shame
To answer boldly with my Lucy's name.

Lubin.—No! 'tis no news to hear how love's strong art
Can chain each sense, and fascinate the heart;
Sure 'tis no god, as writ in books we find,
Who brings such magic to unhinge the mind.

Colin.—The worst is yet to follow: kept apart
I scarce could see her, though all mine in heart;

Where'er she went, there too might I discern
Her wedded sister, and her step-dame stern :
As from the bacon she that guards the house,
The watchful cat, keeps off the bright-eyed mouse.

Lubin.—The full may safely praise a fast ; and he
Whose thirst is quenched, unmoved the thirsty see.

Colin.—But now the fields to shine in gold begin :
And 'tis the time to put the sickle in :

The step-dame, whom I spoke of, comes between
Her daughters, as our custom is, to glean ;
I marked their progress, and I followed slow ;
My love she knew not, or feigned not to know ;
For well she knew that I had sent of late
A leveret and two doves to Lucy's gate.

Lubin.—Where, but for that, so many virtues meet,
'Tis hard that poverty should teach deceit.

Colin.—Her bonnet thrown aside,—for close the air,—
A flowery chaplet wreathed my Lucy's hair :
Sideways I stole across the field, and tried,
Unnoticed by the dame, to reach her side ;
And as we wrought together, gathered near
To ease her labour, many a straggling ear.
When, for my pains, I gained at last one smile,
Her mother's eye was on her face the while.

Lubin.—And who could blame her much, or blame at all ?
She only picked the ears that you let fall :
Prudence, indeed, would greater distance keep ;—
But on ! thy tale serves well to banish sleep.

Colin.—" Lucy !"—she cried—(poor Lucy turned away)
" Why so far straggling from the rest to-day ?
Here, by the alders, is the shade more cool,
Where the leaves dance reflected on the pool :
Come hither then !"—In vain she praised the shade ;
Lucy wrought harder than before, but stayed :
No word I uttered, and I gave no sign ;
But still I held my station in the line.
Now cheering by my jokes the reaping train—
Now by short snatches of some pastoral strain.

Lubin.—To love entails a yoke as hard as e'er
Our horses in the plough, or oxen bear.

Colin.—That saying, by experience must be had.

Lubin.—Perchance it was. Who has not once been mad ?

Colin.—Time passed away, and paler still my hue,
Thinner my cheeks, my features sharper grew ;
By false pretences could I not belie
That changing index of the mind, the eye.
At length my father wooed me to disclose
My grief, and tell the secret of my woes.

Lubin.—A father's love is still his child's best guide,
Howe'er a frown that love may sometimes hide.

Colin.—He heard, and promised, as he might, to aid ;
And ere the winter fade the flowerets fade,
All was agreed, and promises were past,
And Lucy's self was to be mine at last.
How oft I sought her when the moonbeams shone,
With the bright hope of finding her alone !

Though disappointed, still I held my aim,
 Framed some new pretext, and once more I came :
 Now 'twas my axe, and now my grindstone ; now
 Sure I had left the coulter of my plough.
 And when all these no more excuse could yield,
 I brought some rustic present from my field.
 Once, when I came at midnight, to my grief,
 The dogs flew out, and took me for a thief :
 I fled,—by nature framed more swift than they ;
 And thus at length that winter passed away.
 Now spring returns,—the grape shoots bud again ;
 The blossoms glitter in the April rain :
 Nature revives once more,—the blackbird sings ;
 The firefly glitters past on dazzling wings.
 All perils o'er, all obstacles o'erthrown,
 The morning dawns, and Lucy is my own.
 Why should I needs each wedding game describe,
 And every sport that blessed the rustic tribe ?
 Enough ;—The eve passed calm and bright away,
 And youths and maidens sang our nuptial lay.
Lubin.—Colin, your sheep are moving in the track
 Towards the vineyard,—we must drive them back.'

The *Parthenice*, which has been most prolixly and laboriously illustrated by the indefatigable Badius, is a work of merit far inferior to that just noticed. The first part, in three books, treats of the Blessed Virgin ; the second, in the same number, on the Passion of S. Catherine ; the third, in two books, on those of SS. Lucy, Margaret, and Apollonia. There is also said to be one on S. Cecilia, which we have not seen.

The faults of all these poems are the same: carelessness, haste, impatience of correction, repetition of ideas, confusion of Christianity with Paganism, pedantry, and want of judgment.

The same plot is constantly employed. We first have a geographical and historical view of the scene of the poem ; then a description of the state of the Roman Empire ; next a council of the gods, for the purpose of crushing Christianity, which ends by their determining to destroy the poet's present heroine : all make a noble stand against violence the first day ; all are healed by a celestial messenger on the succeeding night ; all crowned with martyrdom on the following morning.

To prove the heterogeneous mixture of his ideas, he brings the Muses and Graces from Hellas to serve as attendants on the Blessed Virgin : he devotes some twenty lines to the catalogue of the personages famous in Pagan story with whom she was acquainted ; and in the Salutation itself we have more than one mythical reference.

For his want of judgment ; in the marriage-feast of S. Joseph he describes at length the massive silver and gold plate then 'ought forth by the servants. His pedantry, though everywhere

remarkable, is nowhere so much so as in the descriptions he gives of night. Having mentioned the hour, he gives a list of some twenty or thirty stars, and their exact position, with the minuteness of an astronomer; and this not once nor twice, but many times.

We will conclude with one or two specimens of his more serious poetry.

The infancy of a child is made the subject of a very sweet simile:—

'So, when the rose bush spring's first breath hath kissed,
And yet its leaves are like a verdant mist;
A green and tiny globe must first enclose
The perfect beauty of the full-blown rose;
Till summer suns, and breezes of the west,
Woo, with soft breath, the little stranger's breast;
Swells, with the genial sap, the vest of green:
Next, through its side, a ruby streak is seen;
The silken petals, one by one, unfold
Round the bright seeds, and anthers tipped with gold;
Till June, returning, bid its ruby lip,
The glassy dewdrops dare, unshamed, to sip.'

The pre-eminence of the Blessed Virgin over other saints is made the subject of a somewhat novel comparison:—

'So, where famed Ganges from his Indian source
Through solemn forests winds his twilight course;
The fiery gems that sparkle in his bed,
Midst the dark stones a brighter lustre shed.'

Of a different style is the following:—

'And deem not virtue gained an easy task;
Her favours long and arduous labour ask.
Stern discipline the chief must undergo,
Ere he can march resistless on the foe;
Thy soul must, if it pant to win the field,
Do what it would not, what it would must yield;
Bear self-denial's yoke, or else descend
From worse to worse, with misery for its end;
Till, such is habit's power, by slow degrees
The very toils, that erst so galled it, please.'

From Mantuan we proceed to a far greater poet.

Matthew Casimir Sarbiewski, born in 1595, at Sarbiew, an insignificant village, near Plonsk, in Poland, is justly considered the prince of modern Latin poets. We are not ashamed to confess that we regard him as so very nearly equal to Horace, that it would be hard indeed to decide on their respective merits; and to own that we do not prefer the *Qualem ministrum* of the latter to the *Terrena linquo: tollite præpetem* of the former. 'After Lucretius and Statius,' says Coleridge, 'I know no

Latin poet who can be compared for sublimity of ideas to Casimir Sarbiewski. His language, too, is worthy of any poet of the Augustan age.' His early attachment to Latin poetry is beautifully described by himself:—

' Albis dormuit in rosis
Arbustisque jacens et violis Dies
Primæ cui potui vigil
Somnum Pieria rumpere barbito.
Curæ dum vacuus puer
Formosæ legerem litora Narviæ.
Ex illo mihi posteri
Florent sole dies: qui simul aureæ
Infregit radios lyræ,
Jam nec scuta sonat, nec strepitum truci
Gradi—sed amabiles
Ruris delicias,' &c.

After studying at Wilna, he entered the Society of Jesus in the year 1612, and in 1623 visited Rome, a journey of which he has left a poetical account. Here he was received with marked favour by Urban VIII., the then reigning Pontiff, a prelate who, while by no means deficient in the higher qualities which should distinguish the successor of S. Peter, carried the literary refinement and stupendous magnificence of the Roman Court to its highest pitch. To him some of our poet's finest odes were addressed.

The grateful bard celebrated his patron in many such a noble strain (we are not discussing its theology) as the following:—

' Te Vaticanis Maurus et Æthiops
Affusus aris, te tepidi canunt
Devexa mundi, te remotæ
Litora personuere Chrysæ.
Magnusque late diceris arbiter
Cælumque, Terrasque, et Maria, et Styga
Annemque Cocyti severum et
Elysiam cohibere Lethen.
Tibi (benignæ si qua fides spei)
Sternentur olim magnanimæ ad pedes
Gentesque Regesque. O caduci
Præsidium columenque mundi,
Jam nunc labantis pondera seculi et
Depræliantum funera Principum
Pronasque regnorum ruinas
Consilioque humerisque siste.
Tardum sereni partibus ætheris
Te Sidus addas; neu properas citus
Mensis reclinare, et faventûm
Ambrosiæ accubuisse Divum.'

As we said before, this is not Christian poetry in its highest sense, any more than S. Peter's is a Christian temple in its true sense. Cocytus and Lethe, and the favouring gods,

and ambrosia, are words and terms unknown to the poets of the Church. Nevertheless, the verses are magnificent, and Urban knew that very well. He entrusted Casimir with a revision of several of the hymns in his reformation of the Breviary; and the *Ad regias Agni dapes*, in particular, is said to have been amended by him.

On his leaving Rome, Urban presented him with a golden medal, as he had before done with the poetic laurel. Casimir professed first Rhetoric, and then Philosophy, in the Academy at Wilna, and was much about the Court of Ladislaus IV., by whom he was greatly esteemed.

The prospect of expelling the Turks from Europe occupied a large share of the attention of Urban VIII.: and Casimir enthusiastically entered into the scheme. His own country suffered far too deeply by the attacks of the infidels to allow him to remain an inactive spectator of her losses. Again and again, like a Christian Tyrtæus, he called on the princes and potentates of Europe to forget their mutual differences, to cast off their enervating luxury, to drive the false prophet from Constantinople, and to plant their standards by the Holy Sepulchre.

‘Ibimus?
An nos Caleno mensa tenet mero,
Cœnæque regnorum redemptæ
Divitiis populique censu?
Dum nos Lyæi regificis super
Descripta mensis prælia pangimus;
Fusoque metamur Falerno
Mœnia, diluimusque fossas.
Surgamus. Omnes prima vocat dies,
Et Phœbus:—*at non noster ab Indiis*
Phœbus, Quirites, nec Latino
Orta dies famulatur orbi.’

We challenge the warmest admirers of Horace,—and we profess ourselves to be of that number,—to point out a more sublime turn in any of his odes than the lines we have italicized. In another ode he pursues the temporal advantages of such a crusade, in a strain most perfectly Horatian. It is the 12th of the 1st Book.

With such sentiments it was likely that one of his finest compositions should be that in which he celebrated the defeat of the whole Turkish army by the Polish forces, in September, 1621. Even Dr. Watts took fire in translating, or rather imitating, this ode:—and has left a poem in his lyrical works well worthy of perusal.

‘Carpite, dum licet
Dum tuta vobis otia, carpite
Oblita jam vobis vireta
Emeriti, mea cura, tauri :
z 2

Victor Polonus dum positâ super
 Respirat hastâ; sic etiam vigil
 Sævusque. Proh! quantis, Polone,
 Moldavii tegis arva campi
 Thracum ruinis.'

And again—

'Non tanta campos grandine verberat
 Arctos nivalis: non fragor Alpium
 Tantus, renitentes ab imo
 Cum violens aget Auster ornos
 Hinc quantus atque hinc impetus æreo
 Diffusus imbri. Miscet opus frequens
 Furorque virtusque, et perenni
 Immoritur brevis ira famæ.
 Diu supremam nutat in aleam
 Fortuna belli:—stat numerosior
 Hic Bessus, hic contra Polonus
 Exiguus metuendus alis.'

But, after all, the most valuable of the poems of Casimir are those in which he inserts some of the pithy gnomæ in which both Pindar and Horace so much excelled.

Such are the following:

'Quæ tibi primum dedit hora nasci
 Hæc mori primum dedit. Ille longum
 Vixit, æternum sibi qui merendo
 Vindicat ævum.'

Again:

'Ille qui longum fuit, esse magnus
 Desinit mœror. Facilem ferendo
 Finge Fortunam: levis esse longo
 Discit ab usu.'

Or, in a more Christian strain:

'Quæ possunt adimi, non mea credidi:
 Nunquam pauperior, si meus integer.'

The idea of an interior kingdom, which cannot be affected by external circumstances, is a very favourite one with Casimir:

'Exile regnum, Pausilipi, sumus:
 Sed se obsequentem qui sibi subdidit
 Hic grande fecit si suasmet
 Ipse roget, peragatque leges.
 Rex est profanos qui domuit metus.
 Qui cum stat unus, castra sibi facit:
 Casumque Fortunamque pulchro
 Provocat assiduus duello.'

Of sacred poems, strictly called, our author left but very few. The most beautiful of these, as it is also one of the shortest, we will quote entire:

Urit me Patriæ decor:
 Urit conspicuis pervigil ignibus
 Stellati tholus ætheris,
 Et lunæ tenerum lumen, et aureis
 Fixæ lampades atriis.
 O noctis choreas, et teretem sequi
 Juratæ thyasum faces!
 O pulcher Patriæ vultus, et ignei
 Dulces excubiæ poli!
 Cur me stelliferi luminis hospitem,
 Cur heu! cur nimium diu
 Cælo sepositum cernitis exulem?
 Hic canum mihi cespitem,
 Hic albis tumulum sternite liliis
 Fulgentis pueri Domus.
 Hic leti pedicas-exuor et meo
 Secernor cineri cinis.
 Hic lenti spoliū ponite corporis
 Et quidquid superest mei:
 Immensum reliquas tollor in æthera.'

One more example shall suffice: it is the conclusion of the fifth Ode of the second Book:

Parumne tellus in medias patet
 Immensa montes? hinc miserabili
 Quassata terrarum tumultu
 Stare pavent titubantque regna,
 Unâque tandem funditus obruunt
 Cives ruinâ. Stat tacitus cinis,
 Cui serus inscribat viator:
 CUM POPULO JACET HIC ET IPSO
 CUM REGE REGNUM. Quid memorem super
 Infusa totis sequora portubus
 Urbes inundari? et repenti
 Tecta Deū sonuisse fluctu?
 Regumque turres, et pelago casus
 Jam jam latentes? Jam video procul
 Mercesque differri, et natantem
 Oceano fluitare gazam.
 Alterna rerum militat efficax
 In damna mundus. Cladibus instruit,
 Bellisque, rixisque, et ruinis
 Sanguineam Libitina scenam:
 Suprema donec stelligerum Dies
 Claudat theatrum. Quod morer hactenus
 Viator aurarum? et serenas
 Sole domos aditurus, usque
 Humana mirer? Tollite præpetem
 Festina vatem, tollite, nubila:
 Qua solis et lunæ labores
 Cæruleo velut æthra campo.
 Ludor? sequaces an subeunt latus
 Feruntque venti? jamque iterum mihi
 Et regna decrovere, et immensæ
 Ante oculos periere gentes.
 Suoque semper terra minor globo
 Jam jamque cerni difficilis suum
 Vanescit in punctum? O refusum
 Numinis Oceanum! O carentem

Mortalitatis portubus insulam !
 O clausa nullis marginibus freta !
 Haurite anhelantem, et pereant
 Sæbivium glomerate fluctâ !'

It will be seen by the above extracts that Dr. Johnson is guilty of much injustice to Casimir when he calls him a writer possessing many of the faults and beauties of Cowley. It is true that here and there glittering prettinesses and affected conceits occur in his graver lyrical poems,—and his *Silviludia*, pieces composed, as their name imports, in the woods, while Ladislaus and his Court were indulging in the pleasures of the chase, are nothing else but strings of such conceits. They are, however, very sweet in their way, and far superior to anything that Cowley would have written on these subjects. They are curious, also, as the only instance of an attempt in any way successful to strike out a new style of Latin poetry. One verse from the *Silviludium* to Dew, may serve as an example :—

'Placidi Rores matutini
 Qui sereno
 Lapsa coelo
 Mollia florum
 Versicolorum
 Ocellatis folia :
 Qui florentibus in conchis
 Late virentis
 Æquora prati gemmulatis,' etc.

It must not be supposed, however, that Casimir has not some very grave faults. Of these, undoubtedly the worst is, his perpetual paganism of expression in addressing the saints. Sometimes, indeed, it degenerates into positive profanity. If the reader calls first to mind Horace's invocation to Venus,—

'O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique, etc.
 Fervidus tecum puer,' etc.

we cannot but be shocked by Casimir's parody :

'Aurei Regina Maria cœli, etc.
 Aureus tecum Puer,' etc.

But this was the fault of the age rather than of the man.

In a critical point of view, Casimir's Latinity, if not positively faultless, approaches perhaps nearer to perfection than that of any before or after him. He affects Græcisms, indeed, to a preposterous extent,—and we constantly meet with such expressions as 'Jucundæ metuens juventæ,'—'Avaræ mensium Lunæ,'—'Hinnit ager, fluviiue balant.' At the same time he is particularly happy, here and there, in his Latin expression of a Grecian idea: for example—

'Sunt et novarum non vacuæ mihi
Laudum pharetræ. Prome reconditum
O Musa telum. Quem sonoro
Pieridum jaculamur arcu?'

which, while completely Latin, is more perfectly Pindaric than perhaps any stanza in Horace. In the construction of his verses Casimir is generally very happy. He employs no measure but such as Horace has authorized, and all so recommended he has used. His Alcaic stanzas have a rhythm superior to that of any other poet, his great master excepted: though here and there we find an instance of that vicious licence by which the third foot of the third line is an Iambus, *e.g.*—'Curetes æræ, jam frementes.' It is wonderful that so exquisite an ear as the poet's evidently was, should not have been shocked at the violation of all harmony thus occasioned.

Of Casimir's life we have nothing further to tell than that he was taken from the world at the age of forty-four, on the 2d of April, 1640. His remaining poems consist of four books of odes, one of epodes, one of miscellanies, and one of sacred epigrams. But he had also composed, though he had not put the finishing hand to, an epic poem, 'The Lechiad,' so called from Lech, the real or supposed founder of the Polish kingdom. This, after the poet's death, was stolen, and thus lost to the world. The first edition of the odes appeared at Cologne in 1625, but contained only three books; nor did the fourth appear till Plantin published it at Antwerp in 1634. The consideration that the finest monuments of Casimir's genius were composed before he was thirty, and that, during the last fifteen years of his life, he wrote but one book of odes which we possess, must make us regret the loss of the epic poem which occupied the best and most vigorous years of his existence.

We will now leave our poet in that quiet grave, *Quo cum*, as he says himself—

'Quo cum volentem fata reduxerint,
Nil interest an morbus an hosticus
Dissolvit ensis, quo supremum
Urget iter. Semel advehemur
Quam navigamus semper in insulam,
Seu lata magnis stravimus æquora
Reges carinis: seu Quirites
Exigua vehimur phaselo.
Illo beatum margine me meus
Exponat asser. Cur ego sistere
Æterna reformidam quietus
Litora, si peritura linquam?'

Let us now turn our attention to George Buchanan, a writer who has had the singular good fortune not only to acquire an extravagant reputation in his own time, but to preserve it to

ours. Of his troubled life we are not going to write; we shall simply confine ourselves to his version of the Psalms. To say that he shows himself inferior in this famous work to men whose names as poets are scarcely known in England,—to Livin van der Beker (Lævinus Torrentius,) Caussin, Barlæus, Daniel Heinsius, Grotius, Arius Montanus, and a thousand others,—to say that Milton and Cowley, as Latin poets, are very far his superiors,—all this is very far short of the truth. We confidently affirm that Buchanan possessed no taste, no ear,—little poetical feeling,—no reverence for sacred subjects,—and but a very moderate portion of Latinity. These are serious charges, and we hope to be able to prove them.

It is a curious thing, how very seldom Buchanan ventures on Alcaics. He seems to have felt his weakness in these,—the most perfect of lyrical measures. Let us see how he acquits himself when he attempts them, and take the eleventh Psalm as a specimen:—

‘Quum spe salutis non dubia fruar
Deoque fidam, *vos* mihi dicitis
Facesse rupes in remotas
Antevolans pavidas volucres.’

‘In God I have put my trust,’—the Psalmist abruptly and sublimely begins. Buchanan commences with ‘enjoying no doubtful hope of safety, *and* trusting in God.’ The connecting link between these two clauses, of which one explains the other, is a glaring psychological fault; but a short syllable was required to eke out the second line, and *que* presented itself opportunely. Then how poor the epithet *remotas*!—how like the school exercise of a boy, who looks in the *gradus* for an epithet to finish a line! ‘*Vos* mihi dicitis;’—in the very place where, of all others, the pronoun should not have been expressed, it is emphasized with all the importance of a prominent position in the stanza. And where David, in the indignant confidence of faith, asks, ‘*How* say ye thus to my soul?’ Buchanan turns it into the insipid statement, ‘Ye do say to my soul.’ Nor is this all;—as he has written the stanza, it means, ‘Because I trust in God, therefore ye say to my soul.’ Now, if the writer intended this meaning, he was grossly ignorant of the Psalmist’s: if he did not intend it, he is guilty of false Latinity. It had been easy to avoid these mistakes by writing, *Quî* mihi dicitis, &c. In the third line, besides the miserable rhythm, and the poor epithet, there is, we believe, false Latinity in the ‘*Facesse in rupes*.’ The expression is not suited for grave poetry, and these writers omit the preposition. The last line, again, misses its meaning. ‘Flee *as* a bird,’ does not convey the idea of swiftness, to which Buchanan confines it; but hurriedly,

thoughtlessly, confusedly, without waiting to see whether there were any real cause for danger.

‘Intendit arcum (en aspicias) impius,
Nervo sagittas admovet, ut petat
Incogitantes e latebris
Innocuos animique rectos.’

In the first line, the parenthesis is most weak, and only put in to ‘cram’ the verse. The two last lines are monstrous. The rhythm of the third: the transposition of *e latebris* after *incogitantes*: the phrase *incogitantes innocuos*;—all these would be a disgrace to a public schoolboy.

‘At Tu potenti Rex bone dextera
Domas rebelles: et facis irrita
Decreta vesani furoris
Contra humiles male nil merentes.’

‘The foundations will be cast down:’ ‘quæ perfecisti, destruent:’ *ἡ κατηρτίσω καθεῖλον*. Nothing in these translations like the first line and a half. The third line is here perfect as to rhythm; but it is at the expense of so tautologous an epithet as *vesanus* to *furor*. The last line, for grammar and sound, is equally despicable; and the strange position of the *nil* would make the sense doubtful, could we not refer to another quarter for explanation.

‘Æterna cœli templa colens Deus
Et lucido astrorum in solio sedens
Humana per terras acutis
Facta oculis speculatur omnes.’

The two former are fair second-rate lines; the poverty and mislocation of *omnes*, and the awkward chasm of *facto oculis*, are bad enough.

‘Non justus Illum non latet impius
Cuncta intuentem: sed studio ad nefas
Pronos maligno justus orbis
Ex animo Moderator odit.’

Here we begin with a sufficiently spirited line, which is diluted down to the usual degree of tameness, by the explanatory *cuncta intuentem* which follows it. The complication of the remaining part of the stanza, where nearly every word is placed wrong,—to say nothing of the extraordinary phrase,—‘*pronos maligno studio ad nefas*,’—is clear to every one.

‘Super scelestos retia depluet:
Ignes remisto sulphure flammeos
Ad impios eliminandos
Fulminæ rapient procellæ.’

Besides the Anglicism and baldness of the first line, we may observe that there is no such word as *depluet*. The impersonal

depluit is in use ; and in a doubtful and probably false reading of Propertius (ii. 16), we find it joined with an accusative. But even assuming that to be a sufficient authority for such an usage, there is not a shadow of excuse for *depluit*. In the next line we have the ridiculous tautology *ignes flammeos*. The third line is barbarous in rhythm, and absurd in sense ; for *elimino*, used as an active verb, has but two meanings—to turn out of doors, and to publish abroad. We also remark on the impropriety of making the *fulminæ procellæ rapere* the *flammeos ignes* against the wicked.

‘ Justosque justus justitiæ Parens
Amore sancto amplectitur unice,
Et fraudis ignarum ante vultus
Assidue videt æquitatem.’

The play of words in the first line is miserable enough ; and the *unice*, put in to fill out the second, very bald. Whether the two last lines have any meaning at all, Buchanan probably knew ; certainly no one else can elicit any thing like sense from them.

Now this Psalm is a fair specimen of Buchanan’s powers ; and we are bold to say that there are not five respectable lines in it. But we will now take a view of some more egregious failings in the same writer’s works.

In the first place, we accuse him of false quantities, for which a public schoolboy would be flogged. In Psalm vii. l. 9, we have this notable line in an Alcaic stanza :

‘ Si verus iudex me merito arguit.’

In the Tragedy of S. John Baptist (p. 249 of Wetstein’s Amsterdam edition of 1687) an Iambic line runs thus :

‘ Unde deorsum perpeti lapsu ruunt.’

At page 255 of the same tragedy :

‘ Omnibus illum prosequi bonis decet.’

Page 245 of the same :

‘ Ecquid animo æquo fers dignitatem tuam.’

Where the double false quantity is so horrible, that we might, were it not for his other blunders in a similar way, give Buchanan the advantage of the emendation ‘*dignitatem fers tuam*.’

We have said before, and every one knows, that the great test of a good ear in Latin verse is the structure of the third line of the Alcaic stanza. It is superfluous to observe that the types of this line, as to *cæsura*, are :

Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,—the most perfect—
 Silvæ laborantes geluque—
 Declive contempleris arvum.

And every line which may not be referred to one of these, is faulty in structure. Let us now try a Psalm of Buchanan's by this rule. We will take the xixth. The third lines are—

Tot luce flammæ coruscis—good
 Suspendet, et terræ capaces—good
 Non fortuito res caducas—bad
 Non voce quæ paucorum ad aures—bad
 Quæ nesciat certâ meantis—bad
 Aut mane castris prodeuntem—bad
 Auro refulgens, gemmeaque—bad
 Artusque; viresque; impetumque— {perhaps excusable on
 { account of the sense.
 Obliqua vitali colore—good
 Divina ut arcanis habenis—good
 Hac plectitur culpâ æquitate ut—very bad
 Verenda cultu quam nec annis—bad
 Jucundiorâ melle, et auro—horrible
 Non nescius custodientem—bad
 Ergo repurga quas refudit—bad
 Sic me malorum e maximorum—very bad
 Placatus, a nostræ salutis—good.

Out of seventeen, there are but five that are good.

Another fault of Buchanan is the number and poorness of his epithets. In this he is a remarkable contrast with Casimir, who sometimes, by a single epithet, will render a whole verse picturesque.

But Buchanan's chief faults are his excessive periphrases. The simple beginning of the xxiiiird Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd: therefore can I want nothing,' is thus 'improved:'

' Quid frustra rabidi me petitis canes?
 Livor propositum cur premis improbum?
 Sicut pastor ovem, me Dominus regit:
 Nil deerit penitus mihi.'

'God standeth in the congregation of princes: He is a judge among gods,' receives this profane version:

' Regum timendorum in proprios greges
 Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovæ;'

which the writer probably thought a happy interversion from Horace; and to those who appreciate the comic use of the word *præsto*, the following will appear hardly less shocking: 'If I climb up into Heaven, Thou art there,' &c.

' Petamne cælum? præsto es hic. Ad inferos
 Demergar? illinc non abes.'

We have said enough, we think, to make good our character of Buchanan. What could have procured him his fame it is difficult to say. Doubtless his religious principles may, in great measure, account for it; and the agreeable flattery which he dispensed, in halting verse, to the principal reformers, rendered them not unwilling to praise the medium for the sake of that which it conveyed. We ought not to forget to mention that both the poems of Buchanan, and those of his contemporary and friend, Beza, are defiled by some of the grossest indecencies which ever disgraced paper.

We will end, however, with a passage which has been much and justly admired; and occurring in a poem in so commonplace a subject as May-day, is the more startling:—

‘Talis Beatis incubat Insulis
Felicis auræ perpetuus tepor,
Et nesciis campis senectæ
Difficilis, querulique morbi.
Forsan supremis cum Deus ignibus
Orbem piabit, lætaque sæcula
Mundo reducet, talis aura
Ætherios animos fovebit.’

- ART. IV.—1. *Mount Sorel; or, The Heiress of the De Veres.* By the Author of The '*Two Old Men's Tales.*' In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1845.
2. *Father Darcy.* By the Author of '*Mount Sorel,*' and The '*Two Old Men's Tales.*' In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1846.
3. *Emilia Wyndham.* By the Author of The '*Two Old Men's Tales,*' '*Mount Sorel,*' &c. In 3 vols. London: Henry Colburn, publisher, Great Marlborough Street. 1846.
4. *Norman's Bridge; or, The Modern Midas.* By the Author of '*Emilia Wyndham,*' The '*Two Old Men's Tales,*' &c. In 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1847.

THE man whose idea of Paradise was to 'lie upon a sofa all day and read new novels,' might realize it in the present day to his heart's content. We have novels of every kind, and good ones too, as far as interest and excitement go, to gratify all tastes and suit all fancies. First and foremost there is the religious novel, polemical or otherwise, but generally polemical, with its 'clear views' and dogmatic statements, mixed up with *ex-parte* delineations of general tendencies and individual developments. These, however, are not always amusing; and while some are prosy and tiresome, others are irreverent, and almost all unfair. There is at best an evident determination to make out a case. And nothing is more easy. A lively imagination joined to a one-sided view of things—and they often go together—will easily so arrange the incidents of a story, or describe the elements of a character, as to satisfy 'the party' for which the book is written, that such and such vices or virtues are the natural results of such and such religious opinions. Still the works in question are often striking, and sometimes edifying, for they are written now by persons who are at once clever and earnest, and, in spite of the repulsiveness of the subject, while the devout are attracted by occasional glimpses of better things, even those who only read for amusement are not insensible to the wit and fancy with which that subject is adorned. Then, people like to see the Jesuits shown up, or the Roman Catholics in general, or the dissenters, or High Church, or Low Church, as the case may be; and thus their minds are in a position to receive whatever impressions the writer may be pleased to give. The best religious fictions are those which deal least in exaggeration and *abuse*. Among which, in spite of various drawbacks, may be reckoned '*Margaret Percival.*' It is full of deep

feeling, and, though not without polemics, it is not debased by mere party spirit. So is 'Geraldine.' Even in the Romanist novel there is an apparent candour of statement, an absence of all bitterness, which are strikingly contrasted with certain Protestant novels that we could mention, while a depth of religious sentiment is not unfrequently laid open, which 'Christians of all denominations' might do well to look into. Platform exhibitions are indeed painted with cruel truth, but they who know them best, know that it is difficult to exaggerate their hollowness and falsehood. Next to the religious novel comes the novel of Political Economy, of which Miss Martineau, and her opponent the Rev. C. Tayler, have given us no contemptible specimens. We have neither time nor inclination, in a slight review of works of fiction, to canvass the truth or falsehood of the dogmas advocated on either side. We object to the Political Economy of the lady's books in particular, not because it is false, but because it is unreadable. Who can turn from the exquisite stories of this touching writer to the dry disquisitions upon free trade, or the circulating medium, with which they are mixed up? We shrewdly suspect that more readers besides ourselves 'pass over,' as children would say, 'the good advice,' which the mind is not then in a posture to receive.

Perhaps the same may be said of the political romances of Mr. Disraeli. His brilliant pictures of life and manners in 'Coningsby' and 'Tancred,' and the eloquent development of the deeper yearnings of the human heart which surprises and thrills one in his pages, certainly owe nothing of their charm to his political disquisitions. The fact is, that the novel, in its best and most effective form, is neither a treatise of theology, nor a treatise of science, nor a treatise of morals, at least in a didactic shape. Even Miss Edgeworth has marred the effect of her very amusing and interesting sketches by a specific object too prominently declared. Like Joanna Baillie, she has given us pictures of one individual passion brought out in strong relief, while the nicer gradations of character, as seen in real life, are lost in the salient points of the fictitious exhibition. The consequence often is, that much of the benefit which should be gained by the lesson is lost, merely from its exaggeration. In 'Vivian,' for example, the hero is placed under circumstances where *decision* would seem almost impossible, and thus, instead of blaming his vacillation, we are led to pity and excuse it. We do not forget that Miss Edgeworth, with talents that every one must admire, and a delineation of character with which few can fail to be charmed, is chargeable with graver faults than that which has been specified. Her books show how little need there is of reform in the world; while her estimation

male sex at least, is lamentably defective. In the tale, to which allusion has been made above, the adultery of the hero is considered scarcely a fault by his friend, an *exemplary clergyman*, and is thought no objection to his immediate acceptance by the severe and high-minded, not to say puritanical Lady Sarah.

But to return; the novel which lays the strongest hold upon the mind and keeps it, is the novel of character, which describes life as it is under circumstances of vivid interest, or else describes common and every-day occurrences as they appear to minds acute in observation, and accurate in detail. Much has been said, from Aristotle downwards, about the conduct of the story as the principal object and principal attraction of fictitious narrative, but unless the conduct of the characters be included in that definition, it is difficult to assent to its truth. That there is a certain charm in a well-arranged series of events, cannot be denied, but it does not necessarily demand a deep knowledge of human life, or of the human heart, and may be possessed by minds of a very inferior order. All that is wanted is a lively imagination and an easy style. Yet such books as 'St. Clair of the Isles,' and 'The Children of the Abbey,' are still read, and may be read once at least, with sufficient amusement. When we speak of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe and of Maturin, we speak of a much higher style of composition. Possessing as they do more than all the interest which belongs to a stirring narrative, striking in events, and thrilling with mystery, there are not wanting occasional delineations of individual character which seem to bring them under the head of the novel of life and manners. But the romances in question described a state of society which never existed, and though, by appealing with unrivalled power to the all-absorbing emotions of curiosity and terror, they exercised for a time a wonderful influence over the public mind, it soon passed away. We are old enough to remember the school which they created, the many imitations which issued in quick succession from the Minerva press, and with which the shelves of our circulating libraries then groaned. All are now forgotten. People felt that their business was with 'man as he is,' not with 'man as he is not,' and left the pine-clad mountains and roaring torrents of the Apennines, the frowning turrets of Udolpho and the secrets of its mysterious chambers, for the brilliant sallies of the banquet or of the drawing-room, the companionship of the actual men and women with whom they were brought into contact in the wear and tear of ordinary life.

The novel of character was carried at an early period to a high degree of excellence in England. In spite of his profound ignorance of the conventional manners which he professed to know, the two great works of Richardson abound in delineations

of individual character, as it exists independent of external position. He knew nothing of people of rank and fashion, but he knew every thing of the human heart. Even in the awful 'Clarissa,' with its severe unity of purpose, its few actors and scanty events, the depth of his observation and the fineness of his tact are sufficiently seen. But in 'Sir Charles Grandison,' the full powers of his acute and observing mind are developed in all their completeness. All that he *could* know he knew, and he knew well how to tell it. Accordingly, even in the present day, though few who have wept and trembled over the pages of 'Clarissa' will not shudder to open the book again, in spite of our more rapid and stirring literature numbers still recur to the interesting scenes of the later novel, and live over again the emotions of their earlier years.

In speaking of the novel of character, it is impossible not to feel that in this style of composition Fielding and Smollett hold a distinguished place. Perhaps there are few writers who, in this respect, surpass them. But in these works, which as literary compositions deserve very high praise, there is a sad defect. Their tone of morals is lamentably low, and the scenes which they depict are consequently without dignity and elevation. There is an absence of all enthusiasm. There is no yearning after the good and true, no feeling of the seriousness of life, no high thoughts and earnest aspirations. No man ever rose from the pages of Fielding or Smollett with a purer mind or a tenderer heart. All is 'of the earth, earthy.' One cannot help wishing, in spite of the wit and fancy which breathe throughout, that 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle' had never been written, or that they were now forgotten.

Miss Burney's novels, every one knows, are far from being open to this serious charge, though in one point they resemble the compositions of these earlier writers, inasmuch as they paint scenes and characters of low life with poignant humour and striking truth. Perhaps, with the single exception of the masterly delineation of Mrs. Delvile in 'Cecilia,' Miss Burney succeeds best in the ludicrous. There may be occasional exaggeration, as in the case of Briggs, the miser guardian, but in all her portraits of vulgarity and folly there is an exuberance of fun and frolic, and a sustained consistency of representation, which are beyond all praise. Perhaps, in the whole range of fiction, it would be difficult to point out a richer scene than the meeting of the three guardians in the novel mentioned above. Charlotte Smith, though not equal to Miss Burney as a painter of life and manners, was long and not undeservedly popular, and must not be overlooked. Sir Walter Scott himself has borne testimony to the well-conceived and well-sustained character of Mrs. Rayland, in 'The Old Manor House.'

read with no slight interest, even in these days of superior literary achievement. As we come farther down, the novel of character and manners meets us at every turn. We say nothing of the author of 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering,' for to express a tenth part of what he has done for the imaginative literature of his country would require a volume. We say nothing also of Mr. James, who has been considered by some his rival as well as his imitator, because we know but little of his works. He is a most prolific writer; but books, that are written easily, are often *not* so easily read; and, when we have turned over his pages, they have reminded us not unfrequently of Madame de Staël's suggestion, that people on certain occasions should be allowed to *send their clothes to a party* and stay at home themselves. Mr. James seems less acquainted with men and women themselves than with their costume. But we cannot pass over Miss Austen. Aiming at no overpowering pathos, and no startling effects, she describes the foibles of common life, and the mixed motives which prompt the actions of ordinary characters, with a minute analysis which, if it has ever been equalled, has certainly never been surpassed. In her personages, moreover, though they never rise beyond the level of our daily experience, there is that wonderful individuality which stamps them on the mind for ever. Who can ever forget Mr. Woodhouse, or Mr. Collins, or Mr. and Miss Crawford, or Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, or Lady Catherine de Burgh, or any of the other characters embodied in her truthful fictions? But, in order fully to appreciate this perfect writer, patient investigation is wanted. It will never do to hurry over her pages for the sake of coming as soon as possible to the catastrophe. The beauty of the composition is in the detail. Every sentence, almost every word, tells. It is the elaborate finish of a Dutch painting, of which the individual touches are scarcely perceptible, while the combined result is perfection. We think that, if life had been spared to her, Miss Austen would have done still better things, *i. e.* she would have had a higher aim. In one of her posthumous productions, 'Persuasion,' her best and last, united with the same graphic power which distinguished her former works, there is a more earnest tone and a nearer approach to deep and devout feeling. Perhaps, the most successful living writer of fiction, and in a literary point of view the most deservedly so, is the author of 'Pelham.' Like Maturin, he is the antipodes of Miss Austen. He deals in striking contrasts and thrilling situations. Perhaps, a more awful scene can scarcely be imagined than that in 'Clifford,' where the father and the son stand opposed to each other, face to face, in a court of justice, in the relative positions of judge and cri-

minal, both determined to sustain the trial with unshrinking fortitude. But his novels are, over and above, novels of character and manners. In one of them, for example, the court of Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon in particular, is painted with a historic fidelity not inferior to that of Scott himself. But, while we allow the merit of his works as literary compositions, we condemn their moral standard. The feelings called forth are not healthful. It is not merely that he depicts great crimes and absorbing passions, which he *must* do whose object it is to 'purify by pity and terror,' but that he enlists our sympathies in the behalf of guilt. As Sidney Smith once wrote, his aim seems to be to 'gild the gallows and excite a prejudice in favour of being hanged.' This is a great error in taste as well as in morals. In fact, it is not true. High thoughts and amiable feelings are not the usual concomitants of crime, nor do base and selfish dispositions go hand in hand with regularity of conduct and moral restraint. From Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer to Lady Morgan there is a wide interval. Not that her Ladyship is without merit as a novel-writer. Far from it. In spite of much affectation, and not a little bad taste, few people paint life and manners better. 'O'Donnel' is a proof of this. The scenes in Lady Llanberris' country house are infinitely amusing, and the three female characters who play the most prominent part in the novel are touched with a masterly hand, strikingly contrasted and admirably sustained. The capital defect, to use a very soft word, of Lady Morgan's writings, is their evil tendency. She is not merely careless about doing good, she seems to lay herself out to do mischief. Her heroes, all her best men, indeed, are studiously represented as immoral, and, virtually, lauded on that very account; and her heroines are intrinsically but little better. She never seems to write a book without the express purpose of undermining some high principle or devout feeling. Thus, in the 'Missionary,' the sublime self-devotion of the apostolical nuncio ends in a love affair with the Brahminical priestess, who is his only convert. Mrs. Trollope is a congenial spirit; coarse, worldly, but at the same time intensely clever. She paints well and truly whatever is in accordance with her own actual impressions, and does not trench upon the high-minded and the spiritual, which she can neither feel nor comprehend. While we shrink, therefore, with positive abhorrence from such books as the 'Vicar of Wrexhill' and 'Father Eustace,' we can be amused with the 'Widow Barnaby,' in spite of the essential vulgarity of the character, relieved as it is by sketches of life and manners, of which, while we admire the vividness, we see no reason to doubt the truth. Mrs. Gore is a brilliant describer of fashionable life. Her

style is well adapted to show it off. Sportive, gay, glittering, full of poignant allusions and elegant *badinage*. The coruscations, indeed, are often too frequent, till the eye is blasted with excess of light. This is strikingly the case in 'Cecil,' which is really one continued fire-work. 'Mothers and Daughters' may, perhaps, be considered altogether her best work. It is less ambitious, has less mannerism, and, above all, has more *good* in it, than always falls to the share of this lady's compositions; for she, too, is chargeable with grave moral defects, and, first and foremost, with a sad want of reverence. Scriptural language and allusions are constantly introduced into her novels, not to awaken seriousness, but to point a witticism, or give effect to a sarcasm. But, there are writers of fiction, we are happy to know, of a very different character, whose moral purity and devotional feeling are not inferior to their literary merit. Such in times past were Mrs. West and Miss Hamilton, whose object it was to stem the tide of anarchy and unbelief, which was inundating the land under the title of the 'New Philosophy,' and of which Godwin, Mary Wolstonecroft, and Mary Hayes, were some of the chief directors. The novels of these distinguished women, indeed, written as they were for a specific purpose, come, strictly speaking, under the head of the polemical novel, as 'Modern Philosophers' and the 'Infidel Father' sufficiently prove; but the late Mrs. Brunton, who held a distinguished place among those novelists who paved the way for a higher tone of moral and religious instruction than had been usually connected with works of fancy, had no such exclusive aim. 'Self-Control' and 'Discipline' are merely the works of one whose amiable, cultivated, and pious mind gave dignity and importance to a branch of literature, which had hitherto been looked upon as trifling, if not mischievous. The novels of Jane and Anna Maria Porter are still highly esteemed, but not more highly than they deserve; for they teach the sternest lessons of self-sacrifice, at the same time that they powerfully excite the imagination and touch the heart. Mrs. Opie, Quaker as she is, need not regret the 'Tales of Real Life,' which painted so purely and so well the world in which she once lived, and of which she was the life and charm. The author of 'Tremaine' also, in spite of occasional heaviness in the style, and unsuspected worldliness in the plan of his works, must be numbered among the more recent writers who are enlisted on the side of virtue and religion: while the productions of Mrs. Bray, whose literary merit has gained an abiding niche in the Temple of Fiction, are as meritorious in their tendency as they are polished in their execution. And here we must not pass over in silence the novels of the authoress of 'Rhoda.' In her first publication, 'Things

by their Right Names,' she took at once the line from which she never swerved; and though there was little in that work which gave promise of the graceful facility, the intimate acquaintance with actual life, the closeness of observation, the power of description, and the depth of pathos, which broke forth in her acknowledged master-piece, like the 'Gossip's Story' of Mrs. West, which it resembles in a little didactic stiffness, it showed the purity and earnestness of one who understood and felt the serious responsibilities of man.

We do not think that 'Rhoda' has been appreciated as it deserves. The characters are true to nature, strikingly varied, and admirably sustained; that of Mrs. Strickland, in particular, is beyond all praise. It is the perfect delineation of a high-bred woman of the world, containing just that mixture of good and evil which is found in real life, and issuing in just the result to which such principles and such conduct would naturally lead. We know nothing more awful in its simple truth (for it never oversteps the modesty of nature) than the death-bed of Mrs. Strickland. The novels of Miss Farriday deserve to take their place by the side of 'Rhoda,' for their high tone of moral excellence and devout feeling, as well as for their literary merit. 'Marriage,' indeed, is rather a succession of brilliant pictures than a well-connected story; but who that passes from one to the other with increasing interest and delight, can feel that anything is wanted to complete their charm? Some of the noblest characters portrayed by this lady are sketches of real life, and it will be a pleasure to the reader to be told that their excellence is anything but exaggerated. There are not a few women of rank and fashion, who hold as high a place in the literary as in the social scale; and their works are almost all distinguished by earnestness of purpose and loftiness of principle. Such are the 'Tales,' edited by Lady Dacre, and the later productions of Lady Charlotte Bury. 'Ellen Waring,' 'A Marriage in High Life,' and 'Trevellyan,' form a cheering and delightful contrast to the impiety of Lady Morgan, the grossness of Mrs. Trollope, and the flippant irreverence of Mrs. Gore. The recent publications of Lady Georgiana Fullerton are not, strictly speaking, novels of character and manners; *i. e.* they are not what the French call 'Romans de Société.' They are rather tales of sentiment and passion, resembling, in this respect, the exciting tales of Barry St. Leger, but differing from them entirely in the high and unearthly direction which they take.

In the perusal of these noble productions, we are hurried forward with breathless anxiety; the heart beats, and the mind is absorbed; but we know and feel that it is all for a noble purpose. The richest gifts of nature and of grace are shed in lavish

abundance upon the ideal which she embodies; and they are laid, where all such gifts should be laid, at the foot of the cross. The spirit of the age, with all its errors and absurdities, its senseless and rancorous disputes, and its utilitarian worldliness, is distinguished by juster views of human life than were taken in the years gone by. Few people look upon it now as a scene of mere amusement, but as an arena on which we are called to do and suffer. Hence the serious tone of our imaginative literature. Even men of the world write now things which the world once either laughed at or eschewed. The author of 'Granby' has not perhaps gone farther than the decent proprieties of our conventional society, which he has described with great truth and effect; but the author of the 'Story of a Life' has shown us, beneath the glare and glitter, an under-current of feeling and suffering, which is flowing on to its only resting-place—eternity. The more recent publications of Captain Marriott are an improvement in this respect on his former ones. Theodore Hook himself, though he took the wrong path, knew and pointed out the right; while, in 'Tilney-Hall,' there are occasional bursts of earnest and reverential feeling which would surprise one who knew nothing of Hood but his 'Oddities.' It would be strange if we passed over him whose powers of description, clear insight into character, inexhaustible humour and deep pathos, are the charm of every circle where his books are to be found. One must desire for the author of 'Dombey and Son' a sterner system of religious belief, and, as its natural consequence, a truer estimate of the religious character; but he is fully alive to the responsibilities of man as a social being, and never were the charities of human life described with a warmer fervour, nor its selfishness lashed with a more unsparing hand.

But it is time to come to the works which appear at the head of this article, and which have led to the cursory remarks on works of fiction in general, and those of the present day in particular, which we have made above. We lose no time in calling the attention of our readers to these volumes, for we feel them to be as beneficial in their tendency as they are skilful in their execution. On reading the earlier works, our first impression certainly was, that the characters were developed too much in description, and too little in conversation and action. This is a common defect in new and unpractised writers. An eloquent exposition of general principles, or an acute analysis of individual motives, such as may suit a philosophical treatise rather than a breathing picture of actual life, is a ready, if not a sufficient substitute for the minute touches, the fine shades and glancing lights, which belong only to the deep observer of things as they really are, who compares the world within with

the world without. But these are the points which tell. We admire a sound philosophy, a reverential belief, a strict system of self-government, but it is when these high principles are developed in the struggle of actual life that they come closely home to our business and bosom; and, as we have said, there seemed some deficiency here in the earlier publications of this author.

The plot of 'Mount Sorel' is one of great simplicity. It is the picture of a proud, reserved, sensitive and unsocial man, absorbed in the recollections of the past, and turning away with unspeakable disgust from the new era then opening upon the world, changing all its habits, shaking all its institutions, destroying all its illusions. The time of the action is that of the first French Revolution; and the contentions which that stirring event excited, not only in general society, but in the domestic circle, are the main spring of the perplexities of the novel. This proud man has one child, a daughter, 'The Heiress of the De Veres,' the heiress of all that is left of the broad manors once possessed by her lofty and highly-descended ancestors; and in her his hopes are centered. But he has another absorbing passion. 'Mount Sorel,' once the magnificent seat of the De Veres, whose waving woods, and swelling knolls, he sees every day, and every hour, from the windows of his humbler Holnicote, had been alienated during the Great Rebellion, and the recovery of this cherished abode of former grandeur is his vision by day, and his dream by night. Circumstances seem to favour his object. The last possessor dies, and the estate is offered for sale. It has been left, to outward appearance, in such a dilapidated state by his long neglect and mismanagement, that there is no competition, and it comes within the compass of Mr. De Vere's diminished purse. His man of business, however, who is proud of his skill in driving a bargain, holds back from completing the transaction till a certain Mr. Higgins, whose attention has been most inopportunistically directed to the estate, and who has taste enough to admire its beauty, and sense enough to understand its capabilities, steps forward and anticipates the purchase. This Mr. Higgins stands out in bold contrast to the high-bred and fastidious Mr. De Vere. He is a despiser of all that is conventional and even courteous, a hater of kings and nobles, and men of family, (with a little unconfessed mortification at not being taken notice of by his aristocratic neighbour,) a corresponding member of the Jacobin-club, and in short an active and energetic leader of 'the movement.' The moral antipathies of two such characters may be easily conceived, and they would never have come in contact if it had not been for a son of Mr. Higgins, who, bearing his mother's high-born name of Vernon, has been introduced by an early friend to the family

at Holnicote, where, his origin being at first unknown, he charms the father and becomes the successful wooer of the daughter. This friend, himself the secret lover and cherished companion of the young heiress, plays a prominent part in the plot, and in fact is the narrator of the story. After some proud reluctance, Mr. De Vere consents to the marriage, and 'Mount Sorel' is again within his grasp; but the two fathers dine together, when, from a chain of accidental circumstances, both are out of humour; politics are insidiously introduced by a vulgar and insidious hanger-on of Mr. Higgins, the mine explodes, and the lovers are commanded to separate for ever. Vernon, however, is firm in his engagement. When commanded to choose between his father and his mistress, he declares for the latter. He is disinherited, and 'Mount Sorel' is again advertised for sale. But this apparent destruction of his hopes leads to their fulfilment. Mr. De Vere, though a haughty man, is not wanting in magnanimity, and overpays the lover for the loss of his estate by the offer of his daughter's hand. Mr. Higgins sends his blessing, and a splendid ring, for his future daughter-in-law, and the marriage takes place. 'Mount Sorel' comes at last into the possession of Mr. De Vere, who lives and dies there; while the young couple take up their abode at Holnicote. This is all the story, and we give it without scruple, because we think the interest of the book will not be injured by such a summary.

We extract a passage here and there, to give the reader an idea of Mr. De Vere's character.

'Mr. De Vere was a very proud, and, at the same time, a very shy man: these qualities were, at his time of day, more frequently united than they are now.

'Men lived more entirely upon their own estates, than they do at present; and did not habitually visit the capital, unless summoned by private or parliamentary business. That universal fusion of society which now takes place, and which has gone further to level distinctions, and to diminish unsocial pride, than all the legal institutions in the universe could have done—had not then generally obtained. Many country gentlemen resided, almost without interruption, at their remote country seats: tyrants, or benefactors, to the dependents around them—as the case might chance to be.

'Of these was Mr. De Vere. He disliked general society—because his pride of birth was continually *froissé* by the pretensions of those whose pretensions he never would admit; and because his constitutional shyness prevented him from finding compensation for that which he thought so disagreeable, in the pleasures of conversation and cheerful intercourse. Cheerfulness, indeed, was a word the meaning of which he did not seem to understand: he hated mirth; he was disgusted with laughter; and the free, unfettered intercourse of human beings was offensive to his taste and sense of the propriety of things Mr. De Vere was of a reserved and cold temper, but his manner was dignified in the highest degree. Every one feared him; it would be hard to say why, for his politeness was habitual; his self-command unflinching; he was rarely surprised into a rude or contemptuous expression. But we were all, in some degree, in awe of him.

As for his servants, his slightest word was law ; they served him better than any one else was served, loved him, and never left him.'

Mr. Higgins deserves to be introduced as he first appeared to the narrator at the village inn.

'I breasted the tempest for some little time, but my eyes were blinded ; so I made the best of my way, though with some little difficulty, to a small village that was scattered on both sides of the road ; and seeing the sign of the Red Lion swinging in the tempest, horse and rider stumbled, as well as they could, up to the hospitable door.

'I dismounted, flung my bridle to the red-haired boy who officiated as hostler, and entered the house.

'The landlord, a jolly red-faced son of the spigot, stood ready to receive me. "A desperate night, sir," said he, as the rain and hail pelted and rattled over our heads.

"I am wet through," said I, shaking the drops from my coat and hat. "Have you a parlour and a fire where I can dry my clothes, and wait till the storm is over?"

'He opened the door of a very small but neat parlour, with a casement window and a brick floor, one or two oaken chairs and a small table.

'"This is the only private room, Sir ; but we will light a fire immediately."

'A blazing fire was soon lighted. I took off my clothes ; and they were hung to dry ; mine host, from some of his stores, furnishing me with the needful to don in the mean time ; in which equipment I made a curious figure enough.

'The wind, in loud gusts, shook every casement in the house ; the rain continued to fall in torrents, and the hail-stones, as big as pigeons' eggs, made a desperate clatter. I sat by the fire, enjoying its warmth, late as was the season—it was now the month of June ; and, forgetting the tempest without, was soon lost in a young man's fond reveries. I might have sat in this way about half an hour, when I was aroused by the noise of some one stamping his feet in the passage : and the furling, as it should seem, of an obstinate umbrella, which, by the peculiar noise it made, intimated that it had done the last service it intended to perform in this world.

'The tones of a loud cheering voice might be now heard calling out, "Hallo, Landlord ! Waiter ! Boots ! Are you none of you within hearing ?" They had clustered round the kitchen fire, and the entrance of the pedestrian had been unnoticed.

'"A pretty house you keep, landlord, here. Why, I might have run away with it before any of you had heard a word. To be sure, this hail and thunder keep such a patter over our heads, that it would deafen the deuce. Well, where's your fire ?"

'"There, in the kitchen, Sir—there's a fire—or in the tap."

'"Lead away ; all's one to me."

'"Faugh, what a smell !" He seemed to have retreated after putting his nose into the kitchen. "Are you grilling iron bars ? Why, your kitchen stinks with all the abominable smells that ever were invented, man. Do you think I can eat my supper in a hole like that ?"

'The landlord did not seem exactly to know what to think of his guest. I heard him muttering something about the tap.

'"Tap !" said the other. "Ay, let's see thy tap."

'The landlord opened a door opposite to the one of my little parlour, from whence various sounds of talking and laughing had before come. There was a horrid smell of bad beer and bad tobacco issued out upon opening it.

The guest drew back again.

"Why, friend, thy tap and thy kitchen are much of a muchness. Hast thou no parlour?"

"There is a gentleman already in the parlour," said mine host.

"A gentleman! eh? 'One as rides a os'—is that it? Too good company for us foot passengers."

"Saying which he laid his hand very unceremoniously upon the door.

"The gentleman, mayhap, will not like to be disturbed, Sir," said the landlord, officiously.

"Won't he! Well, I suppose he'll say so, then.—Sir," opening the door, "a most unfortunate pedestrian implores your humanity, to shelter him under your hospitable parlour roof, from the combined effluvia of tobacco smoke, and burnt bacon, which will otherwise drive him mad."

"As the door opened, the figure of a man between forty and fifty, with a bright cheering countenance, high nose, hawk eye, coal-black curling short hair, and a figure somewhat above the middle size, presented itself. His dress looked shabby enough; a spencer which he had on, had evidently seen service, and his strong stout shoes, woollen stockings and corduroys, were of the most ordinary description. Still, the first glance assured me that he was no ordinary mortal; so I rose, and civilly advancing, told him he was welcome to "half my parlour, half my table, two-thirds of my chairs, and as much of my fire as he could get."

"Thank you, Sir," said he, and came in without further ceremony; took off his spencer, displaying a coat of very ordinary cloth, and anything but a fashionable cut; and laying in a corner a sword-cane, which he carried in his hand, took a chair, spread his knees, and rubbing them before the fire, seemed to make himself quite at home, without further ceremony.

"I was standing with a slight expectation that something of the nature of an apology on his part, for intrusion, &c. &c., and, "O! don't think of it," on mine, was to pass between us; but I found nothing of the sort was intended; so I, too, took a chair, and sat down opposite to my very unceremonious guest.

"Puzzling myself with the idea that I had somehow or somewhere seen that face, or heard that voice, before, or something like it—in a dream, perhaps—for the more I looked at him, the less did he resemble any one I had ever known. He was anything but an ordinary looking being; he was a very handsome man. His features well defined, his nose high, his mouth small, his teeth remarkably beautiful; and that fine small advancing chin which gives so much resolution and decision to the countenance; his hawk, penetrating, quick eye, I have already mentioned; it was black, and particularly expressive; his admirably-formed head was, as I have said, covered with short close curling hair; his figure might have been thought square, but it was from the breadth and strength displayed in his chest and shoulders; for he was spare, and his waist remarkably small and well-defined for a man of his apparent age; his limbs were sinewy, and promised at once strength and activity; his hands and feet were remarkably well-made and small.

"A more completely handsome middle-aged man I thought I had never seen, and he looked like a gentleman, too, in spite of the coarseness of his garments, the roughness of his tones, and his evident indifference to the choice of his expressions."

The first meeting of Mr. De Vere and Mr. Higgins after the lovers are affianced, is well executed.

"Is Mr. De Vere at home?" halloos Mr. Higgins from his whiskey.

"I believe so, Sir," bows the butler.

"Mr. Higgins and Mr. Perrott. Send some one, if you please, to hold my horse."

'At the name the folds of the door fly open, and the gentlemen enter the low dark hall of Holnicote. Low and dark was the hall; but there was a certain dignity in the whole aspect of things, which struck our two Jacobins equally, though in a very different manner. Mr. Higgins was pleased with the impression he received; and rough and negligent as were his own habits, he began to feel a secret pride in the elegant appointments of his new connexion.

'But Mr. Perrott felt altogether uncomfortable; there was something in what he saw around him to which he was little accustomed, and the contrast with his own appearance and habits secretly mortified him. Abash him it could not—nothing could abash that forehead of brass; but he felt something that in a slight degree resembled a feeling of humiliation, and he prepared himself to hate, with more than his usual acrimony, the insolent aristocrat who presumed to be so much more refined and polished than his far more intrinsically valuable self. And he followed in considerable ill-humour the quiet and respectful gentleman in livery, through the hall and along the passage which led to the morning room.

'“Mr. Higgins and Mr. Perrott.” The door opened and they entered.

'The ladies were at work; Clarice, as usual, embroidering her mother's screen; Mr. De Vere thrown back in a fauteuil, reading the newspaper; and I lounging on a distant sofa, imagining that I was studying Helvetius. The whole apartment presented the very picture of ease and elegance united; a habit of life unnoted by those accustomed to it, but which produces so much effect upon the imagination of those habituated to ways rougher and less refined.

'Fancy the handsome apartment, the furniture in the best style of Louis Quinze; the delicate and soft figure of Mrs. De Vere in her grey pearly silk dress, and fine Mechlin laces, sitting upon her settee; near her, Mrs. Fermor in her black dress, contrasting with the fair girl who sat at some little distance bending over the rich colours of her embroidery, dressed in white with sundry pretty knots of blue ribands, and her long hair, as it was then the fashion to wear it, hanging in soft waves and ringlets round her; at her feet, upon a crimson cushion, her little dog, Frisk, fast asleep. Could any picture of still life be prettier? the light upon it mellowed, as it fell through the green embowered and high narrow windows.

'The quick eye of Mr. Higgins took in all its beauty at a glance, as the opening door disclosed it.

'“Mr. Higgins and Mr. Perrott;” and the gentlemen entered the room.

'First came Mr. Higgins; a fine tall, slender figure, with his curling raven hair, his hawk eye and hawk nose, his lips a little drawn up, and his well-advanced, well-charactered chin; his dress simple, not to say neglected, yet far from slovenly; he looked the model of a high-spirited tribune of the people. Behind him shuffled Perrott, short, slovenly, sinister-looking;—the one in high good humour, the other very much the reverse.

'Mr. de Vere rose from his chair, and, advancing with that fine manner which distinguished him, held out his hand to Mr. Higgins, and a cordial salute passed between the gentlemen of opposite sides of the water. Then Mr. de Vere presented Mr. Higgins to Mrs. de Vere, and then to “my daughter,” who, blushing deeply, made a somewhat shy, but very graceful and dignified courtesy to her future father-in-law. Mrs. Fermor was next introduced as “our very valued friend;” and then Mr. Higgins begged leave to present to Mr. de Vere a very worthy friend of his, Mr. Perrott, who made a half sullen, half awkward bow. And then I rose and shook Mr. Higgins by the hand, who in a tone somewhat less subdued than those rally to be heard in that parlour, expressed his pleasure at seeing me out again; and with, “Edmund, I must introduce you to this estimable

citizen friend of mine," made Mr. Perrott and me acquainted. Then we all sat down, and seemed, all things considered, pretty well at ease.

'The great politeness of Mr. de Vere's manner, it was true, did set every one at ease to a certain degree; but it at the same time acted as a restraint. Mr. Higgins seemed to feel the ease, and, in some slight degree, the restraint; but he was evidently much pleased with Mr. de Vere, and troubled himself little whether Mr. de Vere was pleased with him. Still, as was seen in the course of the conversation that ensued, he did not talk with his usual dictatorial carelessness, but seemed rather to avoid touching upon any subject which might not be altogether pleasant to his host. He looked, as he in truth was, charmed with the appearance of the sweet young *fiancée*; and, sitting down in the chair offered to him with an air of much satisfaction, he began to address himself to the ladies, and to converse very agreeably.

'He had, indeed, too much sense, too much native good taste, not to be extremely well-pleased with all that he saw; and the interest and satisfaction which he felt animated him in a way to make him more than usually pleasant.

'Meanwhile Mr. de Vere, Mr. Higgins, and the ladies, kept up a general conversation, strictly confined to topics of that harmless nature which even in those times—when it was almost impossible to utter an opinion without coming in collision with that of your neighbour—could by possibility scandalize no one. They talked of the beauty of the day, the charms of the fading year, the loveliness of the walks and rides in the neighbourhood; upon which last subject Mr. Higgins showed so much taste and knowledge, that it was obvious he had perambulated the whole country, both on horse-back and on foot, till not a nook or corner of it had been unvisited; and he described what he had seen with that plain, unstudied eloquence of description, which used to give so much charm to Cobbett's "Rural Rides."

'You fell in love with two old oak-trees, a swinging sign-post, and a horse-trough, when his pencil painted it. There is an inexhaustible charm and interest about the conversation of men gifted with this species of eloquence. Mr. de Vere, it was plain, was once more subjugated by a fascination the most unexpected; and it is impossible to tell you how much the leveller, Mr. Higgins, was secretly flattered by perceiving the power he was exercising over the imagination of the haughty aristocrat, the man he had hitherto contemplated with a mixture of defensive pride and aversion, looking upon him as one who would never consider or treat him upon those terms of equality which he regarded as his due.

'He had expected haughtiness, he met urbanity; he had looked for supercilious indifference to him and to his opinions, and he found the most agreeable reciprocation of ideas; he was far more gratified than he would have cared to confess. His eye, too, was perpetually glancing at the lovely blushing creature, who, her head bent over her frame, scarcely joined in the conversation; and the undisguised admiration which that eye expressed could not but gratify both the parents in return. There is a little foolish weakness in every parent's heart, let him be as cold, stern, and impassible as he may. As for Clarice, she thought Mr. Higgins quite delightful. With her innate love of nature in all its forms, his animated descriptions—the sympathies he betrayed with every living creature of the wilds, be it hawk, squirrel, blackbird, otter, or owl—his love of crystal pebbly brooks—of springing trout and honeysuckle hedges—of green over-arched lanes—mountain lakes and heathy commons,—all found a response in her imagination.'

We are not, we confess, quite as well pleased with 'Father Darcy' as with 'Mount Sorel.' It is a tale of the Gunpowder Plot, a tale of jesuitical influence, reckless madness, and atro-

cious guilt; relieved, indeed, by occasional gleams of tenderness and piety, but leaving a painful sense of dissatisfaction on the mind. There are striking descriptions and vivid delineations of character; but if they lay hold of the imagination, they do not deeply touch the heart. We doubt if the historical novel is ever so effective as a tale of domestic life. It seems to need the master-hand of Scott to unite the charm of fiction with the severity of truth. We pass over the more ambitious scenes of the work, and extract a few of the portraits, which are sketched with much fidelity and effect. The scene is at court—the court of the Maiden Queen. She herself is first described.

‘There was a royal *fête* going on in the splendid halls of the Palace of Old Westminster. . . .

‘The vast room was crowded with gay and splendid groups, such as long had adorned the court of that brave old queen.’

‘She sat at the head of the apartment, upon a costly carved chair, covered with cloth of gold, elevated upon a dais, and under a splendid canopy, looking like an aged lion, whose spirit and courage yet remained unextinguished, in spite of the wrinkles of age, and the inroads of time and care.

‘And yet, those who had loved—and many there were who had truly and deeply loved—that great, though faulty woman, might discern an expression upon her face which it was painful to consider too attentively; for the high-spirited, courageous, yet fresh and cheerful countenance, had been exchanged for one where anxiety was mingled with what might almost be called fierceness. The red eye glared, the mouth was stern and resolved, the whole air told the tale of that long contention with insidious and secret foes, and unsparing open enemies, which had embittered the last twenty years of her life. . . . The blood, too, of many she had personally known, and of some whom she had personally loved, which had been shed upon the scaffold, laid heavy at her heart. She had suffered deeply, as her waverings and irresolutions prove, before she could bring herself to sign the sentences; and she had, perhaps, taken refuge in the endeavour to render herself insensible to the dreadful subject, and thus to preserve the equilibrium of her too excitable mind; but such a resource against the stings of regret, it may be of remorse, infallibly tends to harden the character.

‘Yet there she sat, gorgeously attired, glittering with jewels, and every inch a queen—filled as that chamber was with men of all descriptions, of differing religions, of various political opinions, and of conflicting interests, few among them all, we might almost say scarce one, but revered in heart that aged monarch; few, we might almost say not one, but would have drawn his sword to defend her.

‘No longer mingling in the galliard, and dancing, high and disposedly, herself; there she sat; still surrounded by her troops of gallant favourites—the wise, the beautiful, the able, and the good; for among such were her favourites chosen.’

Robert Catesby and the saint-like Grace Vaux are thus strongly contrasted.

‘There are two people sitting upon that low seat—a gentleman and a young lady. . . . He is, perhaps, scarcely what you would call young—he may be eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age; he is somewhat above the middle stature, with thick dark brown hair, closely cut, waving rather than

curling round his head. His features are rather of the ordinary stamp, neither very handsome, nor the contrary; but there is something in the expression of both face and figure which no one can pass by without noticing.

'There is an energy of thought, a vehemence, a passion, a resolution and force of character, displayed in the whole outward man, which cannot be mistaken or overlooked. The dark eye melts and flashes—is ardent, is impassioned, is stern, is almost cruel, by turns; and yet there is a depth of sensibility when it expresses the softer feelings, which steals into the very heart of those he loves, and excites in return an affection that is almost incredible, such is its intensity. He is born to exercise the most extraordinary and romantic influence over the circle in which he moves, for he is devotedly, he is immeasurably beloved by his intimates and friends. To the world in general he has been, till of late, little known, and that chiefly as the wildest among the most boisterous of his age—as the most reckless of revellers, the most enterprising of brawlers, the most exaggerated in every extravagance, the most unrestrained in every licence—at the tavern, at the tennis, at the theatre, at the gaming-table, at the banquet, at the masque, who so wild, so excited, so intoxicated as he?

'The lady who sits by him is attired in fair white satin, with a fall, as it was called, of the richest Flanders lace; and her fine natural hair drawn up, and dressed according to the fashion of the day, yet with a certain pure and beautiful simplicity, which, indeed, characterises her whole appearance. Her features are of the most exquisite delicacy of outline; it is a face such as Raphael would have chosen as a model for the Virgin Mother; but there is, if possible, something still less of the woman, and still more of the angel, than even his divine imagination has painted. The transparent whiteness of her fair skin is scarcely tinted by the slightest blush of colour, but is relieved from insipidity by a certain holy darkness that surrounds her eyes; her expression is calm, rather than serene. Indeed, a shade of melancholy, and lines which bespeak firmness and determination of character, may be detected under the tranquil stillness of her deportment.'

Father Darcy, also, or rather, Father *Garnet*, appears first at this royal fête.

'At last, a gentleman of the middle age, and of a remarkably pleasing aspect, entered: he was dressed in a most elegant and expensive manner, his white satin vest and cloak embroidered with gold and pearls, and his soft curling fair hair was arranged with almost feminine nicety: his dress was delicately perfumed, as were his fine embroidered white gloves, with some of those rare and exquisite perfumes then so much esteemed. . . . He had, indeed, quite an air of studied elegance, and his delicate complexion and peculiarly sweet blue eye rendered his appearance extremely agreeable; he was a little too much *embonpoint*, perhaps, to be perfectly handsome, and his countenance might have seemed to some too soft and languid; it carried a certain appearance of indolence, and of a negligent and indifferent temper.

'There was, likewise, an indescribable something, slow, almost cautious, in his manner of speaking, which to a nice critic would not have been engaging; but they were not very nice critics in that day.

'He approached the place where the fair votary sat retired, and, with a certain air of assured welcome, placed himself by her side.

'She did not start, or betray the slightest degree of surprise or emotion as he did so, but raising her eyes, fixed them upon him without speaking, only acknowledging his presence by a slight, almost imperceptible, move of the head. She then resumed her former attitude, again casting her eyes

upon the ground. He rested his head upon his white-gloved hand, gazed upon her in silence for a second or two, which gaze she received without seeming to notice it.

'At last, in a very soft insinuating tone of voice, he said, "And who must not rejoice to see the fairest Grace Vaux in this scene of pleasure?"

"I am here," said she, without turning her head or raising her eyes from the floor, "as one in a strange place."

"What place upon this dark and troubled earth but must seem strange to the denizen of heaven?" said he, in a low voice; "and yet, as the angels at times descend and visit this sphere upon their holy purposes, so the virgin saint of Harroden Magna has done well to be here."

'She only answered with an almost imperceptible sigh; and he, his head still resting upon his hand, continued to gaze upon her.

'After a second silence of considerable length, he began again in the same calm, low, unaccented tone: "Yet this must needs be a strange spectacle for one whose eyes have been purged by a drop of that precious herb which destroys the vain enchantment of the outward seeming, and shows us things as in truth they are."

'She cast those clear, bright orbs full upon him, turning slowly, like the wheel of a planet. Their dark splendour almost dazzled him.

"It is" was all she answered.

"The Hall of Eblis. . . ."

'It dropped from his lips so softly, that she could but just hear the words.

"You have read the legend?" he went on, in his ordinary and low tone of voice; "if not, it were a legend worth the perusal, for it is grand and it is terrible. There sits he, the damned monarch of that mighty crew, gorgeous in gold and crimson, pearl and princely gems. . . . the floor of hell is paved with gold and gems, fair creature. . . . And there those cursed and most miserable spirits are crowding and clustering, all decked and disened out. . . . Smiles are on their lips—the glitter of sin is in their eye . . . and in their hearts . . . *hell fire!*"

'At that very moment, the Earl of Essex was presenting Mr. Darcy to Queen Elizabeth.

'Robert and Grace Vaux exchanged glances of astonishment. Even the spirited young man felt as if there was something almost magnificent in the daring deceptions of Mr. Darcy. As he sat watching the insinuating air of politeness and calm dignity which that gentleman assumed, upon this his first interview with the mighty Queen: as he marked the respectful deference of his manner, the reverential humility of his whole demeanour, and thought of

"What mean you, I say, to push yourselves in so horrible danger of body and soul for a wicked woman! dismissed by the vicar of Christ, her and your lawful judge—forsaken of God, who justifieth the sentence of his vicar—forsaken of all Catholic princes, whom she hath injured intolerably—forsaken of divers lords, knights, and gentlemen of England! What will ye answer to the Pope's lieutenant, when he shall charge you with the crime of doing suit and service to an heretical pretended Queen against Christ's vicar?"

'Words—which that very day, in secret conference, Robert had heard fall from the lips of Mr. Darcy. There was that, unhappily, in the nature of Robert, which responded to everything which was bold, daring, and desperate; duplicity in a moderate degree he would have despised; but the immensity of the deceit hid from his conscience its meanness.

'He looked on, wondering and admiring.'

We extract the description of Catesby's mother, in her lonely Manor house.

'It was almost twilight in the low gloomy chamber into which I am going to introduce you. The room was hung with very dark arras, against which, as if to add to its melancholy, were suspended several pictures in the very darkest Spanish manner, and in ebony frames: representing the tortures and martyrdoms of the various saints of the Roman calendar. There was a black cloth laid over the floor, in place of the carpets which were by this time becoming pretty nearly universal; and curtains of a purple, almost approaching to black, gave a sombre richness to the apartment. A fire of immense logs of wood was smouldering upon the hearth.

'There were in the room a stern-looking lady, and two young children.

'The lady was clothed in deep mourning, and her silver hair—silvered it would seem rather before its time—was gathered under a dark hood; her dress was severe in its extreme simplicity, yet the materials were extremely rich and handsome.

'Her face had once been beautiful, in a grand and haughty style of beauty; her nose was prominent and well-outlined, her brow broad and expansive, her eyes large and serious, her mouth rigid and firm, her chin, scarcely so well pronounced as the rest of her features, straight, but well formed; the expression of her countenance at once terrible and interesting. The traces of deep ineffaceable suffering, and of anxious care, were there—which might have rendered it almost sublimely interesting, but for the stern endurance rather than patience, the deep resentment bitter and ineffaceable as had been the suffering, and the proud, haughty, un pitying expression to be read there.

'Tall and rigid in her figure; her hands thin and delicate, veined and sinewed in large knots and tendons, were clothed with a sort of black velvet mitten, which displayed one large mourning ring upon the right hand, and a small one encircling the wedding finger on the left.

'She was sitting in a large chair covered with black leather, by the side of the window, reading in a book bound, as such books then were, in black richly ornamented with gold.

'From time to time, the book, and the hand which held it, would sink into her lap—while her large melancholy eyes were fixed upon the dark heavy plumes of some immense and gloomy fir-trees swaying and heaving in the wintry wind.

'The two little children that were in the room with her were two little boys, her grandchildren. Their mother was dead; their father, the son of this lady—was Robert Catesby.'

The subterranean mass is described with much picturesque effect, and also the supper which succeeds.

'They crossed the low and irregularly shaped hall, dimly lighted by the lamp held by the old serving man; on one side of it were two very heavy low-arched iron doors, which opened upon steps leading to the vaults beneath.

'As the black depth yawned before their eyes, the poor children, relapsing into all their terrors, shrank and held back; but the lady, grasping their little hands as if in an iron vice, led them forward. Then giving the hand of the youngest to the old man, and still retaining the other in her grasp, she descended into the gloomy cavity below. One small wax candle was burning before another low door, which, opening slowly, displayed a large cellar, perfectly dark, except at the farther end, where was raised a temporary altar upon which six wax candles were burning. The desecrated crucifix—that pathetic emblem of the faith of every christian man, which priestly barbarity has rendered almost the revolting type of cruelty—stood in the centre of the altar; an image of the virgin, in silver, below,

and a few small vases filled with everlasting flowers on each side; these were the sole ornaments.

'No priest as yet appeared; but the old serving-man, relinquishing the hand of the little boy, who crept fearfully up to his grandmother, and laid hold of her gown, prepared to serve the mass, as it is called. Every part of the large cellar, except what was just within the range of the illumination from the altar, was in pitchy darkness; but in the doubtful twilight which skirted this darkness, figures of men and women might be dimly discerned, glaring like shades in the obscurity; which, however, was such, that it was impossible for any one to recognise another. The lady with the two children advanced at once into the broad light in front of the altar; she was the only person present save the old servant, that could possibly have been denounced by a secret enemy, had such been present.

'The blood of the Throckmortons ever despised danger. The lady scorned to appear to seek darkness herself, though the security of others compelled her to adopt this means of celebrating the ceremonies of her faith.

'It was a scene for a Rembrandt.

'The broad light of the holy candles fell upon the crucifix, the flowers, the silver image, and the velvet-bound mass book, all crossed and garlanded with gold; upon the rich carpet of crimson, blue, and gold, which covered the two small steps which led to the altar; upon the bending figure of the grey-haired attendant, now clad in the Levite's black dress; upon the tall dark lady, with her black hood, silver hair, and large sparkling eyes; and upon the sweet faces, shining curls, white collars, and gold and maroon dresses of the two little boys, who, pressing up against her black velvet gown, cast their bright blue eyes with mingled terror and curiosity around them.

'There was a pause of a few moments.

'Then, as if arisen from the earth, coming no one knew from whence—the priest, in his rich dress of scarlet and gold, suddenly appeared on the steps of the altar; the voice of the droning serpent was heard issuing from the darkness behind; and the mass was sung.

'The service over, there was a sort of hustled rush of garments, as of spirits sweeping by in the night-wind; the priest disappeared from before the altar in the same mysterious manner in which he had entered; another man dressed in black, the performer on the serpent probably, came forward, and every candle but one was immediately extinguished.

'The carpet on the steps was folded, the altar cleared of its ornaments, every vestige of the ceremony disappearing with the most astonishing celerity; at last the altar itself receded, and seemed to vanish into space; the steps were taken up, and nothing but the one candle remained, of what had seemed to the senses of the astonished children more like the pageant of a dream, than a substantial reality.

'Their eyes were fixed upon the candle while their little hearts beat fast with terror, panting with anxiety to leave this den of darkness; but they dared not utter a word; at last, after a few minutes had elapsed, a fresh apparition presented itself—a fair and handsome gentleman dressed in a riding dress of murrey velvet, with high boots, and a high hat, the band of which was fastened by a rich clasp of jewels and ornamented with a black feather, appeared standing upon the side of the lady, and with an air of the most insinuating respect, offering her his arm. She accepted it without hesitation; he took the hand of one little child, she of the other; lighted by the serving-man, they again traversed the vault, ascended the stairs, and entered the hall

'A large wood fire of cedar logs, then considered as the greatest of luxuries, was blazing in the open chimney; several sconces filled with wax

candles burning on all sides, filled the room with a beautiful white light, under the influence of which the rich hangings displayed their deep-toned colours to the greatest advantage. A small sideboard of chased silver and gold plate stood on one side; a small table, covered with a napkin of the most delicate whiteness, in the centre; a plate of silver and one cover was laid upon it, and on the middle of the table, as if preparatory to the coming supper, stood—a great delicacy then—a small salad, in an elegant basket of crusted silver.

‘Two arm chairs were placed by the fire, covered with dark green velvet.

‘The wind raged and roared, sweeping in gusts round the house; the rain still fell in torrents; a flash of lightning once or twice shot through the shutters of the hall, and the thunder clattered round. It was a night to enjoy the comfort of perfect security, though the tranquillity which had been lately experienced was already somewhat disturbed by the obscure rumours that were afloat; yet, upon such a night as this, most assuredly no one would come near them.

‘The gentleman cast a glance of considerable satisfaction round the apartment, and then sitting down by the fire, took off his hat and displayed a head well covered with fine brown curls, and the regular features and remarkable blue eye of Mr. Darcy, *alias* Farmer, *alias* Whalley, *alias* Garnet.’

We say nothing of the *plot*, or the catastrophe, which is matter of history, and need not be detailed here.

Neither ‘Mount Sorel,’ nor ‘Father Darcy’ had prepared us for the finished excellence of ‘Emilia Wyndham,’ which goes far, in our opinion, towards realizing the idea of a perfect novel. Its conception is new and striking; its characters are strongly marked and consistently sustained, and they are developed in conversation and action rather than in description. The book is full of amusing pictures of life and manners, while it lays open the deepest feelings of the mind and heart. The interest never flags, and yet the narrative is always simple, natural, and *vraisemblable*. The catastrophe is highly effective, and the impression left upon the mind is at once soothing and salutary. The plan of the work is both new and bold, and could only have been conceived by one of conscious powers as well as right intentions; who could dare to run counter to received opinions and wonted sympathies. It would not be fair, either to the writer or the reader, to lessen the interest felt in the first perusal of such a work, by entering into a detail of the story. We shall confine ourselves to selecting such scenes as may afford a fair specimen of the author’s ability. We introduce the hero, Mr. Danby, Mr. Wyndham’s *man of business*.

He is receiving the summons of Emilia in the hour of her perplexity and distress.

‘Amidst a heap of letters, a small one, written upon delicate satin paper, and directed in a beautiful female hand, but which had evidently trembled a good deal in the writing it, was presented to him. Mr. Danby turned the letter about between his finger and thumb, looking at it with that kind of curiosity with which a naturalist might be supposed to examine some

curious and delicate shell, and then, with a sort of peevish expression of contempt, threw it down upon the table, and took up those letters of a more important size and business-like aspect which lay before him.

‘Still, while he opened the first long folio sheet which presented itself, his eye continued fixed upon the little, delicate, and sweetly-scented missive, and, turning it round to look at it again, he perceived that it had a very small black seal: he held the seal somewhat curiously to his eye, and he then thought that he had seen that beautiful antique seal once before, upon occasion of his taking up a note by mistake, which was lying upon a certain drawing-room table in the country, at a certain gentleman’s house. He recollected it directly, but not the sooner did he open the letter.

‘He laid it carefully on one side, and very conscientiously, or, rather, like the truest epicure, opened and read every one of the numerous missives around him before—I will not say before he touched it again—for he could not forbear taking it up from time to time, while thus employed, and looking at it.

‘At last he laid it down upon a small folded sheet of writing-paper, which by this time was anything but white—(the flowers she had given him were in it)—and continued to attend to what he was about.

‘At length all the letters were read, properly arranged, and laid one upon another methodically, and then he took up the little letter for the last time.

‘The sudden start that he made as he read it—the colour that flushed up into his pale cheek—the flashing of his eye—the smile of sweetness that came over that thin, sardonic mouth!—you should have beheld.

‘It was really touching to see the emotion that shook every nerve in this dry, insensible man.

‘He laid the letter upon the table—bent down—read it again—and then—oh, smile not, youth or beauty, in contempt!—this grave, aged, business-like, withered man, raised the morsel of insensible paper, and pressed it to his lips with rapture. I am almost ashamed to betray him—I feel that there is something sacred in such a love in such a breast—something pathetic in this sweet spring of tenderness welling up in a desert such as this!—something most piteous in feelings excited so sadly too late!—something lamentable in such a passion, that can never, never meet return.

‘But he did not think of any return. His ecstasy at receiving such a summons from the being whom he had never for one moment forgotten, was something too supreme for expression. Words it, of course, would never find with him. He shuffled away his papers—rose from his chair—hurried out of his room—locked his door—called his clerk, who officiated as man-servant, told him to order a chaise and four horses for Hounslow immediately, and then shuffled hastily into his own room, and began to pack his portmanteau, much in the fashion of the man who emptied his drawers into a sheet, and pushed it into his portmanteau.’

If it were not too long, we should like to transcribe the whole of their first interview, which strikes us as being most effective; but we must be contented with a few extracts.

‘She had not yet assumed her mourning, but was in a pale lilac muslin morning-gown, with a good deal of white about it. He did not know what it was, but it looked to him like the colour of the dove’s wing. She looked deathly pale,—more than pale, sallow; her beautiful rosy colour, which had seemed to him like the waxen cup of the rose she had given him, all fled—her animated eye was grave and anxious—her bright hair as hanging *discoloured* (?) round her face.

‘Such was the change! Such was the beautiful half-cherub—half-angel

—goddess—Hebe—Flora—as he might have called her, had his vague imagination taken words—of his dreams. Such was she become.

‘Was he disappointed?’

‘No.’

‘There is something to the heart of man yet dearer, when the divinity of his imagination—the bright goddess of his thoughts—something too radiant and beautiful for real life—is presented, after all, but as the tearful, suffering daughter of clay.’

‘He could have fallen at her feet, and wrapped his arms about her knees in silent adoration! And what did he do? He looked excessively ugly, excessively shy, and excessively awkward—his head more uncouthly carried, his arms more dangling, his knees more in, his gait more shuffling than ever—as he moved forward and met the hand extended to him, while a smile of grateful pleasure, like the gleam of the sun upon a dreary winter day, just lighted for a moment her countenance.’

‘His extreme shyness and awkwardness were a relief to her; she had felt a little afraid when first he was announced, and, had not her feelings already mounted so high, would have come down to the interview with this clever man of business with all the trepidation that girls of her age are accustomed to feel at the idea of meeting those awful personages, middle-aged men—men of high standing in the estimation of other men.’

“‘I am deeply, deeply obliged to you, Mr. Danby,” she began, in a voice of much feeling, while he held the hand she had given to him; “I cannot express to you how much I feel this act of kindness. I ought to make many, many apologies for presuming so far upon a gentleman on whose consideration I had not the slightest claim, but the excessive distress and perplexity of my present situation, my total ignorance of business, my uncle’s most unfortunate absence, and—and—and—”

‘But here her voice began to falter.’

‘He could have listened to her for ever, as she ran on in this way in a fluttered, hurried voice. He never thought of stopping her by the usual assurances; he kept holding her hand, his eyes bent upon it, for he had not courage to raise them further, drinking in, with a sort of exquisite delight, the tones of her sweet, harmonious voice.’

‘The trembling and faltering—like the breaking of pebbles in a clear, flowing stream—awakened him from his ecstatic reverie; he lifted up his head, and said abruptly, and somewhat roughly—

“‘Yes, yes—I know—”

‘He only thought of preventing her from entering upon a painful subject; but the tone startled and checked her.’

‘She withdrew her hand, and was silent.’

“‘I mean,” he said, stammering and confused, “I mean that I am truly sorry for you, and I wish—I mean I hope—I haven’t offended you,” he added, going close up to her, and in a most beseeching tone of voice.

“‘Oh no! far from that,” she replied, recovering herself. “Will you not be seated, Mr. Danby, and take some breakfast?” she then asked, with her hand upon the bell. “Excuse me, I believe I am very nervous to-day.”

“‘You look very ill, indeed,” said he; “I never saw any one so much changed in my life. I am afraid you have suffered greatly, you look so very, very ill.”

“‘Do I, indeed?” said she, and she could scarcely suppress a slight smile at his simplicity; but even that little smile did her good. “I have, indeed, had cause—”

‘She is sitting there making his tea, and, for the first moment since her mother’s death, swallowing hers with a feeling of refreshment; she cannot yet eat, but the tea is doing her infinite good.’

'He is drinking the tea she pours out for him, and it is as the nectar of the gods; but, to win heaven, neither could he, at that moment, have eaten a morsel.

"I am afraid there is nothing that you like, Sir," she said politely, and anxiously; "is there anything you are in the habit of taking that we can get for you?"

"No, thank you, Ma'am—pray don't—don't speak of it. One other cup of tea, and then, you will excuse me, but"—the sound man of business was now beginning at last to make his voice heard, and to silence that of the man of passion—"the sooner you put me into possession of the matters on which I understand you desire my advice, the better. If I comprehend the purport of the letter with which you were pleased to honour me, there is an execution out against your father, and the bailiffs are in the house. They cannot have taken him into custody?"

'She shrank a little at the word, and the somewhat harsh tone of voice in which this last was delivered. Mr. Danby, once engaged in business, was himself again; his countenance as hard, his tone as dry, his eye as cold and piercing.

"No," she said, shuddering; "but, if I understand the man rightly, who came first, he would have been—would be—if he were not at this moment so frightfully ill; and oh, Sir," and she began to feel very much afraid again of this cold, penetrating face of business—"his affairs!"

"Are in the worst of all possible messes," said he. "I anticipated this, Miss Wyndham; and, when I was last here, pointed out to your father what I thought the only course that could possibly save him from utter destruction. My advice was not received in the spirit in which it was given—or rather, there are some characters so hopelessly weak, and so recklessly self-indulgent, that there is no stopping them, while a penny is to be obtained, by fair means or foul. I wish the means adopted by that vile, shuffling rascal, Rile, for supplying Mr. Wyndham with money, may not have been as dishonest and dangerous as the purposes on which it was squandered were childish and ridiculous."

'She was almost petrified at this sudden and rude attack; but the manner in which he spoke of her father before her face roused her indignation, and she could not help saying, "My father may have deserved censure—I cannot be a judge; but before his daughter, at least, I might have hoped he would have been spared."

"Spared!" said he; "from what I saw of his proceedings while I was here, I think his conduct to *you*, and to your mother, the most infamous part of these shameful proceedings. To think of his robbing you both in this inexcusable manner!"

'She was at a loss for words to reply.

'His eyes had been bent upon the carpet while he was speaking; engrossed with his own thoughts, and, according to his usual habit, soon entirely lost to the world about him, he had not the slightest perception of what she was feeling—of the pain, distress, and terror now visible in her countenance. The idea of exposing her father's affairs to so rude and terrible a judge began to be insupportable. At last he looked up, but even then was far from perceiving how hurried she was. He said:

"We had better not lose any time;" and he looked at his watch. "Let me see Mr. Wyndham's papers, and form some estimate of the position of things. I dare say the whole are in the most unpardonable confusion, but some ideas may be gathered from them."

"I do not know," she began, hesitating, colouring, and the tears beginning to cloud into her eyes, "I begin to think, perhaps, that I have right—I don't know whether I ought to unlock my father's private papers, display his papers, his affairs, to a—a—stranger."

"Why did you send for me, then?" said he, rudely, for he felt offended.
 "I mean—I don't know"—all her confidence in him was now lost—"I don't know what I ought to do. My perplexities, my difficulties, only increase!" and the tears stood in her eyes, but they did not fall.

He looked at her and was again charmed and softened, though not in the slightest degree aware of the cause of this sudden change in her resolution. He attributed it to a very prudential and proper repugnance to giving up such important things as papers without a proper authority; to such a rational difficulty and view of things he was quite sensible, so, laying his hand upon the table, he said in a calm and steady voice:

"Your dislike to surrender your father's papers to the inspection of a stranger, without his authority, is perfectly just and reasonable; and, under any circumstances, as a *stranger* I could not so receive them; but, if I understood the purport of your letter, you summoned me here as a *friend*—as a *friend* I came—as a *friend* I am ready to offer any advice and assistance in my power. Surely, Miss Wyndham," and a faint colour suffused even his pale cheek, "Miss Wyndham cannot believe that I would make any unworthy, any dishonourable use of her confidence."

He sat down, and began inventorizing, examining, and noting, and was soon lost in business; this habit, which had become a second nature, of giving his whole attention to what he was about, rendering him soon insensible to the presence of any one else in the room.

He had sat in this way for a considerable time, she standing by the fire playing with a stick of sealing-wax, and impatiently waiting for a sentence of intelligence or for one of dismissal; but he never lifted up his head, or took the slightest notice of her. At last, she became quite anxious to go to her father's room, and she ventured to step to his side, and to say, "Can I be of any service!"

He started at the voice, and looked suddenly up. It was like an apparition; in the midst of his pre-occupation, her image, at any time suddenly presented, would have sent the blood to his heart. The impression wore off, as you have seen, when they had been long together, but its effect, as I have said, suddenly presented, was irresistible. A strange unwonted expression was in his eye.

"I haven't been keeping you standing here, I hope, have I?" he asked, looking rather hurried and confused. "No, I shall not want you at present—I have not done examining the papers. I will send you word when I have done."

"I am wanted in my father's room; if you will please to ring the bell, and summon me, I shall be at your service, Sir, at any moment."

"Very well;" and, letting her open the door for herself, he resumed his examination, while she went up to her father.

The scenes of Mr. Danby's rejection, and his *enforced* acceptance afterwards, and the description of Emilia's mind gradually growing into a state of true conjugal love for her husband, are very powerful; but our limits prevent us from inserting them, as we are aware the 'Emilia Wyndham' has been for some time in possession of many of our readers. Before, however, we take leave of Emilia Wyndham, we will specify what seems to us an error in this otherwise most perfect delineation. She had the key to her husband's character, though she did not fully enter into all its sensitiveness and morbid suspicion, and she should not have suffered the slightest reserve of communication to exist between them. An early and full development of all

her relations with Lisa and her husband would have set everything right at once, and the subsequent misery would have been spared. But there, it may be said, would have been an end of the novel; and in this there may be some truth, yet Sheridan Knowles, in one of his interesting plays, 'The Wife,' has produced an effect as new as it is pleasing, by making the husband and wife act with common sense. We think, moreover, that Mr. Danby's tenderness and magnanimity, which are represented all along as mere Pagan qualities, (for he is confessedly an open contemner of all religious observances,) should have been purified and exalted at last by Christian principle. He should have been won 'by the chaste conversation of his wife, coupled with fear.' Such may have been the intention of the author, but it is not expressed.

'Norman's Bridge' appears to us in no respect inferior to 'Emilia Wyndham,' though we do not expect that readers in general will coincide with our opinion. Its aim is sterner, its execution more severe, and the interest which it excites rather painful than pleasing; but the characters are well conceived and boldly drawn, the situations striking and effective, and the descriptions equal, if not superior, to any that can be found in the former work. There are few whom the catastrophe will not disappoint; we doubt if we should have had courage ourselves thus to end the book; but the author, or rather authoress, (for, in spite of some disquisitions which seem to belong rather to the sterner sex, we are well assured that these interesting and powerful Novels are the production of a woman,) is right. It would certainly have left a more soothing impression upon the mind, if the family of the excellent Lord Strathnaer had not been driven from their home, and the rich affections of the noble-minded Joan had not been lavished in vain upon the equally noble-minded Edward; but the lesson of the whole book would have been lost. That lesson is the gradual development of the principle of covetousness, the gradual induration of a not unfeeling heart under its baneful influence, till humanity, gratitude, and even natural affection are alike forgotten, till character is ruined and happiness wrecked. The prize is, indeed, obtained to its fullest extent, but the wealth, which 'The Modern Midas' has accumulated at the expense of all that can make life valuable, is fertile of evil but powerless in producing good. The growing unworthiness of the object of her devoted love extinguishes by degrees the long-enduring tenderness of the faithful and self-denying wife. The heiress of all that wealth is doomed to wear away her existence in the solitude of her lofty halls, wounded in her affections though exempted from any in her duties. The wretched victim of his own avarice

sits an isolated and despised being in the midst of his boundless hoards, no kindness exercised, no restitution made, nothing left to soothe his mind, or soften his heart, at the hour when all for which he has hitherto lived is passing away. We make no abstract of the story, which is simple almost to baldness. The interest lies in the characters and in some of the detached scenes. The *acquisitiveness* of Michael, 'The Modern Midas,' is painted with equal truth and force; and is strikingly contrasted with the noble disinterestedness, and the deep but unostentatious piety of his wife. The kind-hearted Lord and Lady Strathnaer, the petulant but generous Edward, the plain and heavy-looking, but intellectual and high-souled Joan, (the latter in particular,) are drawn with masterly precision, and even the foolish mother and dogged father find their appropriate places in the group. There is an idiot, or almost idiot brother of Edward, the eldest son of Lord Strathnaer, of whom we suspect the authoress intended at first to make more. He does good service in the earlier scenes of the novel, and never appears afterwards without touching effect; but we gradually lose sight of him as we draw near the conclusion. There is a striking episode in the earlier portion of the work, which paints with terrible effect the temporal and spiritual wretchedness of some of our manufacturing population. We could wish to believe that the picture is over-charged, but we fear that it is an 'o'er true tale.' We will now transcribe one or two scenes, which, we think, will gratify the reader, and give, at the same time, a fair specimen of the work.

Michael, who has become a cornfactor, and traded in the miseries of his wretched neighbours during the famine of 1800, has been torn from his house by the infuriated mob, and thrown from 'Norman's Bridge' into the river. His rescue by Lord Strathnaer is thus vividly and touchingly described:—

'The High-street led direct to the bridge. It was narrow; but the crowd streamed down it, forced Michael upon the bridge—upon the battlements!—A loud, wild huzza!—"Drown him!—drown him! Throw him into the river to search for his musty corn!" He is raised high in the air by the arms of two or three herculean, half-drunken draymen. Another loud shout, and they hurl him in.

'At that moment a shriek, shrill and piercing, rang down the street. The very mob was struck by it. There was a moment's pause;—a moment of compunctious silence.

'The loud shriek of the agonizing wife, as she witnessed the spectacle from the top of the High-street, had found a way to every heart.

"He's gone, however," said one or two, as they hung over the battlements of the bridge, and looked down into the water.

'They were all too much engaged to observe what next approached.

'Suddenly there was another cry—"The soldiers!—the soldiers are upon us!"

‘Through the bushes and osiers which clothed the opposite banks, the bright scarlet uniforms and glowing brass of the plumed helmets of a detachment of the County Fencibles, were seen galloping down. They were headed by Lord Strathnaer, mounted upon a magnificent black horse. They approached the bridge.

‘There was a loud, shrill cry of defiance from the crowd, and a shower of stones greeted Lord Strathnaer as he came on; but the men, their sabres drawn and carbines loaded, advanced steadily, with all the courage—and proudly we may add, with all the humanity and forbearance—which distinguish the English soldier upon those trying occasions

‘The mob, though insolent at first, showed, as usual, the white feather, when opposed to a regular, well-disciplined force, as the soldiers, in close order, making their fine horses curvet and prance in what seemed a very formidable though a very harmless manner, and waving their sabres over their heads, rapidly bore down upon the bridge.

‘Curses and abuse were now exchanged for screams and shrieks of women and cries of men. There was a general rush towards the town;—the populace, like a flock of sheep, fled in one mass to the opposite end of the bridge, and thence to the bank above. Here they turned and confronted their adversaries.

‘But not all the force of the crowd, pouring down in an opposite direction, could arrest the progress of the wife, in the vehemence of her despairing agony, as, followed by her friend and her son, she rushed madly forwards. All her usual calmness and self-possession (*were*) exchanged for the wild energy of passion, as, screaming out, “Oh, save him! save him!” arms stretched out, and hair streaming from her cap, she rushed like one distracted down the bank and upon the bridge.

“Oh, save him! save him! I see him!—I see him!”

“Who?—what?—where?” cried one, never deaf to the voice of human misery, Lord Strathnaer—who checked his horse, struck with the wild accents, and still wilder appearance of this agonized woman.

“There!—there! Oh, I see him!—I see him!—He is struggling for life! For the love of Heaven!”—flinging herself before Lord Strathnaer’s horse—“save him!—save my husband!”

“Where?—where?”

“In the river! There—there!” was the general cry.

‘The head of the unfortunate man was now seen just above the stream. Now it sinks—now it rises again, as he struggles for life; and the waters roll him forwards to the sea.

‘There was not a moment to be lost. A few incoherent words were enough. Lord Strathnaer turned his horse’s head, re-crossed the bridge, forced the animal down the steep bank;—a plunge—a man and horse are in the river, stemming the deep and dangerous torrent.

‘The fine black charger swam nobly. The light figure of Lord Strathnaer, in his scarlet uniform and bright helmet, was seen making way rapidly towards that small black object, which was still visible above the water. He nears it rapidly; and the spectators from the bridge, breathless with anxiety, now see the head raised higher from the water;—next, a hand and arm appear;—then, a whole body is scrambling up against the horse, assisted by the rider. It rises; it falls again with a heavy plunge. The dread silence upon the bridge,—the speechless agony with which this struggle for life was watched, is only vented in one stifled “Ah!” followed by a faint shriek, as he again falls into the water.

‘The noble horse plunges, and strikes forward boldly with his feet. Once more the head, arm, and hand appear. Lord Strathnaer is seen stooping forward towards it.

“He’ll drag him into the water. He’ll drag him in,” is the cry of the

excited spectators, who had now gathered together, and watched the scene with the most intense interest,—all their animosity against the corn-factor lost in sympathy with his generous preserver.

‘Mary could not speak; her eyes, straining from their sockets, were fixed upon the spot. She saw that figure leaning forward, seizing the outstretched hand, wavering in its saddle.

“‘He is gone! he is gone! he is gone!’” was the cry.

‘But, no, he rises again; his horse, it is evident, has found a momentary footing upon one of the numerous sand-banks in the river. The resistance thus afforded steadies the rider. He pulls—he strains—and see! see! a second figure rises again dripping from the water, with one desperate effort scrambles upon the back of the animal, and is seated safely behind the brave and generous rider.

‘A loud shout of exultation rang from the bridge and shores—as Mary, closing her eyes, sank back into the arms of her son.

‘But all is not yet safe. She recovers herself in an instant; and, again stretching over the battlements, strains her eyes towards him.

‘The river is running rapidly; and the noble black charger—who has again lost his footing—vacillates, shudders, and yields a little to the stream. With spur and voice, the brave young soldier urges and forces him forward. Dire was the contest. Now the stream rolls him forward;—now he struggles;—now he swims and approaches the bank.

“‘He is near the shore! He is near the shore!’” bursts from the multitude of voices. “‘On, brave horse. On, on! brave rider.—Noble young man. Ah! ah! he’s gone—he is gone.—No—no!’”

‘One more desperate effort—he reaches the bank. His rider urges him forward with spur and voice. One desperate strain and struggle up the precipitous side—they are safe;—and poor black Paladin falls down dying beneath them.

“‘You are safe, Sir,” said Lord Strathnaer, disengaging himself from the poor animal, and raising up Michael, who had fallen almost under him; “you are safe, God be praised!—Oh, my poor fellow! is this your reward?”

‘A loud, loud huzza rang from the bridge and shores.

‘But Lord Strathnaer heard it not. He was bending over his dying horse. That heart—so affectionate, so loving, so kind—which attached itself to all within its circle so generously and so tenderly, mourned over the animal as a man mourns over his friend.

‘In the mean time, Mary and her son, followed by the minister, had hurried to the spot, and she arrived just in time to catch her husband in her arms, as he reeled and sunk (*sank*) towards the earth.

‘The hurry, the confusion, the rude buffeting of the mob, the fall from the high bridge had completely exhausted him; the instinctive love of life had enabled him to struggle out of the water; but his brain was all in confusion. He seemed in a mazy, suffocating dream—incapable even of thanking the generous man who had risked his life to save him. He closed his eyes, staggered, and sank down as dead into the arms of his friends.

‘Mrs. Grant, as, with the assistance of John and the minister, she supported him—endeavouring vainly to raise him—turned her eyes often and wistfully towards his young preserver, who, still bending over his horse, seemed entirely occupied in the vain attempt to recal his poor favourite to life. But she could not speak; she was choked with her various emotions; and after a struggle or two for voice she gave it up, and sitting down upon the grass, motioned for her husband’s head to be laid on her lap. . . .

‘Lord Strathnaer still bending over the gasping horse, his face filled with sorrow, was as a beautiful picture, had there been any one to observe it—but there was not.

' Glancing, however, at Mrs. Grant, as she sat there, with her husband lying stretched upon the grass, he seemed to recollect himself, and leaving his dying horse, he turned to her, with the greatest kindness of look and voice, and offering his services, endeavoured to assist her in her efforts to restore animation.

' It was impossible for a human being to show more true kindness in so short a space, than in those few minutes was shown by this amiable young man.

' Animation, at length, slowly returned. Some painful gaspings, and slight convulsions, and Michael once more opened his eyes. The first object they met was the anxious, tender, though pale and aged, face of his faithful Mary. Her eyes (*were*) fixed upon him with an expression of so much sorrow—so much interest—such deep and tender love! Oh! beautiful—above all that is beautiful—is the strong, the serious, the changeless love, that has thus grown and strengthened amid the sorrows and trials of many, many years! Beautiful is that beneficent provision for the human heart—that long, long, deep, ineffaceable love, that binds still closer in the hoary winter of our days than even in the warm first bliss of life's bright spring! Oh! dear is that trust—precious that confidence—most true and real that affection, which asks no graces, no charms, no powers of intellect to please—no recompense even for its deep devotion, but that return of one other constant heart, equally disinterested and equally true.

' They did not find words, even in thought, those feelings with which Lord Strathnaer observed the exchange of deep emotion, as Michael's eyes caught those of his Mary,—at that moment so inexpressibly dear. Yes, it was beautiful! And the heart of this generous young man had not been rendered callous to such things by a life of luxury, idle dissipation, and habitual self-indulgence. He was formed to sympathise with all that was genuine; but, above all, with everything that was loving and true.'

Michael is taken to Lord Strathnaer's house, and an intimacy grows up between the two families. Joan in particular, Michael's grand-daughter, whose kind and judicious attentions had been already of essential service to the little idiot, is quite domesticated at Widdington-house. The children are brought into close and habitual contact. They even study together; for, under the tuition of Mr. M'Dougal, the presbyterian minister, who has followed the Grants from Scotland, Joan is no contemptible classic. We transcribe some beautiful scenes, which take place between her and Edward.

' There were things, which, with all her affection and good-nature, Joan would not do, even for Edward.

' The three children are now sitting alone together.

' It is a very hot August day, and the drawing-room windows are open. and the smell of the flowers, and hum of the insects, are very sweet and soothing, as the fresh wind swings the long slender branches of the *rose à mille feuilles*, which hang so lightly over the window. Granville is sitting upon the steps, trying his hand at making a boat; he, poor boy, has no Latin lesson to learn; and Joan is sitting upon a small stool upon the little platform at the top, watching now him, now Edward, who is lying extended upon the carpet, just before the window, sometimes clenching his hands in his beautiful hair, sometimes rolling impatiently round and round upon the carpet, and groaning aloud.

'He looks such a beautiful creature, even in the midst of his half real, half pretended ill-humour!

"I never shall do it, Joan, I tell you. I can't do it! It's no use talking to me—I can't do it, and won't try to do it! What's the use of trying, when I say I can't?"

"But you know very well that you can, Edward, if you will only try. If you will only read the rules carefully, you can't miss it:—I did it in that way."

"Pooh!—*you!* Oh, you're a wonder of the world, everybody knows:—like the Pyramids of Egypt, or the Tower of Pharos, in the spelling-book,—and just as old-fashioned and tiresome. At least, I'm sure I'm tired of you, Joan; for my father is always saying, 'For shame, Edward! see what Joan does!' I'm sure, I wonder I don't hate you outright, Joan," said he, raising his head suddenly from the floor, and looking up at her as he leaned upon his elbow; "I wonder I don't hate you outright, for you're made a perfect bugbear of to me;—but somehow I don't. But as for this exercise, I know it's too hard, and I can't do it; and I hate to be baffled—and I won't try!"

'And again he rolled round and round upon the floor, again clenching his hands in his locks, in a sort of comic despair.

"Oh, Edward! Edward! only try!—I will look out all the rules for you, if you will only try,—and all the words too. Shall I get the dictionary and grammar? It is getting very late; indeed it is! and Mr. M'Dougal left you this task to do before you went out to the embankment with Lord Strathnaer. . . . The second time in one week! Oh, remember your promise, Edward!"

"Promise! and promise! and that odious prig, your Mr. M'Dougal!—Ay, he's as tiresome, and more tiresome than all the rest of you put together. He's your friend, Joan, I know," seeing her look sad and vexed, as she always did when her friend was attacked; "he's your friend, so I'll say no more about him. . . . I don't want to vex or offend you . . . for, though you do know this confounded Latin, I don't hate you,—I don't indeed, Joan, though you think I do."

'A smile, or rather a sort of glow, spread over Joan's countenance, at this termination of the speech. She turned her head away to conceal her feelings; but Edward had caught a glimpse of her countenance, and he thought—even Edward thought—she looked quite pretty.

'He again raised himself up from the floor, and, shuffling along rather nearer to her, went on:—

"But, Joan, you must confess, in spite of that great wisdom above your years, which by consent of all men you possess, and which I hear talked of in the parlour till I am sick, that these holiday tasks are excessively disagreeable and tiresome things,—excessively tyrannical. . . . Not that I'm overworked, to be sure, at Eton. But, Mrs. Justice, tell me—Is it fair that one should work six times as much in the holidays as one does at school?—That is putting the cart before the horse, with a vengeance!"

'She was still silent.

"Sometimes,"—this was said to make her speak,—"I'm resolved not to submit to it."

"Oh, Edward! Edward! Remember your father and your mother,—how anxious they are! How pleased they would be, if they should ever see you—as I am sure I believe they will see you—a great and clever man!"

"Well, I love my mother excessively, and so all the fellows I know, do:—but I do love so my father! Do you know, Joan," making his way, shuffling along the ground, till he was quite at her feet, "I love my father with a feeling that seems to me quite different from all other boys I see. . . . But then, my father—what a man he is! Was there ever so fine, so beau-

tiful, so clever a young man, as my father?—who, instead of living as many other men of his age and rank do, down at Newmarket, or at Melton, or in their clubs, or yachting, or going about pleasuring by themselves, stays at home, living with mamma and us children, just as if he were a hedger and ditcher . . . I, who have seen the world, Joan, wonder at my father in a way you, a mere country girl, can't understand. I dare say now, Joan, you often think I am too thoughtless to make reflections and comparisons of any kind;—but I ain't. I hear other boys talk at Eton, and know what a father I've got."

'She now turned her head towards him, and looked down upon him as he lay there at her feet, resting his cheek upon his hand, and looking up as he spoke.

'She looked down upon him with such a tender, serious expression of approbation and affection, that Edward cried out:—

"I declare, Joan, I really do believe you're growing quite handsome."

'At this she coloured a little again, and returned to the old subject.

"But, Edward, if you do love your father as you say you do, surely you ought to do your best to please him; and this Latin exercise—dear Edward, hark!—the stable-clock. It's five o'clock,—it's striking five! Oh, how we have wasted our time!"

"It's only four," said Edward. "I know I have a good hour and a half yet before half-past five, when I am to go out with my father. I can easily get it done in that time;—that is, if I choose."

"Then do choose, dear Edward. Let me get the dictionary, and help you. Shall I fetch you pen, ink, and paper here?"

'The French clock upon the chimney-piece, in silvery tones, just then told out, one—two—three—four—*five*! There was no contradicting it . . .

"Five, by Jove! Joan! Joan! What shall I do? I cannot possibly—possibly get my exercise done by six o'clock to-morrow. Only half an hour!—it is not possible. And when I come home to-night it will be ten o'clock, and I shall be so horridly sleepy, that, as for doing it alone *then*, it's impossible. What *am* I to do?—What *am* I to do?" pacing frantically up and down the room.

'Joan was silent.

"This is the way you help one at a push, is it?" cried he, coming up to her hastily. "When one's all safe, you can 'encumber one with help,' as Johnson says; but when one's perishing in the sea of despair, and stretching out one's entreating arms for a rope, not a bit of packthread have you to hold out to a friend, Miss Joan."

"It is because I am in as great despair as you are," said Joan, "that I don't know what in the world is to be done."

"A lucky thought!" cried he, joyfully smiting his forehead. "You are not going home to-night, Joan, are you?"

"No, not till to-morrow."

"Then, there's plenty of time."

"What? I don't understand what you mean."

"Why now, Joan," said he, sitting down upon another stool, and drawing it close to her, and speaking in a low voice, "won't you do me the greatest favour in the wide world, and I will be everlastingly obliged to you? Only say you will, Joan."

"I must hear what it is before I promise, you know."

"Why, just do for me what's done every day, and all day long, by one fellow for another, at Eton. Just write the exercise for me; and, tired as I shall be when I come home, I can copy it out before I go to bed, and lay it on my father's dressing-table, and it will do just as well."

She gazed at him with her large, speaking eyes, as if perfectly bewildered and astonishment.

"What do you look so amazed at?" said Edward, impatiently. "There's nothing very extraordinary in this, I suppose?"

"Oh! Edward!"

"Oh! Edward, and, ah! Edward! Well, Joan Grant, what are you putting on such a sanctified face for, and sighing and puffing like an old Scotchwoman at meeting? There's no great harm in it for once, I suppose?"

"For once!—No great harm!"

"Now, if there's a thing I hate," said he, pettishly, "it's that taking up one's words, and repeating them in that way. Do you know, if you were a boy—and I'm sure you ought to have been a boy, you're so unkind and provoking—if you were a boy at school, I'd knock you down, that I would, as ready as nothing, if you dared echo me."

"Don't be angry with me, Edward," and the tears were filling her eyes; "but it makes me so sorry!"

"I wish you'd not be so busy making yourself sorry about me: I hope nothing I shall ever do will make anybody, who cares for me, sorry!" said he, with offended dignity.

She was silent again.

"There are cases where silence is the severest reproof. He felt this, and it made him the more angry."

"I suppose I may do what all the rest of the world does, without asking your leave?" he said, haughtily.

"Yes, Edward," she replied, recovering herself. "You may certainly do as you please, without asking my leave, as you say; but nothing can prevent me, or any of your friends, from being sorry when you please to do wrong."

"Wrong! stuff!—such a mighty fuss about such a little matter! Come, dear, good Joan, I promise you I'll never ask you again. Do it this once for me! Now do, Joan, there's a good girl! Hark!—there goes the quarter!"

"I can't; indeed, I can't."

"Can't!—Can't means won't. Did I not say," cried he, bursting into a furious passion, as the chimney-clock answered the stable-clock, and the quarter rang upon it. "Didn't I say, you never—never—never would help one when one really wanted it? With all your confounded pretences of good-nature, I never did like you, Joan. I always almost hated you, and now I *do* hate you outright; for I detest a hypocrite; and what's a hypocrite, but one who uses fine mealy-mouthed pretences of virtue, to excuse herself from helping a friend at extremity? But, get along—get along; do as you like. I tell you I have only fancied sometimes I liked you; hate was the true feeling; that's natural. I hate you—I really do."

She looked at him.

"Did ever face of young girl of her age express such a world of feeling as spoke in that countenance? Even Edward, enraged as he was, was struck with it."

He sat down again; for he had started up in his fury, and said:

"I do think it so very ill-natured of you."

"You are unkind, and you are unjust to me; you know you are, Edward," said she, restraining her tears, and smothering with great effort a rising sob. "I do not think"—and the years and years of her patient affection arose in memory before her—"I do not think"—her heart swelling with the recollection—"that you have ever found cause to think me ill-natured."

"Well, well—I'm sorry, I really am sorry, that I said *that*; but it does seem so ill-natured, that a girl should refuse one what any fellow in the school—who hardly cares a rap for one—would do at once, in such a mess as I am (in)."

"It would be because he didn't care for you, perhaps," she said. She

was too young yet to feel the slightest bashfulness in owning her affection; but all the dignity of her young heart was at this moment aroused, and all the pride of honest and outraged friendship; and no sooner had she let slip this sentence, than she took it hastily back, by saying: "Perhaps because they see no harm in it; but I do, and therefore I can't do it."

"Where's the great harm?"

"Oh! Edward; *you* to say that!"

'At this he coloured, and was silent. Then, after a few moments:

"Why *me*? Because I am my father's son!"

"Yes."

"Boys do this every day at public schools, and think nothing of it."

"And what did you tell me just now about their fathers?"

"There's mine!—there's mine! Oh! wretch that I am! what will he say when he comes to know that though I promised him but three days ago it should not happen again, it *has* happened again? He'll hate me and despise me; I know he will. And then," with a look that almost broke her heart, "you'll be set up as a pattern again; but I suppose that's what you like best."

'The door opened.

'Lord Strathnaer appeared.

"Are you ready, my boy?"

'Edward had only time to cast one look of mingled indignation and supplication at Joan, as if she were the cause of all his misery, and then he followed his father, leaving the victim of his tyranny and injustice to do—what so many other victims of tyranny and injustice have to do—weep in silence, unpitied and unredressed.'

It is but faint praise to say that the above extract reminds us of Miss Edgeworth's best style. We think it not only equal, but superior to, anything in 'Frank' or 'Rosamond.' There is a nature and a truth about it, an *abandon*, which, with all their cleverness and graphic effect, Miss Edgeworth's children seem to us to want. They are too plainly intended for 'Early Lessons.' But Joan and Edward teach us, as it were, undesignedly. There is nothing ostentatiously 'didactive' about them. What follows is quite as good, if not better. It is the scene of the next morning.

'Joan had resolutely defied slumber that night. She had, with extraordinary effort, kept herself awake; lest, once asleep, she should not be able to rouse herself, and should not be up in time. Tired and weary as she was with a long day spent out of doors, she had never once laid her head upon her pillow, lest sleep should surprise her. She had sat patiently listening till the stable-clock should strike four.

'It strikes four.

'Then she got up . . . and, opening her door with as much precaution as possible, she glided down stairs to Edward's little study.

'The books were all tossed about with his usual carelessness—the papers here, the pens there. He was accustomed to throw his matters about in this way, and looked to the under-housemaid to put all things to rights for him.

'She crept to the window, and opened the shutters with as little noise as possible. Then she began to collect his papers, and put them on his desk; placed his pen and ink; looked out and arranged the books she knew he

must want; and then, with a beating heart, stole up the stairs again, and knocked gently at the door of Edward's little bed-room.

'His was a small room, and the door was close by the bed's head.

'A timid knock.

'No answer. She listens, and can hear him breathing hard, as if very sound asleep.

'She knocks a little louder.

'He seems to start; and she hears him turn upon his mattress.

'A louder knock.

'And he starts; and cries, in a half-sleepy voice,

'“Who's there?”

'A louder still.

'And he calls out impatiently,

'“Who is there? and what is the matter?”

'“Edward!”

'“Who's that calling me? I say, what is the matter?”

'“Edward—it's Joan.”

'“Joan! What the deuce are you knocking me up for at this time of night? Why, Joan,” looking at his watch, “it's only four o'clock! and I am so deadly sleepy.”

'He seemed to toss himself back upon his pillow.

'“Edward—don't—don't go to sleep again! I'm come to call you.”

'“Call me! what do you mean? I wish you would go away. I think you're mad. I never was so sleepy in my life. Do get away, and let me alone.”

'“Edward—your exercise.”

'“You haven't done it! you haven't really done it!” starting up joyfully; “you dear good girl: wait a moment, I'll be with you in an instant, I'm not asleep now. I'll soon copy it out; and then I'll snore till mid-day.”

'It was with great difficulty that she prevented herself from immediately undeceiving him. So habitual was her practice of truth, her nature so abhorrent of deceit, that even for a few seconds it cost her much to leave him in his voluntary error; but she thought it best to get him down into his little study before she spoke.

'He came out in his little dressing-gown and slippers; his beautiful hair all tumbled about his head; his eyes drowsy and heavy; his cheek flushed with slumber; looking so lovely—half baby, half boy, half man. But she did not even look at him. The moment the door opened, she had turned away, and led forward to the study.

'He had followed her in, flung himself upon the chair ready placed before his desk, and, taking up his pen, said,

'“Now, where's the exercise?”

'“Edward,” said Joan—she stood a little behind him, so that she might not see his face, nor he hers; and steadying herself by laying her hand upon the back of his chair—“you know I told you yesterday I couldn't do it; but—”

'“Then what have you brought me here for?” cried he, flinging away his pen, starting up, and with sudden passion stamping upon the floor: “what, in the name of goodness, did you come bothering at my door (for), when, at least, I was fast asleep, and had forgot, in momentary oblivion, as they say, all about it? What are you dreaming of, Joan?” added he angrily, laying hold of her arm and shaking her.

'“Pray don't hurt me, Edward,” she said; “you will be sorry for it afterwards.”

'He dropped her arm; and, disarmed by her gentleness, and ashamed of his violence, said,

'“But I really can't think what you are about.”

"I have kept awake all night," said she, "and have counted the clocks, and it has but just struck four; so you have time. And now, dear Edward, if you will sit down and do your exercise, I will help you all I can, and it will be finished, and your father will be satisfied; and you will not have been guilty, neither, of deceit, which the soul abhors, Edward."

'He stood and looked at her earnestly for a few moments; then he suddenly caught up her hand and kissed it.

"You are a brave, good girl," cried he, with enthusiasm, "and worth all the thoughtless, good for nothing, careless fellows, shook in a bag together. Boys are not good for as much as girls after all, be they pretty as angels, or as ugly as you are, Joan. I'll write my exercise; yes, that I will. And here, Joan, I'll do something will please you: I'll make a vow—I'll do it this moment—I'll never send up a false exercise again."

'And before she could speak, he dropped down upon one knee before her, and pronounced, in words full of reverence, the promise.

'True egotist even in this!—example of his sex! Even at this moment he felt that the greatest recompense he could return to Joan, was to do well himself.

'Edward was certainly not mistaken in the proof of gratitude he gave here. The heart of Joan glowed with delight, and her face beamed with pleasure.

"Thank you—thank you, dear Edward," she said, and sat down with busy alacrity to look out his words for him.

'They worked together without exchanging a syllable, except as far as regarded the exercise; and, as the stable-clock rang half-past five, they were again going up the stairs together.

'This was a lesson by Edward never forgotten. It made one of those impressions never to be erased, and which permanently affect the character.

'And now—his heart at ease, his conscience satisfied, pleased with himself and all the world—and all this the result of a few half hours' courageous exertion—he followed his friend up stairs quite a new creature.

'She went up before him, leaning upon the banisters, and dragging one foot after the other. The excitement over, she began to feel exceedingly weary. A night of watching is a great effort for a girl of her age; and then, disinterested as she was, there was a sadness—she could not help feeling it—an angel must have felt it!

'Edward was saved from disgrace. That anxiety, which had swallowed up all other feelings, was laid at rest; but was there not another kind word for her?

'He had flung away his books and started up joyfully when his lesson was finished, thanking his stars that he was well out of this scrape, and that his beloved father would neither be pained nor angry.

'But was there not one other kind, thankful, affectionate word for her? Joyful as he was, did he quite forget in his joy that she it was who had saved him?

'No; not a word, not one return of grateful feeling to the author of his self-congratulation and happiness!

'Could she help feeling a sense of depression, now all her efforts were terminated?

'How many an honest, disinterested heart, after efforts so courageous, so self-sacrificing, has felt this painful re-action! The effort is over; another made happy. Gaily the favoured one glides away, forgetful of—ignorant, it may be—of the extent of painful sacrifice at which his advantage has been purchased. Exhausted with effort—perhaps suffering by the effects of it—alone and spiritless remains the benefactor.

'And if one sigh—such a sigh as Joan smothered as she went up stairs—escape the heart, it is deemed selfish, interested, ungenerous.

'But Joan was mistaken after all.

'She went tottering up before him. To go to her own room, she must pass his door.

'He opened it, and she turned round to bid him good night, though it was broad daylight; but he seized hold of her arm, and pushed her in. Then, without shutting the door, he fell suddenly down upon his knees before her, and in a rapid, impetuous manner, but whispering all the time, lest he should be overheard, said:—

"Forgive me, Joan! I have been very unjust, unkind, and ungrateful. I often am—I always am; but I'll never, never, never be so again. Thank you—thank you, dear Joan!—dear, dear, good, excellent girl! No—no—no; as long as I have life and breath, I shall never, never forget this night, and I shall love you for ever and ever."

'As abruptly as he had pushed her in, he pushed her out again; and then, shutting the door behind her, double and treble locked it.'

Joan's watching, joined to her mental exertion and excited feelings, tells upon her next day. Her evident suffering calls forth all the grateful emotions of Edward's nature, and the whole truth comes out before Lord and Lady Strathnaer. The scene is so touching that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting it.

'The next morning they all met at breakfast.

'Joan looked so pale, and so black under the eyes, that both of her kind friends were struck by it.

"What is the matter, my love?" said Emmeline (Lady Strathnaer); "you look so weary, and your eyes so red, I could almost have thought you had lain awake all night, only, my dear child, you who are out of doors all day long, must sleep like an infant. Is anything the matter, my love? Has anything vexed you?"

'Edward was sitting by his father at the bottom of the breakfast-table. Lord Strathnaer, pleased with his punctuality, and with the careful manner in which the exercise had been written, was treating him with a more than usual cordiality, which filled Edward's heart with happiness.

'He looked up at Joan, as his mother said this; but she did not turn her face towards him.

'If she had, she would have seen an expression there, which would have excited emotions, that, in her present shook and nervous state, she might have found it impossible to conceal.

'As it was, the colour rose to her cheek at the evasion she was practising, when she said—

"I did not sleep very well last night, and my head aches a little; but I shall be quite well when I have run round the garden."

'Edward again raised his eyes, and fixed them wistfully upon her.

'Her head really did ache, with that cleaving, distracting pain of a nervous headache, which made it difficult for her to see or speak; and she looked very pale and suffering.

"Does your head ache so?" cried Edward, after having gazed earnestly upon her for a few minutes, starting hastily from his chair and going to her; "does it ache so very bad, Joan? What shall I do for it?"

'She looked as if she did not know well what to say.

He went on,

"When a boy has a headache at school, we often bind a wet handkerchief round it. Let me try that, at least; wont you, Joan?"

"Thank you," was all she could say, for her heart began again to beat

fast, and she felt a choking sensation in her throat, and as if the tears were filling her eyes.

'Away he flew to fetch his own wash-hand basin and his own white handkerchief. To plunge it in, draw it hastily out, and bind it dripping round her temples, indifferent to the streams of water which poured down from her face upon her dress, was the affair of a moment.

'Lord and Lady Strathnaer exchanged glances; they looked pleased. Why did they look pleased? Simply because they had often thought Edward guilty of ingratitude and indifference to Joan, when she was so invariably kind to him, and they feared it argued a certain hardness and thoughtlessness of disposition; they built no castles in the air for their second son, as perhaps you may, reader, one day for them.

' "Bah! Edward," said Lady Strathnaer, rising from her chair, "you will absolutely drown your friend with your well-intended remedies;" and throwing her breakfast napkin round Joan's shoulders, she attempted to stop the mischief.

' "I wish," said Lord Strathnaer, half laughing, but evidently much pleased with Edward's good-nature, "I may find you, my boy, always as ready to relieve the world's headaches, as you are now."

' "Oh!" cried Edward, hastily, "it was all my own fault."

' "All your own fault, my dear!" said his mother; "what have you done?"

' "Joan!" stooping down hurriedly, and whispering in her ear, "only say, Joan; may I tell? You hate disguises; would you dislike me to tell?"

' She turned up her eyes to him with such a look!

' Oh, how happy this desire to tell all—this correction of his little habits of concealment made her!

' He understood all that look said; and, the colour flashing to his temples, and his whole face glowing with emotion, began—

' "All my fault—yes, father—and it is all my fault, and would have been hundreds and hundreds of times more, if Joan was not always telling me what is right, and moving heaven and earth to keep me to my duty. She's a brave, good girl, and a true friend, is Joan. Yes, Sir," going up to his father, and seizing and wringing his hand, "the exercise was done, but no thanks to me—I didn't do it yesterday before we went out—I wouldn't, because I was vexed. I thought Mr. McDougal had set me a harder task than he had any right to do—and if it hadn't been for your sake, Sir, and my mother's, I wouldn't have done it at all. No, I wouldn't, Joan, and so I didn't yesterday—and I wanted Joan to do it for me, and—"

' Here the countenances of both Lord and Lady Strathnaer clouded; they both looked sorrowfully and reproachfully at Joan. The same thought struck them both—she had sat up at night to do his task for him.

' "No, no, no," cried Edward, reading their looks, "you don't think she would—she wouldn't, though I prayed and begged her, and said I hated her for her ill-nature, and felt as if I quite did at the time. No, she wouldn't—would you, dear Joan?"—running up to her again, "How is your head?—No, no—she sat up all night, till four o'clock, Sir. She wouldn't go to sleep for fear we should be too late, and then she fetched me—and she'd got all my books ready, and she only helped me, as Mr. McDougal, and you, and everybody allows her to do—all honest and all right, Sir; and that's why she's got a headache. Let me steep the towel again, Joan."

The rush of the tide into the redeemed estuary, which completes the ruin of Lord Strathnaer, and leads immediately to the catastrophe, is one of the most powerful descriptions in the

whole work, or indeed in any of the former; but we must not trespass upon the pages of our number by any farther extracts. We refer the reader to the volume itself, and we are persuaded that he will be amply repaid.

And now, that we may not seem studiously to pass over all the defects of these volumes, and to lavish on them undue and indiscriminate praise, we will notice a few blemishes, which struck us as we went on, and which we leave to the future consideration of the writer. There is often too evident a determination to produce an effect. For example: we all know that a storm adds greatly to the effect of certain scenes; but if it is sure to come invariably upon all such occasions, as it does in the earlier works, at least, 'Mount Sorel' and 'Father Darcy,' it defeats its purpose, and becomes artificial and unimpressive. The narrative is not unfrequently too diffuse, and there is now and then unnecessary repetition. The style is generally perspicuous, and often elegant, but it is sometimes rendered stiff by needless inversions, and at others slovenly, either from haste of composition or a careless correction of the press. We will point out one or two instances of the latter defect. Nothing can be more slovenly, or even incorrect, than the following passage from one of our own extracts:—'Puzzling myself with the idea 'that I had somehow or somewhere seen that face, or heard that 'voice, before, or something like it—in a dream, perhaps—for 'the more I looked at him, the less did he resemble any one I 'had ever known. He was anything but an ordinary-looking 'being,' &c. The following is clearly an error of the press:—'It would be difficult to describe the deep *impression* into which 'he fell.' But what is to be said of the passage which runs thus:—'His pride forbade him to *repose*, nay, drove him into 'the injunction to continue the acquaintance.' Or thus, 'Emilia 'had, at the beginning of her marriage, felt too utterly miserable 'to take heed of *esteemed* things.' The following passage is incorrect:—'A very different personage from the one just described, 'though, strange to say, that *other* (one) is his father:' and this: 'This change *had*, and *was* occasioning considerable distress.' 'It was a thing in which one man ought (*not* strangely omitted) 'to use any persuasions in the matter.' We have taken these instances at random, but there are many such. The stops are singularly incorrect, making some of the sentences quite unintelligible till they are rectified by the reader. Sometimes a word is used in an improper sense. Thus we have 'reverend' for 'reverential.' It is not 'reverend' to do so or so. Perhaps, however, this is a misprint for 'reverent.' There are occasional gallicisms—one that we never saw before. 'A mad dog' is called 'an *enraged* dog' (*un chien enragé*). More than

one person is said to have had '*a return upon himself*.' We certainly want an expression equivalent to '*un retour sur soi-même*,' but we could not venture to translate it literally like the authoress. Sometimes a favourite expression is repeated too often. '*This supreme moment*,' for example, occurs twice within a few pages, and once more before the end of the same volume. These, however, are but slight errors and inadvertencies, and we mention them principally to warn the writer against too great rapidity of composition. From the quick succession in which these volumes have been given to the public, we believe the caution to be necessary. Boileau boasted of having taught Racine to '*rhyme with difficulty*.' We should like to convince our authoress that she does herself injustice by coming before us in too great haste. She is evidently capable of high things. We owe her much already, but we trust that we shall owe her more. She can charm by vivid delineations of character, and thrill by powerful exhibitions of passion, while she guides by the lessons of practical wisdom and elevates by the lessons of practical piety. Let her not fall short of her high vocation, for it *is* a high one, whatever the prejudiced and the narrow-minded may think. We are getting too far advanced to be influenced by names. We do not ask now with what appellation a book comes to us, but whether it informs the mind or corrects the heart, whether it teaches us to rise above selfishness, to cultivate the kindly affections, to feel the earnestness of life, to pass through time with an eye stedfastly fixed upon eternity. Here then we take our leave of the authoress, thanking her for the pleasure, and we trust profit, which we have derived from her productions, sincerely hoping to meet with her again, and to find that our hints have been taken in good part by the correction of the trifling blemishes with which these pages are more or less disfigured.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A. late Senior Fellow of King's College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge: with a Selection from his Writings and Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM CARUS, M.A., Fellow and Senior Dean of Trinity College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge. London: Hatchard and Son. Cambridge: Deightons; and Macmillan and Co. 1847.*

THE powerful instinct in man's nature which has produced the expression 'hero-worship,' has ever played a most distinguished part in the history of the Christian world. Like all other natural propensities, not in themselves evil, the love of looking up to great men, of having examples before the eye of heroic deeds and remarkable lives, such as may excite the admiration and stir up to some small degree of enthusiasm the lethargic souls of the more unambitious portion of mankind, is sanctified by our religion and made part of its practical system.

Religious biography, to which subject such reflections directly lead, has, moreover, received higher sanction than what is derived from our own interpretation of moral influences; the sacred writings, both of the Old and New Testament, are a divine evidence of the power and suitableness of such modes of instruction. An important difference of name, however, must not be overlooked, between those who form the subjects of secular hero-worship, and those who enchain the feelings of admiration which, in the Christian as well as the worldly heart, are ever seeking for their object. The word hero savours too much of human pride and self-dependence; aims too much at the position of a demigod, to be the proper epithet of a Christian, though many of the qualities which compose the hero will also be found in the catalogue of Christian graces; but religious minds prefer the term saint, as more fitting the character of one who attributes not his powers and opportunities to the efforts of self-will alone, but to a sanctifying influence from above, with which he is mercifully imbued, and by which he is used as the instrument of Providence.

The memory of departed saints, thus forming as it does a powerful element of Christian influences, was sure to find its place in the mediæval system which had for its object to adapt the material of the outward world, and the natural mind of man according to one uniform system, that should train and prepare

for, or even, to a certain extent, foreshadow the future state. Biography in that system was not the only, or indeed the chief method, whereby the memory of saints was handed down for the good of posterity. Literature had not then arrived at the position it at present occupies, and moreover, the mere writing a saint's life, when that life might be tinged by the peculiar views of the writer, and when the public would consequently be at liberty to agree or disagree in the praises and excellences ascribed to the subject of it, was too indefinite, too informal, and too precarious a path by which a saint should be established as such in the minds of succeeding ages. Such considerations as these, together with a certain positive realization of the power of sanctifying grace, to which the world is now rather dead, and also with a more definite idea of the connexion between this life and the intermediate state than is now commonly held, would appear to have produced the grand idea of formal canonization. True to her system, the Church of mediæval times left not the reputation of a saint in the hands of a few admirers who gathered their knowledge of him from reading *biographical sketches*; but by a formal act, she decided that such a man was a saint, and therefore deserving of especial honour. She brought to her aid the arts of the sculptor and the painter to represent him on the walls and windows of her churches, that the attention of all who came within those walls seeking a future home for themselves, might be comforted and stimulated by the thought of those who had run the race before and gained a prize, and to whose communion he should consequently aspire. She named a day on which his bright example might be brought forward to excite the admiration of the zealous, and to stimulate the inactive to leave the base servitude of sloth, and rise with ambitious minds to take an earnest part in the common cause. Now, however, the case is altered; the memory of a good man is left to take its own chance, and therefore, if his admirers think that the recollection of his deeds, and of the sanctity of his life will be useful to posterity; if, in short, they wish his name to be enrolled in the number of reputed saints, they have but one course before them, and that is to collect the history of his life, and give his memoirs a place in the theologian's library. This place must be his niche. Here he stands for posterity to observe the holy expression of his outward man, and contemplate the subdued, or the wise and profound servant of Christ, as the case may be. This must be the bright window through which the glory of his name must shine to give joy and light to others: his anniversary will be when those volumes descend from the library shelf, and impart their spirit to inquiring students. Such, then, being the importance of biography, there

should be great jealousy lest some should gain a place in the memory of those who come after them of which they are not deserving. If a man makes a noise in the religious world and has many admirers, and after his death that admiration aims at perpetuity in the way we have alluded to, the world has a right to scrutinize what he was, and what he did; and if all does not appear satisfactory, to express their opinion accordingly. A hero, to gain the admiration of the world, must have certain claims of great deeds, or nobility of mind, and so must a man be endowed with the attributes of holiness and goodness beyond the ordinary lot, if he is to be handed to after ages as a saint of the Church. And what are the qualifications which entitle a man's memory to bear a saintly character? Personal holiness is the first, and zeal in the cause of the Church of Christ, whether as manifested by superior learning and deep researches into truth, or by more active ministrations, is the second. Let us, therefore, by these requisite qualifications, examine the book before us, entitled, '*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Charles Simeon.*'

The circumstances under which this book is published are evidently such as have been adverted to. For many years Simeon was the distinguished head of a religious party in Cambridge, the influence of which spread far and wide throughout the whole country. We are not now discussing the orthodoxy of their doctrines or the propriety of their measures, but simply stating the fact that such a party existed, and that Simeon was its chief head and centre. After his death, at a good old age, there is a wish among his admirers that the spirit of the man may not be forgotten; therefore his memoirs and his correspondence are published. If ever man was set up by his party for a saint—if ever a section of the religious world claimed a man as their own, and committed themselves to him, this was Simeon's lot. Yet when we say that a party in the Church hold up Simeon as their patron and pattern saint, we cannot but remonstrate against the use of the word saint in their theological dictionary. There are two great peculiarities which characterize the saintly character of the so-called Evangelical party, for our readers must really excuse the use of explanatory names. The first arises from their Calvinistic notions; for it is evident that the use of the word saint will alter according to the scheme of salvation which is held. If good works are utterly excluded from the scheme, of course they do not form part of the saintly character; and as far as Calvinistic views prevail, so far will the term saint be applied in accordance with erroneous doctrines about predestination, and not in accordance with the true doctrine of the sanctification of man through good works. The

second arises from their neglect of the outward ordinance and discipline of the Church. Placing no great faith in the sanctifying influence conveyed through the instrumentality of the visible Church, they forget that saintliness of character is a work of gradual construction through those means, and make it an individual distinction only. Hence that exaltation of the individual, which, amidst all its assertion of man's corrupt nature as the groundwork of its teaching, adheres to the 'Evangelical' system. No schools of theology trust so much to individuals, no congregations depend so much on the personal qualifications of their ministers, as those whose views are represented by Simeon and his party. It is not by comparison with such a view of saintliness that we shall judge Simeon, but by another.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we wish to be harsh in our treatment of Simeon. He was undoubtedly a sincere man according to his views, full of extraordinary zeal and activity both in mind and body for the cause of religion. He had great personal faults, indeed, as his best friends freely acknowledge; he had also deficiencies very remarkable for the position he occupied in the theological world; we do not, however, lay all the blame of this on himself, but rather on the system to which he attached himself. Simeon was not born, indeed, for much theological importance, and perhaps the vanity of his nature was one of the agents by which his greatness was thrust upon him; yet even this failing was wantonly increased by the idolatry of those around him. We look, therefore, on Simeon's position as an extraordinary phenomenon, indicative of the party to which he belonged, and the state of the Church in the last generation. If an unfit man occupies a position which is awarded by the flattery of others, it is hard to judge him personally by the true standard of what his position is. It is through the fault of others that he is there at all; and therefore he himself should be judged but as a specimen of his fellows, as the representative of the spirit of his party. With perfect good-will, therefore, towards Simeon, and with a full appreciation of his good qualities, and a lively perception of the peculiarly dead state of the Church during the time when his views were formed, we must, nevertheless, be allowed to speak freely about him. He might be good in some points, he might be self-devoted and zealous, yet not after all be acting in a justifiable manner. The Church might be dead and slothful, yet his system of arousing her might not be such as her friends can approve; and, moreover, to assert that the line he took was the one best suited to counteract the peculiar evils of the age, is in itself a great act of injustice to those who maintained throughout the same times a steady and zealous continuity to Catholic doctrine and discipline; and such true

Churchmen have not been wanting in any age, even the one in which Simeon arose.

We will now give a general outline of Simeon's life and religious experience: after which we propose dwelling particularly on a few points connected with his character and public acts.

Charles Simeon was the fourth and youngest son of Richard Simeon, Esq., of Reading. On his mother's side he claimed connexion with two Archbishops of York, and on his father's side he traced his descent directly from the ancient and wealthy house of the Simeons of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire. His eldest brother, John, became distinguished at the bar, and represented the borough of Reading in Parliament. He was created a baronet in 1815, 'an honour previously held by the family from a period almost coeval with the institution of the order.' Simeon's early life and school-days are thus described:—

'Charles Simeon was born at Reading, September 24, 1758, and was baptized at the parish-church, October 24, following. Very little can be ascertained with accuracy respecting his early history. Whilst yet very young, he was sent to the Royal College of Eton, where he was in due course admitted on the foundation; and in his nineteenth year he succeeded to a Scholarship of King's College in the University of Cambridge. The energy and vigour which so remarkably distinguished him through life, were much noticed in his youth. Horsemanship was his favourite exercise; and few persons, it is well known, were better judges of the merits of a horse, or more dexterous and bold in the management of one. In feats of strength and activity, he was surpassed by none; of some of these he was pleasantly reminded in the decline of life by his early schoolfellow and constant friend, Dr. Goodall, the late Provost of Eton; who in a letter, September 29, 1833, writes to him,—"I much doubt if you could *now* snuff a candle with your feet, or jump over half-a-dozen chairs in succession. Sed quid ego hæc revoco?—at 73, moniti meliora sequamur." With regard to his moral character and habits, there is every reason to believe, from observations that occasionally escaped from him, that he was by no means profligate or vicious, in the usual sense of the terms. It would rather appear that though exposed to scenes and temptations, which he often spoke of with horror, he was on the whole in early life regular in his habits, and correct in his general conduct. His failings were principally such as arose from a constitutional vehemence and warmth of temper, the more easily provoked from certain feelings of vanity and self-importance, which, during the whole of his life, were a subject of conflict and trial to him. These feelings would display themselves at school in too great attention to dress, and in little peculiarities of manner, which quickly attracted the notice and provoked the ridicule of his companions.

'It seemed necessary to premise thus much respecting Mr. Simeon's early habits and behaviour; as it might easily be supposed from the strong language he has used, when describing "the vanity and wickedness" of his youth, that he had been guilty of some gross violations of morality. Those, however, who are accustomed to searching self-examination, and habitually compare their lives and tempers with the requirements of God's holy law, will have no difficulty in understanding Mr. Simeon's unreserved expressions of sorrow and humiliation when reviewing the past. It should be remembered too, that the statements of the following autobiography are those of an advanced Christian, recording with matured views his judgment of the unprofitableness of his youth.'—Pp. 2—4.

The following extract, from a memoir written by himself in 1813, contains an incident of his Eton life, rather characteristic of himself, and also of future public opinion :—

‘There is, however, one remarkable circumstance which I will mention. About two years before I left Eton, on one of the first days during the American War, I was particularly struck with the idea of the whole nation uniting in fasting and prayer on account of the sins which had brought down the divine judgments upon us : and I thought that, if there was one who had more displeased God than others, it was I. To humble myself therefore before God, appeared to me a duty of immediate and indispensable necessity. Accordingly I spent the day in fasting and prayer. But I had not learned the happy art of ‘washing my face and anointing my head, that I might not appear unto men to fast.’ My companions therefore noticed the change in my deportment, and immediately cried out *Ὁὐαὶ οὐαὶ ὑμῖν, ὑποκριταί*, (Woe, woe unto you, hypocrites,) by which means they soon dissipated my good desires, and reduced me to my former state of thoughtlessness and sin. I do not remember that these good desires ever returned during my stay at school ; but I think that they were from God, and that God would at that time have communicated richer blessings to me, if I had not resisted the operations of his grace, and done despite to his blessed Spirit.’—Pp. 4, 5.

In the month of January, 1779, he went to King’s College, Cambridge, and then commenced his religious life.

‘On my coming to College, Jan. 29, 1779, the gracious designs of God towards me were soon manifest. It was but the third day after my arrival that I understood I should be expected, in the space of about three weeks, to attend the Lord’s Supper. What ! said I, *must* I attend ? On being informed that I *must*, the thought rushed into my mind that Satan himself was as fit to attend as I ; and that if I must attend, I must *prepare* for my attendance there. Without a moment’s loss of time, I bought the old *Whole Duty of Man* (the only religious book that I had ever heard of), and began to read it with great diligence ; at the same time calling my ways to remembrance, and crying to God for mercy ; and so earnest was I in these exercises, that within the three weeks I made myself quite ill with reading, fasting, and prayer. From that day to this, blessed, for ever blessed, be my God, I have never ceased to regard the salvation of my soul as the one thing needful.’—Pp. 6, 7.

On a future occasion he again asserts the consistency of his religious feelings from this time. In the early part of 1819, he thus describes his inward experience :—

‘It is now a little above forty years since I began to seek after God ; and within about three months of that time, after much humiliation and prayer, I found peace through the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. About half a year after that, I had some doubts and fears about my state, in consequence of an erroneous notion, which I had imbibed from Mr. Hervey, about the nature of saving faith. But when I found, from better information, that justifying faith was a faith of affiance, and not a faith of assurance, my peace returned ; because, though I had not a faith of assurance, I had as full a conviction that I relied on the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation, as I had of my own existence. From that time to the present hour, I have never for a moment lost my hope and confidence in my adorable Saviour ; for though, alas ! I have had deep and abundant cause for humiliation, I have never ceased to wash in that fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness, or to cast myself upon the tender mercy of my reconciled God.’—P. 518.

It is curious, at this early stage of his religious life, how the love of preaching developed itself.

'From the time that I found peace with God myself, I wished to impart to others the benefits I had received. I therefore adopted a measure which must have appeared most singular to others, and which perhaps a more matured judgment might have disapproved; but I acted in the simplicity of my heart, and I am persuaded that God accepted it at my hands. I told my servant that as she and the other servants were prevented almost entirely from going to church, I would do my best to instruct them on a Sunday evening, if they chose to come to me for that purpose. Several of them thankfully availed themselves of the offer, and came to me; and I read some good book to them, and used some of the prayers of the Liturgy for prayer; and though I do not know that any of them ever received substantial benefit to their souls, I think that the opportunities were not lost upon myself; for I thereby cultivated a spirit of benevolence, and fulfilled in some measure that divine precept, "Freely ye have received, freely give."—Pp. 10, 11.

Yet it throws a curious light on these descriptions of his religious state of mind, written, we must remember, one in 1813, and the other in 1819, to find, in the former of these same journals, the first three years of his professedly religious life thus alluded to:—

'As yet, and indeed for three years after, I knew not any religious person, and consequently continued to have my society among the world. When the races came, I went to them, as I had been used to do, and attended at the race-balls as usual, though without the pleasure which I had formerly experienced. I felt them to be empty vanities; but I did not see them to be sinful: I did not then understand those words, "*be not conformed to this world*." At the latter ball, Major B. of Windsor, asked me to go over the next day to Windsor, to join in a match at cricket, and to spend a few days with him; this I did; and it led to an event which I desire ever to remember with the deepest shame, and the most lively gratitude to God. On the Sunday he proposed to go and visit a friend about fifteen miles off; and to that proposal I acceded. Here I sinned against God and my own conscience; for though I knew not the evil of races and balls, I knew full well that I ought to keep holy the Sabbath day. He carried me about ten miles in his phaeton; and then we proceeded the remainder of our way on horseback. The day was hot; it was about the 26th day of August, 1779, and when we arrived at the gentleman's house, I drank a great deal of cool tankard. After dinner, not aware of the strength of the cool tankard, I drank wine just as I should have done if I had drunk nothing else; and when I came to return on horseback, I was in a state of utter intoxication. The motion of the horse increased the effect of the liquor, and deprived me entirely of my senses. Major B. rode before, and I followed; but my horse, just before I came to a very large heath, turned into an inn; and the people seeing my state took me off my horse. Major B., not seeing me behind, rode back to inquire for me: and when he found what condition I was in, he put me into a post-chaise, and carried me to the inn whence we had taken our horses. Here we were forced to stop all night. The next morning we returned in his phaeton to Windsor. I do not recollect whether my feelings were very acute that day; I rather think not. The next morning we went to a public breakfast and dance at Egham, which, at that time, was always on the Tuesday after the Reading races. There I passed an hour or two, and after returning with him to Windsor, proceeded on horseback to Reading. I went through Salthill, and seeing Mrs. Marsh standing at her inn-door, I entered into a little conversation with her. She asked me whether I had heard

of the accident that had happened to a *gentleman of Reading* on the Sunday evening before; and then told me that a gentleman of Reading had fallen from his horse in a state of intoxication, and had been killed on the spot. What were my feelings now! I had eighteen miles to ride, and all alone; how was I filled with wonder at the mercy of God towards me! Why was it not myself, instead of the other gentleman? Why was he taken and I left? And what must have been my state to all eternity, if I had then been taken away! In violating the Sabbath, I had sinned deliberately; and for so doing, God had left me to all the other sins that followed! How shall I adore his name to all eternity that He did not cut me off in these sins, and make me a monument of his heaviest displeasure!—Pp. 11—13.

Is there not a strange inconsistency in the penitence here professed for such offences, and the subsequent description of his religious state of mind during the same time? When he ascribed some troubles of mind to having read erroneous notions of Hervey on saving faith, did he not deceive himself as to the cause of his uneasiness? Did they not arise from the more ordinary effects of conscience? At the very commencement, indeed, of Simeon's religious life, we observe a peculiar deficiency of the power of tracing a satisfactory connexion between cause and effect. When the effect occurs, he exercises his ingenuity to discover some unnatural, and therefore, in his mind, spiritual cause, rather than adopt the ordinary rules of morality, by which we may follow present acts to their future consequences. To explain this by the case before us; Simeon fell back seriously from his religious state, and afterwards had troubles of mind—yet he ascribes those troubles, not to their proper cause, but to doctrinal misconceptions of saving faith.

To proceed, however, with the events of his life. In 1782, he was ordained by the Bishop of Ely, and began his ministry in St. Edward's Church, (in good old Latimer's pulpit,) serving that parish for Mr. Atkinson, during the long vacation. Simeon marked out his line boldly from the first; in his memoir he states that he had serious thoughts of putting an advertisement, to the following effect, into the papers, for his first curacy. 'That a young Clergyman who felt himself an undone sinner, and looked to the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation, and desired to live only to make known that Saviour unto others, was persuaded that there must be some persons in the world whose views and feelings on this subject accorded with his own, though he had now lived three years without so much as finding one; and that if there were any *minister* of that description, he would gladly become his curate, and serve him gratis.' This intended advertisement is too obvious in its wording to require any comments. It is curiously typical of his whole ministerial life; a strong and earnest appreciation of *one* doctrine of Christianity, together with great disinterestedness as regards preferment, but all this

sadly spoiled by gross egotism and pharisaical self-complacency. Beginning his ministry with such views, and with such zeal, he was not long in developing his idea of the office, and in gaining his position in the religious world.

'The Rev. M. M. Preston, in his "Memoranda" of Mr. Simeon, has recorded an incident which may be noticed here:—

"The very first day of his public ministrations was marked by an occurrence of a remarkable character. In returning from the church through the thoroughfare called St. Edward's Passage, his attention was arrested by the loud wrangling of a man and his wife. The door being open, he entered the house, and earnestly expostulated with them on the sin of absenting themselves unnecessarily from the House of God, and disturbing, by such unseemly conduct, those who had been there. He then knelt down to pray for them; and persons passing by, attracted by the novelty of the scene, gradually collected, till the room was full. It was not likely that such zeal in a young man of his station should long remain unnoticed."

'His character and conduct are described at the time by his revered friend, the Rev. H. Venn, in the following letter to the Rev. J. Stillingfleet:—

"October 9, 1782.

"On Trinity Sunday was ordained Mr. Simeon, Fellow of King's College. Before that day he never was in company with an earnest Christian. Soon after, he was visited by Mr. H. Jowett, and my son, and two or three more. In less than seventeen Sundays, by preaching for Mr. Atkinson in a church at Cambridge, he filled it with hearers—a thing unknown there for near a century. He has been over to see me six times within the last three months: he is calculated for great usefulness, and is full of faith and love. My soul is always the better for his visits. Oh, to flame as he does with zeal, and yet be beautified with meekness! The day he was a substitute for Mr. Atkinson he began to visit the parishioners from house to house. Full of philanthropy was his address: 'I am come to inquire after your welfare. Are you happy?' His evident regard for their good disarmed them of their bitterness; and it is amazing what success he has met with."—Pp. 26, 27.

At the end of the year 1782, Simeon was appointed to the living of Trinity Church, which was the scene of his labours for fifty-four years, till his death in 1836. He entered on this charge under no favourable circumstances, and there is much in the treatment he met with from his parishioners, which claims our sympathy. The living was in the gift of the Bishop of Ely, to whom Simeon's father applied on his son's behalf. The parishioners, however, petitioned for their curate, Mr. Hammond, and they themselves appointed him to the lectureship. This gave Simeon some perplexity of mind, which was finally relieved by the Bishop's assurance, that even if he did not accept the living, Mr. Hammond should not be appointed. He then began his ministry under the greatest possible disadvantage; for years even, the spirit of hostility against him was unabated. Pews were locked up, and he had to erect forms in the aisles of the church, but even these were pulled down by the Churchwardens. He then established an evening service, but the

Churchwardens kept the keys: on one occasion he got a smith to open the doors, but he did not think it expedient to persist under such circumstances. He was thus excluded from his own church with the exception of the morning service, for the lecturer preached in the afternoon; and this laid the foundation for some irregular meetings in the parish, where he expounded and performed services that gave a sectarian character to his ministry generally; a practice which caused him some trouble in after years. In all these parish quarrels, it is observable that Simeon's concessions were all on the side of the Church system and the rights of his office: for instance, he gave up the Church's right of having the pews open (though perfectly aware that those who locked them up were acting illegally), and he gave up his own right to perform services in the church at proper hours, but he did not give up preaching; he so strongly felt that to be the main purpose of his office, that all other things were matters of comparative indifference, and therefore might be conceded, so long as he could meet his own peculiar congregation somewhere or other. It was not till the year 1790 that he succeeded in establishing an evening service; and even then he was much disturbed by all manner of outrages and disorderly conduct.

'There was one particular instance, in which a degree of severity on my part was attended with the happiest effects. Two young men, now blessed servants of the Most High God, came into my church in a most disorderly way: and, as usual, I fixed my eyes upon them with sternness, indicative of my displeasure. One of them was abashed; but the other, the only one that ever was daring enough to withstand my eye, looked at me again with undaunted, not to say with impious confidence, refusing to be ashamed. I sent for him the next morning, and represented to him the extreme impiety of his conduct, contrasting it with that of those who were less hardened; and warning him *Whom* it was that he thus daringly defied ("He that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me"); and I enjoined him never to come into that church again, unless he came in a very different spirit. To my surprise, I saw him there again the following Sunday, but with a more modest countenance: and from that time he continued to come, till it pleased God to open his eyes and to lead him into the full knowledge of the Gospel of Christ; and in a year or two afterwards he became a preacher of that faith which he once had despised.

'Besides these difficulties from the University, I have at times found interruptions from the town also; who, seeing the conduct of the gownsmen, have been but too ready to follow their example. But with these it was easy enough to cope. The laws of the land upheld me in reference to them (the University men were amenable only to their own statutes, and punishable only in their own court), and those I put in force on several occasions, at least so far as to make the offenders beg pardon in the public papers, and give a sum of money to be distributed to the poor of my parish in bread. On one occasion (Nov. 1810) when a captain in a volunteer corps and a banker of — had disturbed the congregation and refused to humble himself for his offence, I committed him to the public jail, and confined him there two days and nights; and would have proceeded to the full extent of the law, if he had not at last relented

and begged pardon for his fault. In matters of a personal nature, I thank God, I am not conscious of having in any instance been vindictive; but in the cause of God I have ever felt, and do still feel it my indispensable duty to be firm.'—Pp. 92, 93.

In 1794 Simeon was chosen Lecturer of Trinity Church without opposition. Having thus three full services, he invited Mr. Thomason to become his assistant, and 'procured the 'curacy of Stapleford, in which he might minister in the morning, and I in the afternoon, as I thought it unprofitable for one 'minister to labour three times a day in the same church.' He did not, however, give up his prayer meetings. He defends the system with apparent justness, but he was himself a warning of the sectarian spirit they encourage. We will first see what he says of such meetings, and then pass on to their consequences in his own case.

'Were the Bishops acquainted with the ministers who are called Evangelical, they would soon see the importance, yea, and the absolute necessity, of such meetings, not merely for the edification of the people, *but chiefly for the preservation of the Established Church*. The Dissenters in general, and the Methodists in particular, have such meetings; and they are found to be of the highest utility for the cultivation of mutual love, and for the keeping of their respective members in one compact body. Where nothing of that kind is established, the members of any Church are only as a rope of sand, and may easily be scattered with every wind of doctrine, or drawn aside by any proselyting sectary. What influence can a minister maintain over his people, if he does not foster them as a brood under his wings? As to the idea of such meetings being contrary to our obligations as ministers of the Establishment, let any one read the Bishop's Charge to the Priests in the Ordination Service, and say, whether a Clergyman can fulfil his duties without them? I am well persuaded he cannot; and experience proves that wherever there is an efficient ministry in the Church without somewhat of a similar superintendence, the Clergyman beats the bush, and the Dissenters catch the game: whereas, where such a superintendence is maintained, the people are united as an army with banners. This has been the case in Cambridge to an extraordinary degree; for in the thirty years that I have ministered at Trinity Church, the Dissenters have not (as far as I recollect) drawn away three whom I was not glad to get rid of. It has only been the refuse, who have first lost all simplicity of mind, if not wholly departed from God, that they have been able to steal from me.'—Pp. 138, 139.

Though these may not have openly joined dissenting bodies, yet they became quite unmanageable, as his own account of a disturbance in the parish in the year 1811 fully proves. It seems that in that year there was a great agitation both in the parish and among the heads of houses in the University, about a prayer meeting which he held apparently on rather a large scale. This impressed on him the necessity of circumspection, and he determined to divide the large meeting into several small ones, in order to retain a more private character to these assemblies. This measure they utterly repudiated. The whole passage of his memoir which records their opposition, is far too

long for extraction; but a few sentences here and there are sufficient by which to gather the substance of the rest.

'This state of things I communicated in general terms to my people. I told them, that there were some circumstances existing, which rendered it absolutely and indispensably necessary for them to meet in three or four smaller parties at each other's houses, instead of meeting in so great a number at that one room. I told them, that, notwithstanding I had long seen, and lamented, the state of mind to which many of them had been brought by means of that room, (for instead of merely reading the Scripture and praying, they had become expounders of Scripture, and preachers; and, instead of confining the assembly to those who had been united to my Societies, they had extended it to others, and made the place really and truly a conventicle, in the eye of the law; and instead of retaining their original simplicity, many of them were filled with a high conceit of their own attainments, and with a contempt for their authorized instructors;) I could appeal to them, that I had been utterly averse to exercise authority in relation to it; but now circumstances had arisen, that would render their meeting altogether destructive to my ministry.

'Instead of acquiescing in my wishes, as I fondly hoped they would, they declared that they would not consent to change their place and mode of meeting: they even said, that I was giving way to the fear of man, and dissembling with God; and that, as God had commanded his people not to forsake the assembling themselves together, they would do it in spite of me. . . . But all this was in vain. They would not believe that any sufficient cause for the alteration existed. I told them that it was not possible for me to state to them all the circumstances which operated on my mind; but that I thought, after I had refused for their sakes the best Living that my College could give me, and had spent my whole life in their service, and had never on any occasion shown the smallest disposition either to fear for myself, or to lord it over them, in the course of thirty years, they might well give me credit for having just grounds of action, when I solemnly appealed to God for the existence of them. . . . Finding that they were immovable, I told them that they must either adopt my plan, or separate from me. . . . All this, and much more, availed little; they did not choose to leave my church, and yet determined to go on in their own ways. I told them therefore, that if that was their determination, I could not keep them from my church, but I must keep them from attending at the Communion there. They then denied my right to do so; and declared that they would come to the Sacrament in spite of me; saying, that it was not *my* table but the *Lord's*, and that it was open to all; and they would come.

'That I might shew all long-suffering towards them, I told them that I would not refuse it to any one the first time, but would administer it, and afterwards warn the individual not to come again; that so they might have time to consider their ways, and to repent of the horrid impiety of coming to the Lord's table in such a way. During all this time I laboured night and day, both in public and private, and frequently with tears, to shew them the evil of the spirit they indulged; (for in truth they knew not what spirit they were of:) I separated those who were of a better mind; and then, instead of casting the others out of my Societies, I asked them, individually, how long a time they would wish for to make up their minds. Some wished for time; and others did not: but that I might in no instance deal hastily, I gave them all six months.

'During the whole of that time they proceeded in their own way: and at the end of that time I found the most of them as obstinate as ever: and therefore still prolonged the time for consideration from month to month, till a whole year had elapsed. I then appealed to them, Whether I had not waited long

enough? and whether there was anything which a human being could do, which I had not done, to bring them to a better mind? Having constrained every one of them to make these acknowledgements, and to confess that it was time for me to proceed, I did desire several to withdraw from my Societies.'—Pp. 332—338.

From this time no continuous narrative of Simeon's life is attempted: his own correspondence fills up the gap till his death. He does not appear to have been much more troubled with parish annoyances; and his letters are chiefly occupied with matters which relate to a more enlarged sphere of influence. One curious passage, however, throws some light on his own intentions with regard to parochial duty, and also on the different results which Providence had prepared for him. The peculiar notion of special providence here implied will be considered further on.

'Fourteen years ago, through the excess of my exertions, my voice entirely failed me, so that I was necessitated to suspend my labours for several months. On that occasion, I felt it my duty to humble myself before God, and in earnest prayer to seek the reason of the dispensation. And I think that God, in answer to my prayer, revealed it to me. I had often thought with a kind of complacency, that as I had for many years accumulated, and was continuing daily to amass a great stock of Sermons upon the finest portions of Scripture, I should, if my life should be spared to attain the age of sixty, have a fund to go to, and be able to prosecute my work with more ease, at a time when I might expect my strength, according to the course of nature, to be diminished. My dear friend, old Mr. Venn, had suspended his labours entirely at that period of life: and I thought that I also, if spared till then, might be *miles emeritus*. This now appeared to me extremely wrong; and it seemed as if God in this dispensation said to me, "Well, if you look forward with complacency to a relaxation from labour in my service at that period, you shall have it now, and be altogether disabled from serving me at all." I now saw that I had sinned in entertaining such a thought, and I determined, through grace, that whatever measure of strength God should see fit to allot to me in future life, I would spend it for Him; and that whether my days should be more or less protracted, I would, like Mr. Newton, Mr. Romaine, and Mr. Wesley, die in harness.

'During the space of thirteen years, I had used all proper means for the restoration of my strength, but in vain: and so weak was I, that I could preach only once in the day, and *that* with a very slender voice; and after preaching I was always so reduced, as to be more like one dead than alive: nor could I during that period keep up conversation, except in a whisper; and then only for a short time.'—Pp. 537, 538.

He then relates, that during a tour in Scotland, at the age of sixty, his voice was restored to its former strength; and concludes:—

'I do not approve of fancying myself more an object of God's special care and favour than other people, and much less of recording any such conceit; (though I am not insensible of what the Scriptures teach us both to expect and acknowledge;) but this particular interposition of the Divine goodness I think I ought to see and acknowledge; and I conceive that any one, who duly con-

siders the foregoing statement, will see that there is *dignus vindice nodus*; and that not to see the hand of God in this mercy would be the basest ingratitude.'—P. 539.

No small portion of his time was spent in travelling about the country preaching, and being present at meetings, either for the Bible Society or the Jews' Missionary Society. His great affection for these societies will indeed require special notice; at present we will only give an example of the kind of way in which he held progresses through the country.

'Mr. Simeon once visited Mr. Fletcher, at Madely, and the account he gives of his visit is truly delightful. As soon as he entered his house, and told him that he was come to see him, as his journey lay that way, Mr. Fletcher took him by the hand, and brought him into the parlour, where they spent a few minutes in prayer, that a blessing might rest upon his visit. As soon as they had done prayer, Mr. Fletcher asked him if he would preach for him. After some hesitation Mr. Simeon complied; and away they went to church. Here Mr. Fletcher took up a bell, and went through the whole village ringing it, and telling every person he met, that they must come to church, for there was a clergyman from Cambridge come to preach to them. The account which Mr. Simeon gives of his behaviour, during the whole of his visit, gives one an equal idea of his goodness and zeal for the cause of God. He came to a smith's shop, in the course of one of their walks together during the period, and could not forbear entering it. And here it is astonishing how he spoke to the several persons who were labouring in it. To one of them, who was hammering upon the anvil, "Oh," says he, "pray to God that he may hammer that hard heart of yours." To another, that was heating the iron, "Ah, thus it is that God tries his people in the furnace of affliction." And so he went round, giving to every one a portion suitable to the business in which he was engaged. To another, when a furnace was drawing, "See, Thomas, if *you* can make such a furnace as that, think what a furnace God can make for ungodly souls."—P. 99.

'30th.—To Fort Augustus. The minister is a missionary upon the king's bounty establishment. He is an amiable man, and cordially acquiesced in the idea of my preaching in his church the next morning, as did also the Governor. The hour was fixed for nine: and the Governor *not only ordered the whole garrison to attend, but purely of his own mind ordered a drummer to go through the village with a drum, and give notice of the sermon; he himself with the other officers attended.* I suppose there were at least 300: and God was peculiarly present with us.

'31st.—To Fort William. Here a Mr. Orde, who is a schoolmaster, and who preaches at Fort William one Sunday in three, asked me to preach, which I did the next morning to about 300. He sent the crier round the town with a bell in the evening, and in the morning, and at the hour of service. I had not any comfort in the sermon, for I had no opportunity for retirement.'—P. 156.

With regard to communion with the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment, he was not much disturbed by episcopal feelings; indeed he avows an utter indifference on the subject.

'In the year 1796, a Scotch minister, whom I think it one of the greatest blessings of my life ever to have known,—Dr. W. Buchanan of Edinburgh,—was introduced to me; and I went with him to Edinburgh and through (the Highlands, and again in 1798 to) Inverness and Tain; and from thence through

Ross-shire to the Hebrides, and back through Glasgow, &c. In almost all the places that we went to I preached; and I established a lecture in Edinburgh which has been continued ever since. Except when I preached in episcopal chapels, I officiated precisely as they do in the Kirk of Scotland: and I did so upon this principle; Presbyterianism is as much the established religion in North Britain, as Episcopacy is in the South: there being no difference between them, except in Church-government. As an episcopalian, therefore, I preached in episcopal chapels; and as a member of the Established Church, I preached in the presbyterian churches; and I felt myself the more warranted to do this, because, if the king, who is the head of the establishment in both countries, were in Scotland, he would of necessity attend at a presbyterian church there, as he does at an episcopalian church here: and I look upon it as an incontrovertible position, that where the king *must* attend a clergyman *may* preach. I was informed indeed that Archbishop Usher had preached in the Kirk of Scotland; and I know that some very high churchmen had done so; but without laying any stress on precedents, I repeat, that where the king and his court must attend a clergyman may preach.'—Pp. 112, 113.

The following extracts, again, from his diary in Scotland, show how completely he threw himself into the system he found about him, without even an allusion to any radical inferiority of doctrine or discipline between the Scotch and his own Church, of which he professed himself such an ardent admirer. We think that, on one occasion, his mind might have taken a lesson from his body, of the unsuitableness of the services he was taking part in. It is satisfactory, however, to hear of a man, who was so fond of preaching himself, having a good opportunity of knowing by experience that there may be too much, even of such good things as the sermons he then heard.

'Saturday, 18th.—This being the day before the Sacrament, there were two sermons in succession, one by Mr. Robinson, on 1 Cor. xv. 4. He has a good voice, and on the whole is a good preacher; but I was heavy. Mr. Campbell succeeded him, and preached on Matt. xxvi. "Let this cup pass." The sermon was admirable, but too long. The former had been an hour and a quarter, besides prayer and singing; and this was an hour and a half. Had I been fresh and lively I should greatly have enjoyed this excellent sermon; but I had no ears to hear; the length of the service wearied me exceedingly. Nor was I singular; the whole congregation were much like myself; many were asleep, and all the rest had a stupid unmeaning stare, that evidenced them to be altogether unmoved by the precious things that were spoken. After Mr. C. had finished, Mr. Sheriff, the minister of St. Ninian's, went up, and (as they call it) gave directions respecting the time and manner of administering the Sacrament next day. To this he added a word of exhortation, which would probably have been three quarters of an hour more, had not Mr. C. desired him to be short. The whole service continued about four hours and a quarter. The last address, being short and affectionate, seemed to arouse the congregation out of their lethargy; and indeed it was more to me than all the rest. I would not, however, subject myself willingly to such another season of fatigue. I walked home alone by choice, and met numbers coming to the Sacrament, which, as I understood, lasted till about eight in the evening. They had about 1,000 communicants—a fresh exhortation to every table—and a sermon to conclude. They who could stay there from beginning to end, with any profit to their souls, must be made of different materials from me.'—Pp. 119, 120.

In a letter written July, 1815, we see the inordinate importance he attaches to his own preaching, during the progresses he made through the country.

“From thence I went to Frome, a large manufacturing town in Somersetshire; and preached there twice in one day. I had engaged the Curate to preach in the evening, if I should be unable to take a second sermon; but God strengthened me so wonderfully (I dare not use the word miraculously, but in my eyes, and in the eyes of all who knew me, the change might well bear even that term), that I preached in the morning to 2,000, and in the evening to 3,000, with all the energy of my best days, and sustained no injury whatever, notwithstanding my sermons were each an hour long.”

Having seen Simeon in his travels, we return once more to him at home. The reader, perhaps, may have heard of his weekly tea-parties. The following admirable description is an extract from a letter addressed by an attendant at these parties to Charlotte Elizabeth:—

‘The report may have reached you, that Mr. Simeon was in the habit of receiving at his rooms, on Friday evenings, those Members of the University who might be desirous of profiting by his valuable instructions. Such practical or critical difficulties as had been met with during the preceding week, in the course of private study, or in social intercourse with Christian brethren, were brought by us gownsmen to the Friday evening tea-party to be propounded to Mr. Simeon: and although I fear that, in some instances, those who were present abused the privilege afforded us, and asked “foolish and vain questions,” for the purpose of displaying their own wit and cleverness of parts, and, perhaps, with the mean hope of being able to say, “I have puzzled Mr. Simeon;” yet much do I err in judgment, if many will not have occasion to praise God with eternal praises for benefits received at those important and instructive meetings.

‘I must bring you, then, into Mr. Simeon’s audience-chamber, where my mind’s eye sees him seated on a high chair at the right-hand side of the fireplace. Before him are the benches, arranged for the occasion, occupied by his visitors. Even the window-recesses are furnished with seats, which, however, are usually filled the last, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of our venerated friend, somewhat humorously expressed, that he has taken special pains to make the windows air-tight, and has even put the artist’s skill to the test with a lighted candle. “I shall be very glad,” he would say, “to catch from you every cold that you catch from the draught of my windows.”

‘At the entry of each gownsmen he would advance towards the opening door, with all that suavity and politeness which you know he possessed in a remarkable degree, and would cordially tender his hand, smiling and bowing with the accomplished manners of a courtier; and I assure you we deemed it no small honour to have had a hearty shake of the hand, and a kind expression of the looks from that good old man.

‘If any stranger was introduced to him at these meetings, he would forthwith produce his little pocket memorandum-book, and enter, with due ceremony, the name of his new acquaintance, taking care to inquire his College, and such other matters as he deemed worthy of being registered. Sometimes, too, he would comment, in his own way, upon the name he was writing, or make some passing quaint remark, which would put us all into a good humour.

‘As soon as the ceremony of introduction was concluded, Mr. Simeon would

take possession of his accustomed elevated seat, and would commence the business of the evening. I see him even now, with his hands folded upon his knees, his head turned a little to one side, his visage solemn and composed, and his whole deportment such as to command attention and respect. After a pause, he would encourage us to propose our doubts, addressing us in slow, and soft, and measured accents:—"Now,—if you have any question to ask,—I shall be happy to hear it,—and to give what assistance I can." Presently one, and then another, would venture with his interrogatories, each being emboldened by the preceding inquirer, till our backwardness and reserve were entirely removed. In the mean time, two waiters would be handing the tea to the company; a part of the entertainment which the most of us could have well dispensed with, as it somewhat interrupted the evening's proceedings; but it was most kindly provided by our dear friend, who was always very considerate of our comfort and ease.

'It is my purpose, if you will so far indulge me, to give your readers the substance of some conversations which took place in Mr. Simeon's rooms, on May 3, 1833. This was the most interesting and solemn Friday-evening meeting that I ever attended. I never saw the holy man of God more full of the spirit of his Master. His words were distilled as honey from his lips; at least they were very sweet to *my* taste; and their savour, I trust, I have still retained. On that memorable evening, such a deep sense of his own unworthiness rested upon his soul, that he was low in self-abasement before God. All his language seemed to be, "Lord, I am vile;" and his very looks spake the same.'—Pp. 648—650.

We would willingly have continued the extract which gives a most animated account of the whole conversation on this occasion, but its length forbids us, and we are anxious now, according to our plan, to consider under separate heads a few points of Simeon's character and public life.

One obvious failing which obtrudes itself through all that Simeon said and did, and is most freely acknowledged by his friends, and of which he was himself perfectly conscious, was a great disposition to egotism and vanity. If this, however, had only been a disposition, we should not consider it fair ground on which to bear witness against the reputation which we are all along supposing that his friends are striving to obtain for him. All men have their natural failings, and men of energy and strong practical powers are often especially subject to some besetting fault of temper or disposition. But it is not by way of a paltry attack on the memory of one, whom we have already called a sincere and zealous Christian, that we now introduce the subject. It is rather from a strong conviction that this failing mixed so largely with all his words and actions as grievously to spoil even his best efforts in the cause of religion. In whatever he did there seems to have been a deficiency at the fountain-head, from this disposition. No sacrifice he could make, no offering he could present, no self-devotion he could bring himself to, was pure and complete. The alloy of vanity appears, we must literally say, in almost every thought, word, and deed

of his life. It may be said that perfect self-devotion cannot be expected of man, nor would we bring forward such an ideal object of comparison under ordinary circumstances; but we are talking of one whose general course of action is held up as a bright example of zeal and holiness, and therefore if we discover a manifest disposition towards egotism, which visibly influenced his public and private life, we have a right strongly to enforce it in proof of the unsound tendency of his whole system. If we perceive that all Simeon's zeal and activity had this element in it, we should naturally be cautious how the peculiarities of his manner become objects of imitation.

Simeon, as we have said, was conscious of this failing himself, as we find in such passages as the following:—

'If I could in everything commit my way unto the Lord, I should be one of the happiest creatures under heaven; but self-will, impatience, unbelief, are sad plagues to me.'

'No one could be more conscious than Mr. Simeon was of his besetting sins, or more ready to receive advice or reproof, that so he might "abstain from all appearance of evil," and "study to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." This was much noticed at the time by his most intimate friends.'—P. 73.

Again:—

'I can only say, that I wish I had been more attentive to such a line of conduct myself: because I have often found, upon reflection, that self has been gratified under the cloak of zeal, and my own will consulted, rather than the will of God.'—P. 387.

These confessions, however, do not impress us as very real, if we still find the same spirit continuing; and we hesitate not to say that it maintained an undeviating influence from the beginning to the end of his life; indeed, all his plans and all his public measures were so wound up with a certain view of self, that Simeon would not have been himself without it. The permanence, indeed, of this state of mind in him we consider to be remarkable, for it was not only the permanence of a general habit of self-complacency, but it was a long stored-up recollection of particular gratifying seasons,—a perpetually recurring pleasurable reflection on definite past traits of his own devotion of heart or spirituality of mind. The following extract from his diary is an instance, besides his continual reference to his first term at College:—

'July 5th. I administered the Lord's Supper to about twenty-five, and had a very blessed season. I never before had, for so long a continuance, such a remarkable and uninterrupted tenderness in my ministrations, as I have had during these last eight Sundays.'—P. 478.

He could talk with evident satisfaction of religious feelings



forty years before ; he could dwell on them as if he had made no farther advance in spirituality of mind, by comparison with which he was reminded of their imperfections. This peculiar self-complacency with which he refers to time past, we must say, strikes us as contrary to the Christian idea of growth in holiness, if not to the proper feeling of religious penitence. We do not therefore think much of all his own confessions ; they do not remove from one's mind the stigma which his whole manner of proceeding imposes on his memory. Egotism, with Simeon, was not an occasional outbreak of eloquent language in his own praises, but it was a radical want of humility and power of keeping himself under. We see the effect of it in his temper, in his very imperfect habits of self-denial ; for in a man of his great professions we expect some evidence of contempt for the world ; we see it also in his confident assurance of being a special instrument in the hands of Providence, and in the whole line of public duties which he marked out for himself.

Simeon's want of control over his temper produced queer scenes occasionally.

'It is of great importance that the infirmities of eminent servants of God should ever be faithfully recorded ; in order that we may learn what trials and conflicts they had to endure, and how they gained "power and strength to have victory against the devil, the world, and the flesh." Thus shall we be the more led to magnify God for his grace bestowed upon them, and at the same time derive comfort and hope for ourselves, when endeavouring to subdue our own besetting sins. Amongst other infirmities, acknowledged already at the commencement of this Memoir, it may be observed that Mr. Simeon was much tried at times by a certain irritability of temper, which was, doubtless, not a little aggravated by occasional attacks of the gout. No one, however, could be more sensible of the evil than he was himself ; and never was any one more ready to confess and deplore his failings. Occasionally these outbreaks would almost provoke a smile, from the nature of the incidents out of which they arose. The following is an instance exemplifying these traits of character. Mr. Edwards in a letter to the Editor describes the scene as he witnessed it. "You know how particular our friend was about stirring the fire ; and there was also another and greater infirmity of his, of speaking at times, as if he were very angry, about mere trifles. We were one day sitting at dinner at Mr. Hankinson's, when a servant behind him stirred the fire, in a way so *unscientific*, that Mr. S. turned round and hit the man a thump on the back, to stay his proceedings. When he was leaving me, on horseback, after the same visit, my servant had put the wrong bridle upon his horse. He was in a hurry to be gone, and his temper broke out so violently, that I ventured to give him a little humorous castigation. His cloak-bag was to follow him by coach ; so I feigned a letter in my servant's name, saying how high his character stood in the kitchen ; but that they could not understand how a gentleman, who preached and prayed so well, should be in such passions about nothing, and wear no *bridle* upon his own tongue. This I signed "John Softly," and deposited it in his cloak-bag. The hoax so far succeeded, that at first he scarcely discovered it ; but it afterwards produced these two characteristic notes."

'The first is to "John Softly :"—

“April 12, 1804.

“I most cordially thank you, my dear friend, for your kind and seasonable reproof. I feel it to be both just and necessary; and will endeavour with God’s help to make a suitable improvement of it. If it do not produce its proper effects, I shall be exceedingly thankful to have a second edition of it. I trust your “precious balm will not break my head;” but I hope it will soften the spirit of your much indebted friend,

“CHAS. PROUD AND IRRITABLE.”

—Pp. 193—195.

On the ground of personal self-denial and contempt of the world, we cannot see that Simeon claims any great sanctity. He was not ambitious of living in what is popularly called style, but he was scrupulously particular about every comfort of life; as a fellow of a college we should fancy that he set an example of rather more expensive habits than are common or than it is wise to encourage. His servants are frequently mentioned, as if he had several; his coachman and his carriage also come in, incidentally, very often, and his hospitality is described as quite elegant for college rooms. The following passage, in a letter to a friend, whom he was about to visit, shows how much of his peace of mind depended on small comforts:—

“But I look on the kindness you have shewn me, as a kind of call from God to give you the preference, if you can give me a tolerably warm room to myself: having been habituated to a warm room, I feel that the want of it would take from that entire attention, which I wish to give to things that do not relate to the body. We are so much creatures of habit, that any considerable deviation from our usual modes of life unfits us for the full enjoyment of our retired hours:—a tinder-box, a little wood to kindle a fire speedily, a few roundish coals, to prevent a whole house being occupied in stirring and blowing the fire, are but small matters in themselves; but to one who rises early, and longs to serve his God without distraction, they are of some importance. Give me but a warm room, and all my wants (with the exception of a little bread and cheese) are supplied.”—P. 232.

Simeon, no doubt, showed great disinterestedness as to preferment, and, when his brother was dying, he declined to accept more of his fortune than 15,000*l.*, which sum he did not apply to his own use, but devoted entirely to religious and charitable purposes: but then he had fixed his mind before this on a college life, and if he had become possessed of a large fortune he must have resigned his fellowship. As it was, there were some doubts whether he ought not to have done so, against which he had to defend himself.

“These things are well known at present in our College (Mr. — in particular, as a counsel, examined my brother’s will, wherein there is proof sufficient of these things); but at a future period they may be forgotten; and persons may wonder, that with my income I did not resign my Fellowship. The

fact is, I have not increased my own expenditure above 50*l.* a-year; nor do I consider myself as anything but a steward of my deceased brother for the poor. It is well known that, long previous to his death, I refused what was considered as the best Living of our College: and I should equally refuse anything that the King himself could offer me, that should necessitate me to give up my present situation, and especially my Church. And I write this now, that if, after my decease, it should be asked, 'Why did he not vacate his Fellowship?' my executor may have a satisfactory answer at hand. It lies in a short space:

"1st. If twice 15,000*l.* were offered me to vacate my Fellowship, I would reject it utterly.

"2d. The Legacy I have received I do not consider as mine, but as belonging to the poor and to the Lord; and I am only the steward, to whose hands it is committed.

"3d. The proof of this will be found in my refusal of any Living before, as well as since, my brother's death, and in my Account-books, wherein the disposal of this money is regularly entered.

"Witness my hand this 19th of October, 1816.

"C. SIMEON."

—Pp. 434, 435.

Now when a man gives up worldly prospects, and lives as a resident fellow of a college, he ought certainly to feel bound to make his own style of living an example of what residence at a college should be. If he wished for his carriage and his servants, we think he had better have taken a Living and resigned a position where any tendency towards expensive habits is likely to be injurious in its effects on others. His motives for not marrying do not savour much of the monastic principles of religious celibacy; they are rather those of the mere bachelor, who wishes not to enlarge his cares:—

'Mr. Simeon's own views on the subject of marriage, and his "determination to remain single," may be learned from the following extract from a memorandum made about this time:—

"What has been my language at *all times* and to *all persons*? Has it not been this?—I should hate the University above all places, as a married man; but the singular way in which I have been called to my present post, and its almost incalculable importance, forbid the thought of my now leaving it:—therefore I think I shall never marry.

"Again—in my present situation I am quite a rich man, and almost as free from care as an angel; but if I were to marry, I should instantly become a poor man (reducing my income one-half, while I doubled my expenditure):—therefore I think I shall never marry.

"Again—there are but few married people truly happy in each other in comparison of those who are unhappy; and fewer still who are truly happy in their children (one who turns out ill depriving his parents of all the comfort they might feel in the others):—therefore I think I shall never marry."

Yet with all this he refers to his college life as a giving-up of the world to no ordinary extent. In May 1823, he thus wrote to the Duchess of Beaufort. We beg the reader, by the way, to bear in mind that the period of his life when the forty-four years mentioned would commence, was his first term at college. A more

awfully presumptuous epistle we can hardly fancy. We have given to us in Scripture the words of a Pharisee under the dispensation of the law; may we not fairly consider the following extract as representing the same character under a dispensation which probes deeper into man's nature, and tests his heart and inmost spirit?—

“May 13, 1823.

“My dear Madam,—On the subject of your Grace's letter, I have always felt myself incompetent to advise those who move in the higher walks of life. I know in a measure what the blessed Word of God says in relation to our separation from the world, and I know in a measure the line of conduct that befits my own situation in life: but when I come to mark with precision the line that is to be observed in your high station, I feel, and have ever felt, myself unequal to the task. My own habits, instead of inspiring me with confidence in relation to others, only make me the more diffident. I am a man of some firmness and decision of character; and from the first moment that I set myself to seek the Lord, I gave up myself wholly to Him, and separated myself altogether from the world. I had no one to control me: my situation favoured it: the people about me had not (as far as I could see) one particle of what I judged to be the only true wisdom: and therefore I walked with Him only who had chosen and called me to be His servant. And to this hour I have ever persevered in this course: I feel, and have ever felt, that I have no talents for the world, no taste for the world, no time for the world; and therefore, except as an Ambassador from the Lord, I have had for forty-four years almost as little to do with the world, as if I had not been in the world.”—P. 582.

Again, there is decided egotism in a certain manner of presuming one's self to be a special instrument in the hands of Providence. Talking of Providence either means *very little*, or it means a great deal. If we speak of Providence only as directing the whole course of the world, it means very little to call one's self an instrument under its control; but if by Providence we mean a special interference of Heaven to bring about some immediate good, we should be very careful how we designate any measures which our own heads have suggested to us, as the instrument marked out for such high honour. We do not reprobate the idea altogether, but we suggest that caution is necessary: now Simeon is very reckless in implying that he considers himself under a special good Providence. Passages have already been extracted where this may be seen, though it is more in the general tone of all that he said and did, than in any particular expression that it discovers itself. Such passages as the following are very common:—

‘If ever God manifested (out of the Scriptures) the benefit of trusting in Him, and committing our ways to Him, I think He did it in this instance; for had my enemies succeeded, I should have been in hot water all my life by means of their wicked opposition; whereas through their extraordinary defeat, I have a prospect of carrying on the Lord's work through the remainder of my days in peace. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name!’—P. 239.

* * * * *

'I have always been afraid of urging on any one so important a step as the going to India, lest when they have crossed the line, they should begin to doubt whether *God* sent them or *I*. This would be dreadful indeed: but I shall on this occasion speak somewhat more strongly than I have done, because the call for Ministers is so exceeding urgent, and my prospect of sending them out is so good. O that God might "thrust them out:" and then they will go to some purpose!'—P. 380.

* * * * *

'On the Sunday I preached at St. Mary's. Such a congregation was scarcely ever seen there before. Above or below, there was scarcely room to move; and I have reason to bless my God that the attention was as great as you can conceive. I chose 1 Thess. v. 1—8 for my text, *that I might have nothing to do, but to let God Himself speak*. I can truly say, I kept back nothing that I thought would be profitable to them; and yet it pleased God to give me favour in their sight, so that all, if not edified, were pleased; and I would hope some were edified also.'—P. 376.

We pass on now to Simeon's public measures and the performance of his ministerial offices. The same egotism—the same I, I, I, of thought, word, and deed, are conspicuous everywhere. Simeon's public life was, taken as a whole, a great assumption of authority beyond what his recognised position gave him. Even from what occurs in these memoirs we gather that he partook strongly of a very common failing in these enlightened ages; viz. the disposition to feel slightly towards legal authorities, and to appoint self in the place of such incumbrances.

His letters to young clergymen show this spirit. There is a great air of authority again in the following:—

'“I did suppose, from your age and deep-rooted piety, you would have been able to fill with comfort to yourself and advantage to the people that situation, which is of singular delicacy and importance; but if I am rightly informed, your own mind is uncomfortable, and your ministrations, as under such circumstances might well be expected, breathe no more of the spirit of love than before the matter was mentioned to you.

“If this be the case, and you find that you cannot adopt a different mode, it will perhaps be better that you do carry your own proposal into effect, and take a situation where you will meet with less fastidiousness on the part of your audience, and be enabled gradually to acquire a habit which will fit you for such situation at a future period.”’—P. 462.

It is to be expected that as Simeon was the great adviser and counsellor of a body of young clergy all over the country, he should occasionally come rather into collision with episcopal authority. His letters to the clergy on these occasions have a disagreeable and Jesuitical tone about them. On the subject of episcopal government in India, he plainly shows that he attached no intrinsically sacred character to the office.

'“I confess, I have always been of the opinion, originally suggested by you and your beloved Martyn, respecting Dr. Buchanan's plan of a visible Episcopal Government among you. Power is good, if used for the Lord; but there is great danger of its not being used *for* the truth. People in authority think they must do something; and to obstruct good men and good things, is more popular than to punish neglect, or to censure lukewarmness. Our great comfort is, that

God reigneth, and that He will ultimately be glorified in men, whether they will or not. *He can not only work without them, but against them, or even by them, against their own designs.*"—Pp. 425, 426.

Simeon thus despised the episcopal office in its proper quarter, but assumed episcopal functions himself. His mind was not averse to system and method; on the contrary, he was peculiarly of that turn of mind which looks for an outward machinery. Simeon, however, preferred that the machinery should be his own framing, rather than an established order of Church government—and, moreover, he preferred being in an authoritative rather than in a subordinate position. The institutions, therefore, which best suited him were the religious societies of the day. In them he found himself at the head of an organized body, untrammelled by higher powers. He revelled in them with luxurious and 'unctuous' *satisfaction*. May was to him 'a most blessed season:' on the 16th of this month, 1813, he thus writes to Mr. Thomason in India:—

"The whole Christian world seems stirred up, almost as you would expect it to be in the Millennium. You remember the second week in May used to be a kind of sacred season for the London Missionary Society: *now* the first week also is holy and devoted to many different objects; all of which I have just attended.

"Tuesday.—'The Society for Missions to Africa and the East,' together with 'The African Institution.' Mr. Dealtry preached—and such a Sermon, as to electrify the whole Congregation. It was printed *instantly*, in order to be circulated among the Members of both Houses of Parliament. It is on the subject of evangelizing India.

"Wednesday.—'The Bible Society.' Two of the Royal Dukes attended (Kent and Sussex), and the Duke of York would, if he had been able.

"Thursday.—Two Societies. That for 'the Conversion of the Jews,' and 'The Prayer Book and Homily Society.'

"Friday.—'The Jews' Society' Report. In the view of these things we are constrained to say, 'What hath God wrought!'

"I have a letter this day from Mr. Fry, saying that he expects the Bishop of London to consecrate the new chapel which is building for the 'Jews' Society' at Bethnal Green; and that the Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed regret at not having given them his countenance before. For this last society I am much interested, being one of the trustees for the Chapel. The laying of the first stone about three weeks ago was a most interesting scene. The Duke of Kent laid it; and Lord Erskine, Lord Dundas, Mr. Wilberforce, &c. assisted with a silver trowel. We hope it will be ready in about fifteen months: other buildings will afterwards be added, for the lodging and employing both the children that have been baptized, and the adults that want employment.

"A rich Jew on the Continent has been converted; and he is preaching among his brethren. He is a merchant who has five different concerns in five different cities, and from ten to twelve clerks in every one. With such influence, we cannot but hope that he may lead many to a consideration of the subject. As for the work of conversion, we know to Whom that exclusively belongs, even though 'Paul should plant or Apollos water.' This day brings me tidings of another rich Jew embracing the Christian faith. O that that whole nation might remember themselves and turn unto the Lord!"—Pp. 364, 365.

The Jews' Society, was his great favourite; a rich Jew was to

his imagination a creature of surpassing charms. The five different concerns in five different cities, with ten or twelve clerks in every one, create in his mind a grander impression than so many mitred bishops followed by their clergy. The one is part only of a dull monotonous system of Church government over which he has no control—the other is a compact *little arrangement* of which he fancies himself the Paul or Apollos, and which therefore is certain to act well.

Religious Societies, even under the best management, are liable to objections, inasmuch as they necessarily create to some extent an *imperium in imperio*, but still they are just now the order of the day, and when supported really and truly by the Church, are the instruments of great good; and ought to be liberally encouraged, on the ground of their forming a nucleus for the collection and distribution of money, according to proper rules and the general necessities of the Christian or Heathen world. The province of a religious society is simply the executive, and if once it steps out of that position,—if once it aims, as many do, at being the centre of a more comprehensive communion than the Church has conceded,—then a quite new and a very dangerous ground is taken. There is the difference between a servant and a rival. Which view Simeon took of the Jews' Society, we leave the reader to judge from the following extract, wherein he represents that Society as being a kind of seventh heaven, at which the Christian arrived after many stages of gradual advancement. We give it at length, as explanatory of other views besides the object immediately before us.

' To the Rev. J. B. CARTWRIGHT, on the effects of Religion in its rise and progress.

" My dear Friend,

" K. C., Oct. 29, 1834.

" In compliance with the request which you made me yesterday, respecting the observations which I had offered on the preceding evening to a large number of Undergraduates, that were assembled to hear from yourself and Mr. Bickersteth an account of the work going forward through the instrumentality of the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, I take up my pen to give you in few words the substance of my address.

" I had expressed my gratitude to Almighty God for the great increase of attention which was visibly paid by *them* to this generally neglected subject: and I traced it to what I conceived to be its true cause, an increase of Scriptural knowledge, and of vital godliness among them.

" Religion, I observed, in its first rise in the heart, is a personal matter between God and a man's own soul. A man, desirous of obtaining mercy from God, and peace in his own conscience, reads the Scriptures in order to find out the way of salvation, and marks with special care those passages which assure him of acceptance with God through the merits and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. For a considerable time, it is his own eternal welfare which engrosses all his attention, and almost exclusively occupies his mind: and even the salvation of the whole world is of chief interest to him, as warranting

a hope, that he himself may be a partaker of the blessings so freely offered, and so extensively diffused.

“ But, when he has obtained peace with God, then he searches the Scriptures, to find how he may adorn his holy profession, and render to the Lord according to the stupendous benefits that have been conferred upon him. He sees that LOVE in all its branches is his bounden duty, and his highest privilege; and he accordingly determines, with God's help, to live in the most enlarged exercise of that heavenly grace. Benevolence, in all its offices, both towards the bodies and souls of men, is now cultivated by him with holy ardour; and every Society that is engaged in imparting good to man, is gladly encouraged by him. Not only are schools for the education of the poor, and hospitals for the relief of the sick, become objects of his regard, but he extends his compassion to the perishing heathen, and gladly unites with Bible Societies and Mission Societies in their efforts to spread Divine knowledge throughout the world, by the dispersion of the Holy Scriptures in all the vernacular languages of the earth, and by the labours of pious ministers.

“ As religion advances in his soul, he takes deeper views of divine truth, and enters into considerations which, in the earlier stages of his career, found scarcely any place in his mind. He now enters into the character of Jehovah as displayed in the Sacred Volume, and his dispensations, both of providence and grace, as there revealed. He traces up the great work of redemption to the eternal counsels of Jehovah, and regards all its benefits, whether as conferred on himself or others, as the fruits of God's love, manifested in Christ Jesus and ratified with the blood of the everlasting covenant. He sees that ‘covenant ordered in all things and sure;’ and looks unto God to fulfil towards him all the engagements which from eternity He entered into with His only dear Son, and founds his hopes of ultimate felicity, not only on the mercy, but on the truth and fidelity of God. He now begins to view with wonder the dealings of God with His ancient people, who from the days of Abraham to the present moment have been such remarkable objects of His care. He sees their separation from all the rest of mankind, and their wonderful preservation as a peculiar people in all ages: he sees their miraculous redemption from Egypt, their establishment in the promised land, and their final expulsion from that land for their manifold transgressions, and especially for their murder of the Messiah. Whilst he beholds them dispersed through the world as objects of universal hatred and contempt, he contemplates God's design to restore them in due season to their former inheritance, and to a state of piety and blessedness far exceeding anything which, in their national capacity, they ever possessed. He sees further, the connexion which subsists between the restoration of that people, and the salvation of the whole Gentile world; the latter being, in the Divine purpose, the effect and consequence of the former. Here, then, his mind becomes expanded, and his heart enlarged; and a fresh unthought-of line of duty opens itself to his view. Now he desires to co-operate with God, so far as his feeble influence can extend, in the production of this great event; and he thankfully avails himself of any opportunity that is afforded him, to promote the eternal welfare of the Jews. His very love to the Gentile world strengthens this desire, and encourages him in the discharge of this grievously-neglected duty. He longs to see God's glory advanced, and His purposes accomplished: and in his prayers, as well as in his efforts, he labours to hasten forward this glorious consummation; yea, he determines to ‘give God no rest, till he arise, and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.’ Formerly, he thought but little of conferring benefits on this despised people; but now, seeing how nearly the honour of God and the salvation of the whole world are connected with their destinies, he accounts it his bounden duty to promote, by every means within his power, their restoration to the Divine favour. He is even astonished at himself, yes, and humbled too, that he has had such narrow and contracted views of his religious duties, in that he has passed over, as scarcely worthy of a thought, that

mysterious dispensation, which St. Paul has so clearly and fully developed in the eleventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, and in the contemplation of which he exclaimed, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!' I say, he wonders at his own blindness and stupidity in having so overlooked that mystery, which St. Paul cautioned us 'on no account to remain ignorant of,' and at his own indifference about that people, for whom St. Paul felt such 'continual heaviness and sorrow in his heart,' that he was willing even to lay down his life for their welfare. And now he determines henceforth to redeem the time for the discharge of his duty towards them, that he may no longer subject himself to that anathema, which was denounced against the Ammonites and Moabites for not administering to the necessities of that people, who were the special objects of God's peculiar care and favour.

"Thus, as it appears to me, the reason of this sacred cause having hitherto made but small progress in the land, in comparison of some other Societies, is made clear. Religion, *in its rise*, interests us almost exclusively about *ourselves*: *in its progress*, it engages us about the welfare of *our fellow-creatures*: *in its more advanced stages*, it animates us to consult in all things, and to exalt to the utmost of our power, the *honour of our God*.

"Having now our eyes opened to see, what is so clearly revealed in the Scriptures of truth, that the restoration of God's ancient people to His favour will be an occasion 'of joy, (so to speak,) and of honour to God himself,' (Jer. xxxiii. 9,) and the means of happiness and salvation to the whole world; (compare Rom. xi. 12, 15, with Jer. xxxiii. 7—9, and Psalm cii. 13—15: 'SO the heathen shall fear thy name'); and, above all, that God's glory will be displayed by means of it with such brightness as shall perfectly eclipse all former manifestations of it, (Psalm cii. 16, with Isai. lxxv. 17, 18, and Jer. iii. 16, 17,)—we cannot but feel ourselves bound to promote this great object to the utmost of our power, and for that end to aid the efforts of the only Society in Britain that has that object in view, THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING OF CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS.

"The effect of the lower degrees of knowledge and piety is already seen in the land to a considerable extent in the ways I have before described it: and I cannot but hope, that, in proportion as religion shall be deepened in the hearts of our countrymen, this all-important cause will be espoused and cherished by all ranks and orders of the community.

"I am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours,
—Pp. 740—745. "C. SIMEON."

Under some circumstances, this rhapsody might be looked upon as so much pure nonsense, uttered in conformity with a certain licence granted to the agents of religious societies. But Simeon's whole manner of treating his favourite societies was too consistent, to allow of this interpretation. He essentially gave up the Church as the outward communion, where he looked for true sympathy of heart, and, under the pretext of religious societies, he sought for that elsewhere. This is the abuse to which societies are often liable. Our best societies of the present day, we have great satisfaction in entirely acquitting of this tendency, but for the very reason that they are quite clear of this failing, we may observe that they meet not with very zealous support from the Evangelical party. Is it not a dangerous freedom with Church principles, for a clergyman to

meet with the promiscuous company that frequent the platform of a Bible Society meeting, and then use such expressions as the following:—‘It was the most holy, heavenly meeting that I ever attended:’ ‘It was a good meeting, but not so holy as that at Bristol.’ ‘All clapping and applause were discounted, in order that nothing might diminish the solemnity of the occasion.’

In the course of travelling about preaching and attending meetings, Simeon was made a lion of by great people, and had snug conversations with ladies of rank. He describes the departure of the *profanum vulgus* from some large gathering, and his being left with the more select party. An evening at the palace at Gloucester, is thus described:—

‘After the company were gone, I conversed much and deeply with our home party: a divine unction was upon us, and I believe all were edified and comforted.

‘After dinner I had hours of conversation with the Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Whitmore. About thirty persons had been invited to tea: but they chose to have me to themselves; and glad should I be if I could record the conversation.’—Pp. 574—575.

We now enter on another development of Simeon’s peculiar policy. We allude to his practice of purchasing Livings to be left in the hand of trustees, for the sake of ensuring appointments of a certain kind. This was an attempt to establish a system of Church government within the Church, distinct from her discipline. Did Simeon talk of Providence with regard to himself—and did he think that Providence would forget the Church? He really seems to imagine that he was the special instrument of Providence to the neglect of the whole Church—Such a mistrust of God’s future designs, and such a grasping of perpetual influence, does this unhappy scheme of his exhibit!

He thus explains the plan he had in view:—

‘Having no family, and my Brother’s family being in good circumstances, and having suffered a legacy to be left me for the express purpose of doing that good which was in a measure lost to the world by my late Brother’s death; I have for these many years determined to devote a great part of the principal, and all the interest, to the service of our common Lord, who gave His own life a ransom for us. The object I have selected, and prosecuted for several years, has been the purchase of Livings, (which I commit immediately to Trustees in perpetuity,) that in them may be preached those doctrines which have produced so happy an effect on my soul; (you remember me a very different person at Eton from what I have been these forty-five years since I came to College). I have bought several, and for above this month past I have expected a demand of 9000*l.* for fresh purchases: and I am at this ^{time} ^{ready} for two more Livings.’—Pp. 589, 590.

The tone of the possessor of pat-
following extract from a letter:—

“From every place I have had petition

too. But where, then, is my knowledge of persons, my judgment, and my right of patronage, and my conscience, if I too readily and without extreme vigilance comply with them? I must not only do *well*, but *the best* that I can *possibly* do; and I must spare no pains to effect this. It is on this account, that in my dying charge to my Trustees I have particularly guarded them against being influenced by *petitions for Curates*. But you will say, or rather do say, that you fear for the interests of the Church. To this I answer, I will approve myself to God in doing the best I possibly can for His Church and people; and though some, through personal attachment, may be pained at the first, they, if they have a spark of piety towards God or of gratitude to me, will soon find reason to acknowledge, that I have approved myself faithful both to God and them. How did they all bless me for not attending to their petitions (one signed by 400, and the other by 700), when I appointed Mr. —! Forty of the heads of both parties sent me an united letter of thanks, for doing for them infinitely better than they would have done for themselves. And a similar letter will in all probability be sent me on the present occasion, within six months."—Pp. 746, 747.

The charge of Simeon to his Trustees, is characteristic of the whole idea; the first paragraph we transcribe, but, as we sincerely trust its author was unconscious of what great presumption he was guilty, and how great a violation of the Third Commandment he was perpetrating, we will not analyse it.

'IN THE NAME AND IN THE PRESENCE OF ALMIGHTY GOD, I give the following Charge to all my Trustees, and to all who shall succeed them in the Trust to the remotest ages. I implore them for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and I charge them also before that adorable Saviour, who will call them into judgment for their execution of this Trust,'

Hitherto we have worked solely on the materials collected by Mr. Carus; but we have a document before us, omitted by him, may be, from shame for his predecessor at Trinity Church, which contains a lamentable exposure of the truly *simoniacal* character of these proceedings. We reprint it from the British Magazine of May, 1836.

'Copy of a letter from the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, on the subject of purchasing Livings, with a view to secure a gospel ministry in the respective churches:—

"I had got to the length of my tether, as you will readily imagine, with twenty-one Livings in my possession. But being strongly urged to purchase the Living of Bridlington, with 6,000 souls, I broke my tether, and bought it. After having purchased it, five of those who had urged me to it, knowing how ill able I was to bear the expense, sent me 100*l.* each, and two 50*l.* each, and one anonymously 40*l.*, and left me not above 140*l.* to pay. I felt this a call from God to *know nothing of tethers*, but to go to the utmost extent of my power, now that the corporation Livings are on sale. . . . Accordingly I devote to this blessed work 2,500*l.*, and I send to a variety of places this proposal:—Collect amongst you one-half, and I will give the other half; or, if three persons will subscribe three-fourths, I will give one-fourth, and the *first prebendation*. Thus, on the first plan my pittance will go as far as 5,000*l.*, and on

the second plan, as far as 10,000*l.* And then I say to any persons, Help me to enlarge my pittance; because every 100*l.* will, on the first plan, be equal to 200*l.*, and on the second plan to 400*l.* If I could get from others 1,000*l.*, it would not spare me one penny, but would enlarge my efforts to the amount of 4,000*l.* But behold, I have begun with Derby, and (with the exception of Mr. Evans, who wishes to enlarge my sphere of operation,) I have got but 100*l.* and that is from Mr. Cope. So that I shall have to sacrifice for that one place nearly one-half of my pittance, whereas I expected that the religious people there would gladly meet me half-way. On receiving his letter I was almost ready to weep. Truly, for the most magnificent church in the county, there is only one person found to meet my offer of fixing the gospel there in perpetuity, or to give a shilling towards it, and thus all my glorious plans and prospects are defeated. . . . I had *pledged myself* to purchase the great Living at Northampton, at any price. But the vicar has written me word that the corporation intend to get, *if they can*, an Act of Parliament to enable the Bishop of Lincoln to add to it a valuable sinecure in the town; and in return for that, to have the nomination vested in him. Whether this will go forward, I do not know. If it do, my intentions with respect to *it* will be frustrated. But should that be the case, I have my eye upon *all the provincial towns*, to spend all I can in securing the gospel to them. . . . I have actually sent to Bath my proposals, and if they be accepted, (Bath will sell for at least 5,000*l.* having five churches under it,) I shall have my poor pittance swallowed up by that alone. I wrote thither under the full persuasion that the people of Derby would meet me half-way, instead of only giving one solitary hundred towards it. . . . What to do I know not. (All that I purchase will be committed to my Trustees, as all my twenty-two Livings are.) I think I *must* secure Derby, because of the immense importance of it. I will have four or five other places, if I can get them, and get the means of fulfilling my engagements. Pray do for me all you can with any of your friends who are able to assist you in this good cause. Any sums may be placed to my account at Smith, Payne, and Smith's, London. Oh, that there were amongst religious people more zeal for God and more love to immortal souls! In all my Livings I have no *personal interest whatever*. If I had never done more than purchase Cheltenham, I should be already well repaid for all the pains I have taken and all the labour I have expended."

One important topic in the life of Simeon we have as yet only adverted to incidentally; we allude to his preaching. The art of preaching was the chief subject of his labours; by that he gained the popularity he enjoyed in life, and on that he depended for the preservation of his name after death. All his thoughts and all his exertions tended principally to the composition and delivery of sermons. The pulpit was his throne, and when there he felt an enjoyment, that, to use his own expression, 'was a heaven upon earth.' He exalted the 'ordinance of preaching' to little less than a Sacrament. We have already seen how early in his religious life he evinced a taste in this direction, and extracts have also been introduced where he speaks, with his own peculiar and unequalled style, of his powers and his success. Passages like the following continually occur:—'Last year, during the long vacation, I took the first Epistle to the Thessalonians for my subject on Sunday mornings, and

'through mercy was enabled not only to enter into the spirit of it, but to breathe the spirit of it in my ministrations.' His letters and his conversation were always alluding to sermons past or to come. He considered his preaching such a strong point, that he staked all his reputation on it, by founding, as it were, a new school of sermons for the benefit of present and future ages. He had classes of young men to instruct in the art, and the only literary productions he has left behind him, are his sermons; enough, perhaps, for one man, it may be said, for his book of skeletons was eventually published in twenty-one thick volumes, containing the rudiments of no less than two thousand five hundred and thirty-six discourses.

Concerning Simeon's manner of delivery, Mr. Carus has not given many opportunities of judging. His own letters, however, show that an earnest and confident manner was the great secret of his power. Supreme confidence, both in the importance of the subject and also in the manner adopted to set it forth, is the foundation of rhetoric; and one great drawback to the oratorical influence of a religious preacher, is a certain diffidence, not altogether out of place, in dealing with high and sacred subjects. The best style of preaching, we should say, is where the preacher can so far throw himself into his subject and identify himself with it, as that, without being self-confident in his own talents and manner, he can make up for this deficiency by the superior position which a sacred subject gives him over what a secular one can ever impart. Simeon, however, would not seem to have been troubled with this diffidence, and he by no means lost the advantage which great confidence in the manner of stating a subject is able to give. In some passages he makes a profession of thinking only of his subject, and leaving other things to take their chance; but, by the very unreal extent to which he carries such profession, he shows how little he knew practically what he was saying. Certainly his practical advice to others was not of a kind to lead one to suppose that he let the text speak for itself, that he 'might have nothing to do.' For instance, he says:—

'Deliver your Sermons not pompously, but as a professor *ex cathedra*, and as a father in his family. To get ease, read parts of your Sermon to an ideal person (any object, as your inkstand, or candlestick), and then repeat *the same words* in a way of common oral instruction; and repeat this, till you perceive (as it were) that your ideal person clearly understands you.'—P. 685.

In fact, Simeon both practised and recommended a theatrical manner in preaching. His whole idea of a sermon led him to this: he considered the pulpit as a stage, whereon he appeared in quite a different character to what he did in his ordinary parochial ministrations, for preaching was with him a sacra-

mental rite. So just as the Church has practised intonation of voice for certain parts of the service or chanting for others,—as being departure from the common mode of using the voice suited to the divine ordinance of prayer or praise,—so Simeon adopted a theatrical style of eloquence as the peculiarity of manner suited to the ordinance of preaching. The management of his voice, and his *action*, were far more *emphatic*, we have understood, than is consistent with the idea of a sermon being a pastoral address. It is plain, therefore, that he thought of it in another light; and that, whether he acknowledged this or not, he gave a sermon a certain individuality of existence which the Church nowhere recognises. Simeon's peculiar attitudes and motions in the pulpit were, we believe, so remarkable, that they afforded subjects for the graphic pencil of more than one profane caricaturist. A poor Italian boy, who had a talent for taking off portraits with the aid of scissors and black paper, was once of malicious intent conducted to Trinity Church. In a few days certain little black figures were to be seen in several shop windows, most successfully illustrative of the bold attitudes familiar to the congregation of Simeon's church. It is even said that their popularity caused the subject of them considerable annoyance, and that his indignation was, on one occasion, somewhat hastily and disastrously vented on a harmless shopwoman, who stood aghast behind the counter, to see the wrathful preacher rudely stamping on his own little black self.

Mr. Carus regrets that the size to which his book was swelling prevents his devoting the space he had intended to Simeon's method of instructing his sermon-class in composition. We confess that, as it has been our duty to read the book, we do not sympathise in this regret. There is enough, as it is, to prove how unprofitable and how wearing his style was. He was fond of endless divisions, which utterly confuse the brain, if one attempts to understand the distinctions meant to be implied. It is not, however, difficult to perceive that Simeon's was an illogical mind. He cramped and confined his subject with an outward form of regularity in the shape of divisions, subdivisions, &c.; but it is proved on examination, that these are not logical divisions at all, but often only different words to express the same idea. The mind therefore is wearied with painful repetition under the pretence of nice and discriminating distinctions. How much better is it for the subject to divide itself naturally as it flows on; and pass to a change of application, not because it has been committed to certain binding restrictions by the rules of composition, but because it has viewed the subject in one light, and then in another! We do not see how

thoughtful mind to act with fair advantage when encumbered with sixteen divisions to start with. Surely all depth of thought would fly from such trammels, as a bird from the captivity of a cage.

'As a last lesson for good proficient, he used to take the long discussion in the *Christian Observer*, under sixteen different heads, on "Separation from the world."

'His directions then were:—

"1. Comprehend them all in one discourse.

"2. Let that discourse be so luminous and simple, that a very child may understand it, or form it from his own mind.

"3. Let it contain all the proper parts of a discourse: Exordium—Arrangement—Discussion—Application.

"4. Let every one of these sixteen heads find its place.

"5. Let not one be omitted, nor one be added.

"6. Let it be *totus, teres, atque rotundus*; and turn out of your hand as a filbert from its shell."—P. 643.

Then follow the sixteen 'Topics given for distribution.'

As a specimen of Simeon's illogical mind, we will refer to the formal rules which he gave for the composition of a sermon. He first recommends the text to be considered under three great heads:—'1. Take for your subject that which you believe to be the mind of God in the passage. 2. Mark the character of the passage. 3. Mark the spirit of the passage.' In the attempt to discriminate between these three heads, the mind is utterly bewildered. We perhaps are inclined to imagine that Simeon had a peculiarly clear mind and could see distinctions which to others are imperceptible; but common sense soon comes to our relief, and convinces us that all this is utter nonsense,—that such divisions do not exist,—for each one contains the other two. A thick hazy atmosphere surrounded Simeon's mind, and cut him off from the clear distinctions of common sense and nature. He saw everything in a distorted and reflected manner. Take his own instance of the view he recommends on a particular text.

'For instance. 1 John iv. 18. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

'This passage should not be treated in a common-place way of shewing, 1. What this love is; 2d. What is the fear which it casts out; and 3d. How it casts out this fear. The passage is intended to shew *the influence* of the love of God upon the soul, and to set it forth as *a test* of our attainments in true piety; and therefore the scope and intent of it should be seized as the groundwork of the division. Thus—Consider the love of God: 1. Its influence as a principle (casting out all slavish fear); and, 2. Its importance as a test; (enabling us, by means of its influence in this respect, to estimate the precise measure of our attainments.)'—P. 646.

Yet twenty-one thick volumes of skeleton sermons were put

forth by Simeon, with a no very modestly expressed idea that they would be standard helps to the clergy for ages to come. A more unfit person for such a task could hardly be imagined. The very enumeration of the objects he had in view when he published them, shows it. The brain staggers when we hear an author say that he has aimed at Unity, Continuity, Pertinency, Diversity, Fulness, Number, Conciseness, Perspicuity, Cheapness, Use, Tendency, and Effect. The two latter, however, we explain at length; for the prospects opened out are too grand to make concealment justifiable.

‘11. *Tendency.*

- ‘1. To raise the tone of preaching throughout the land.
- ‘2. To promote a candid, liberal, and consistent mode of explaining the Scriptures.
- ‘3. *To weaken at least, if not eradicate, the disputes about Calvinism and Arminianism; and thus to recommend, to the utmost of my power, the unhampered liberality of the Church of England.*

‘12. *Effect.*

- ‘1. To impart to young Ministers a clear view of the Gospel.
- ‘2. To help them to an inward experience of it in their own souls.’

—P. 719.

The whole undertaking, we have perfect confidence in saying, is now acknowledged to be a complete failure, as such a fabric of egotism and presumption must ever be.

We would now say a few, and only a few words on Simeon's doctrinal theology. From extracts already introduced, the reader will have formed a tolerably correct notion of his opinions; on this ground, therefore, but little now need be said; also neither space nor inclination allow us to make this an opportunity of entering on abstract theological questions.

Dogmatical theology was a subject on which Simeon never felt at home. He never has any flow or ease, when compelled to make a statement of his views. But one question ever seems to have occurred to him as of sufficient importance to claim any expression of opinion. This was the controversy between the doctrines of Calvin and Arminius, and this he avoided as much as possible; sometimes on the plea of hating controversy, though he is strong enough in condemning those who hold other views than his own. When, however, he did express any opinions in a formal manner, we see at once two things: first, that he does not in the least comprehend the subject he is about, and secondly, that he is writing in a slippery, unreal manner, as men at the head of a party are apt to do, that they may gain all sides. Thus Simeon often tried to make it appear that there was no real contradiction between Calvinism and Arminianism, and moreover that he had found out the magic wand which reconciled these antagonist principles.

"There is amongst the Prelates of Ireland an augmented prejudice against the truth. The Primate and the Archbishop of Dublin have withdrawn, and others with them, from the Bible Society and all the Religious Societies. It appeared to me, therefore, that, through the Divine blessing, I might do good by going there. The bugbear in their minds is Calvinism; by which term they designate all vital religion. You well know that, though strongly Calvinistic in some respects, I am as strongly Arminian in others. I am free from all the trammels of human systems; and can pronounce every part of God's blessed Word, *ore rotundo*, mincing nothing, and fearing nothing.' Perhaps too I may say, that, from having published sixteen volumes, and preached for forty years in Cambridge, I may be supposed to give a pretty just picture of the state of Evangelical Religion, such as it really is. On this account I hoped, that however insignificant in myself, I might be an instrument of good: more especially, because in the last year I sent to every Prelate there my Sermons on the Conversion of the Jews.'"—P. 563.

Again:—

"Here were two extremes; observing days, eating meats, &c.—'Paul, how do you move? In the mean way?' 'No.'—'To one extreme?' 'No.'—'How then?' 'To both extremes in their turn, as occasion requires.'

"Here are two other extremes, Calvinism and Arminianism, (for you need not be told how long Calvin and Arminius lived before St. Paul). 'How do you move in reference to these, Paul? In a golden mean?' 'No.'—'To one extreme?' 'No.'—'How then?' 'To both extremes: to-day I am a strong Calvinist; to-morrow a strong Arminian.'—'Well, well, Paul, I see thou art beside thyself: go to Aristotle, and learn the golden mean.'"—P. 600.

This manner of speaking, however, was simply to get all fish into his net. We believe that he had no head for deep theological questions, but still he must have been conscious that a discussion which had so stirred up the Church had some reality in it. Occasionally also we plainly see on which side his heart was.

"You should unite the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. What can you say more Calvinistic than I have said in my letter to you? But I have stated it so, that your subtle foe may not have ground of accusation against you. Perhaps you think I have trimmed: perhaps your dear wife may think so too; but the more you consider my Preface, the more will you, I think, be disposed to acknowledge, that my views are truly scriptural, and at the same time more calculated to unite men of real piety, than the partial statements of either party."—Pp. 421, 422.

The Preface of his 'Helps to Composition' is a doctrinal statement on which Simeon always rested his orthodoxy. Having once penned this he rested on his oars, and, when called on, simply referred to 'the Preface:' over and over again is 'the Preface' pointed to. Such a device was, no doubt, most successful; for if the inquirer waited to renew his questioning till he understood this manifesto and saw its consistency, he would be long enough in troubling its author again. Yet Simeon had views of doctrine, for he invented a special vocabulary whereby to express the intricacies of his own acute perception. But

what were the intricacies he dwelt on, for it was his great profession to be plain and simple? The explanation of this appears to be in his distorted efforts to embrace all doctrines under the wings of his own Calvinistic notions. He wished to acknowledge every doctrine that has apparent good in it; but he tried to view it through the atmosphere of Calvinism. Deeper men of his own school have seen that such a union is impossible, and therefore have been more avowed in their principles; but Simeon never could fully comprehend a system of theology so as to discover that a certain set of views hang naturally together, and that there is a consistency in Calvinism as well as in Catholicism. The errors of Calvinism are not so much in details as in the first committal to a certain system. This done, all the rest follows of itself. But Simeon never saw the true connexion between one thing and another; he imagined he might hold isolated doctrines apart from any system, and it was in the attempt to reconcile the contradictory elements of his creed that he had recourse to a vague and unintelligible phraseology. But what object can be gained by further examination into the theological views of Simeon? Read his interpretation of the word *renatus*:—

“Your question about *renatus*, I can only answer by saying, that under God, I owe everything to Provost Cooke. I see you full of utter amazement: ‘Pray explain yourself,’ I hear you say. I will in few words. On the 29th of January, ’79, I came to College. On February 2d I understood that, at division of Term, I MUST attend the Lord’s Supper. *The Provost absolutely required it.* Conscience told me, that Satan was as fit to go there, as I; and that if I must go, I must repent, and turn to God, unless I chose to eat and drink my own damnation. From that day I never ceased to mourn and pray, till I obtained progressive manifestations of God’s mercy in Christ in the Easter Week, and perfect peace on Easter Day, April 4th.

“Thus you see, that under God I owe all to Dr. Cooke. Howbeit he meant not so, neither did his heart think so. But to specify *the day* that I was *renatus*, is beyond my power. You have *the season.*”—Pp. 710, 711.

We come now to the close of Simeon’s life. On attaining the fiftieth year of his residence in the University, and also of his connexion with Trinity Church, he kept solemn Jubilees in commemoration, of course, of the great services he had rendered to the University and parish. The suggestion, however, came from himself, and the whole thing was managed by himself. They lasted a whole week: we extract from his diary the account of three days on the latter occasion.

‘On Tuesday, at half-past 10, about thirty-two assembled. I opened the meeting with observations (as on a similar occasion before) founded on the fact that the *Jubilee* was always at the close of the day of atonement; the services of which day prepared those *who had received* deliverance from spiritual judgments, to set others at liberty and restore their inheritances, and those who

were now liberated and restored, to appreciate and improve their mercies aright. Thus our Jubilee arose out of, and was a continuation of our previous humiliation, which I desired to pervade all our services, and all our enjoyments. I prayed with tears. Mr. Sargent followed in a way of humiliation. Mr. Bickersteth followed admirably in behalf of Missions. We then retired for the luncheon; and met again at 2 till 4; which time was occupied in a similar way, by Mr. Hankinson and other brethren.

'Then twelve of the residents went home to dinner, and I entertained twenty. About six of the others came back to tea, and we spent the evening, till past 9, in discussion.

'Wednesday was wholly occupied in most profitable discussions and prayer from 11 to 1; and from 2 to 4. Lunch and dinner as before, and evening as before. Mr. Jowett's closing prayer will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Marsh gave his views of the reign of Christ, greatly moderated and softened. There would be no controversy if the prophetic people were all like him.

'Thursday was spent, till dinner-time, as Tuesday had been, in the word and prayer only.

'But behold, to my utter surprise, my dear (Clerical) brethren presented me with an elegant inkstand. This quite overcame me. I could speak only by silence and tears, from a sense of God's unmerited and unbounded love towards me. As there was to be Church-service at half-past 6, all except a few dined with me; Mr. Cunningham preached on the very same text that I myself had taken on Monday. We then separated, after a season such as no one of us had ever seen before.'—Pp. 708, 709.

Death-bed scenes and the speeches of dying men are things which ought to be referred to with great gentleness and consideration; but yet we have great faith in 'the ruling passion strong in death.' The composition of sermons was an instance of this principle in Simeon.

'During the greater part of Thursday, (Oct. 27,) his whole mind seemed absorbed in perfecting a scheme for four Sermons upon his favourite passage in Eph. iii. 18, 19, "That you may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." His thoughts had early been employed upon the subject, and before I arrived he had dictated the outlines of the four Sermons under the following heads:—P. 813.

His dread of a death-bed scene was excessive; a feature we do not altogether understand in him; for he had been accustomed to the presence of friends on devotional occasions all his life, and a death-bed is a natural place for such presence. Did his consciousness involuntarily associate artificiality with religious scenes? We will not speculate, however, but only narrate. After there had been an alarm that he was dying, which caused his attendants to send for several persons into his room, he thus expresses his annoyance:—'Now I was much hurt at the scene last night: a scene!—a death-bed scene I abhor, from my inmost soul.—No!'

"Now bring some paper, and write something down for me directly." Then, in a very serious and deliberate manner, he dictated the following:—"If anything laudatory be mentioned before the University by Dr. Dealtry, about me, or about my Sermons, I entreat from my inmost soul that I may not have it

repeated to me: let me go to heaven as the *vilest sinner in the universe*. So far as respects myself, let me not know there is such a person existing as Charles Simeon; on no account, if any remarks are made, let them be uttered before me. *Satan himself could not be a greater curse to me*, than the person who would dare to breathe a word upon that subject commendatory of me, or anything I have ever done. They would be a curse to be, whoever they are. Persons so acting are doing the devil's work, and it is frightful to me. I feel, if I could be pleased with it, it would be damnation to me."—Pp. 816, 817.

His death-bed devotions take a simply contemplative turn.

"Yes," said he, "it is to the *principles* I look. It is upon the *broad, grand principles* of the Gospel that I repose—it is not upon any particular promise here or there—any little portions of the word, which some people seem to take comfort from; but I wish to look at the *grand whole*—at the vast scheme of redemption as from eternity to eternity. . . . Indeed, to say the truth, what may be called my spiritual exercises have lately been at rather a low ebb; and I may make another confession to *you*, (smiling,) my *bodily* exercises also of late have been at a low ebb." I observed, "Very probably the one may have been partly the cause of the other."

"Yes," he continued; "but however that may be, I wish to point out *this* distinction in my case—that I am not solicitous so much about *this* feeling or *that*, or *this* state or *that*, as upon keeping before me the grand purposes of Jehovah from eternity to eternity."—Pp. 811, 812.

Throughout the long account which is given of his last illness from the beginning of October to the 13th of November, when he died, there is one striking omission, which we must hope is but accidental. It is never mentioned that he received or alluded to the Holy Communion. The composition of sermons, Jews' Societies, and addresses to Undergraduates, were running in his head for days together, but the Church's consolations are never spoken of. One more extract from this period we now give, in connexion or not, as the reader may think fit, with the mention just made regarding that Sacrament. The following scene is, to say the least of it, a dangerous playing with sacred ideas and a most sacred text of Scripture:—

'The next day, Friday, (November 4,) when I went to him in the evening, he was on the point of taking a little wine, which had just been prescribed for him. It so happened that having had a present of a small quantity of *Lachryma Christi*, which he much valued as a token of the donor's regard, some of this had been brought out for him on the present occasion. Never shall we forget his countenance and manner, as we offered him a little of this wine in a glass, after we had raised him up and supported his back with the pillows. Stretching forth his feeble and withered hands in the attitude of reverential and earnest prayer, he began, in the most affecting manner, to invoke a blessing on all present—"May all the blessings which my adorable Saviour purchased for me with His *tears*—yea, even His own precious life-blood—be now given to me to enjoy—and to my two dearest friends, Sir Richard and Mr. C—, and my two dear nurses—and to that dear friend who gave me this wine—that they may enjoy the same in time and eternity." He then just tasted the wine; and turning to me most affectionately said, "And you take some—and *you* also," looking to his nephew. He seemed rather exhausted with the effort; but when we had gently laid him down again, he began to speak of the pleasure he had

felt, in the circumstance of this wine in particular having been brought to him on such an occasion. He then desired the remainder of it to be sent immediately to the friend from whom he had received it, with a label bearing this inscription—"To G. C. H. Esq., with kindest and devoutest wishes for his happiness in time and eternity." Afterwards, referring to what had passed, he observed, "There! I shall drink no more of *that wine*, until I drink it *new* (this word he uttered in a peculiarly significant tone) with my Redeemer in His kingdom."—Pp. 820, 821.

If, by way of summing up, we were required to describe Simeon's whole character in one word, we should at once fix on the word 'artificial.' There is a tone of effort and of display running through all that he said or did. His outward manners were strikingly artificial—his inward thoughts were the same. He preferred throwing his energies into an artificial system of religion, to following the Church as his guide; and on doctrinal points he dwelt on an inconsistent amalgamation of views, which proved that he did not see deep into the tendency of any. Thus religion with him dealt with little more than the outside of human nature—that part of it which lies under the control of the artificial principle. His system probes but skin deep; it creates religious sentiment, religious language: it does not go near the heart: from one end of the book before us to the other, we have not met with one idea that goes below the very surface of human nature, and we would say, of human intellect. We never feel that Simeon has hold of the real creature *man*. He has not the remotest consciousness of the wonderful analogy between the Gospel he so strove to preach and the being to whom it is preached. All depth of reasoning, all profound meditation, were to him 'scholastic subtleties,' injurious to true religion, though he himself adopted subtleties of thought beyond the comprehension of all ordinary mortals, in order to fabricate an artificial divinity of his own, which suited his own views—subtleties as unfitted to supply the necessities, as they are to elevate the spiritual perception of the creature he had to deal with. All this, however, follows as a natural sequence from the degradation of human nature which Calvinism teaches. Man's best powers are despised, and a mere shadow of him is recognised by Calvinistic preachers, little more than the inkstand which Simeon recommends his pupils to address by way of practice. We can feel no sympathy with such teaching, for it is itself artificial, and supposes us to be artificial also.

To return, then, to our original position. It is needless for us to add, after the remarks which we have been making on Simeon's career and life, that we do not acknowledge those claims to the character of a saint, which his friends and admirers make for him. He was a phenomenon in the Church, but he was not so much a light as a token of darkness. Dark and dor-

ment must the popular religion of the day be, which can receive Simeon for its most bright and shining light, its expositor of the true spirit of Christianity, and its representative in an ancient and noble seat of learning.

We cannot but imagine that his own friends feel this. Now that the attractions of his personal presence are departed, we are confident they feel an effort in their wish to maintain his memory. Thus previous enthusiasm about him must rather sink down for want of satisfactory evidence. Why have these memoirs been delayed for eleven years? We will hazard a suggestion. The faults of Simeon struck his friends with a force they little expected, as soon as they calmly surveyed his life, and examined his papers. There is an appearance of effort and a tone of apology throughout the work, which augurs its having been a hard task. Passages and expressions also occur which strongly incline us to think that much has been omitted, in order to make the book as inoffensive as possible.

This is our suggestion—we will also venture on a prophecy. We do not look forward to Simeon's memory or his designs being long-lived. Egotism always invites this fate; and if it does not always receive it, it receives it sufficiently often to remind us of a certain justice which operates, on this head, even in the present order of things, and course of nature.

ART. VI.—1. *A Third Statement of the Real Danger of the Church of England, &c.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY. London: Burns.

2. *The Colonial Church Chronicle, No. II. August, 1847.* London: Rivingtons.

IT is one of the more hopeful signs of the times, that the Church's action is beginning to tell in various, and sometimes unexpected quarters. Her interests and claims are, perceptibly, making themselves more and more felt. Statesmen, for example, find themselves constrained to recognise them, in mere fairness, as a large element in the body politic. Even on this lowest view, it is felt that they must allowed for and dealt with. Like the mercantile interest, or any other 'interest,' they do work, and are represented; they have a stake in the country. One minister comes into power on the strength of them; another, warned by his predecessor's fate, sees it to be his truest interest to give them at least fair play. How far such a standing falls below that which the Church should rightfully occupy in the machinery of the State, it is needless to point out: it is something that she is, in any degree, recovering that standing for herself. If we look, again, to the department of literature, we find that, besides the vastly increased stores of directly theological matter constantly issuing from the press, the Church has been enabled, to a remarkable degree, to infuse a leaven of her own into the ordinary *pabulum* of a book-devouring age. The amount of indirect theologising that has crept into almost every species of book-writing, is truly astonishing. Works of fiction, — of travels, — on the arts, architecture especially, — antiquarian researches, — all may be visibly seen to have what has been happily called a growing 'religiosity' about them; — the Church is more the standard or the *τελός* of such productions than heretofore. The Novel finds a rival in the 'Tale' of deeper import; — a History of Art must be a 'History of Christian Art,' if it would catch the ear of the day; — the traveller who can bring home tidings or statistics of the Church in other lands is surest of readers; — the architecture of Greece and ancient Rome is chiefly delighted in as a noble vestibule to the glories of Gothic; — antiquarianism, to give a zest to its drier details, must throw in no inconsiderable dash of ecclesiology. Other indications of the same kind might be enumerated.

Now, slight as many of these symptoms are, their number

and uniformity renders them not inconsiderable. Equability is a sign of healthy progress. When we see, not a solitary wave here and there, but the whole line of waves whitening a higher point upon the beach, we know that the tide has really risen. The operation of the Spirit, both in the Church at large and in particular Churches, is, it has been well noted, floodlike :—

‘It is calm, equable, gradual, far-spreading, overtaking, intimate, irresistible. . . . It gives no tokens of its coming;—secret, successful, and equable, it preserves one level, it is everywhere . . . And here and there it is the same, for by one and the same agency the mighty movement goes on here and there and everywhere, and all things seem to act in concert . . . The characteristics of the Spirit’s influence are, that it is the same everywhere, that it is gradual, that it is thorough . . . He leavens each rank and pursuit of the community with the principles of the doctrines of Christ.’¹

The degree which the steady rise, thus indicated, has attained, cannot well be subjected to any process of measurement. Nor is it necessary that it should be so measured. The *Διίπετης Νεῖλος* fertilized the broad fields of Egypt with his ‘heaven-descended’ streams, equally well before there was a Nilometer to register his annual height. Nor would it be well, perhaps, that we should be too solicitous about ascertaining the mark attained from time to time by ‘the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.’

Yet occasions there are which, occurring from time to time, furnish, approximately at least, an index and a register of the aggregate of the Church’s advance upon the world about her. Some of these are of a kind at first sight most unlikely to furnish any such statistics. Thus they rank among those *παρ’ ὑπόνοιαν* developments of the Church’s life which we have spoken of. Time was when Chancellors of Universities were elected without causing any great ruffling of the surface of things :—or, however, that the Church, as such, could have any particular interest in the selection made for the office, was never dreamt of. In a well-known recent instance we have seen the interest of such a contest hinging entirely on the question of the importance to be attached to Episcopal regimen. So, again, in the most important, perhaps, of the recent parliamentary elections, that of Members for the University of Oxford, and in some measure in others, the old questions which agitated the minds, and swayed the votes, of our fathers or our younger selves, fell off to the right and to the left, and ‘*Pro Ecclesiâ Dei*’ was the one countersign which told friends from foes, and ultimately proved the watchword of victory. In both these instances, the views and feelings which led to such remarkable results were the growth of the last few years. A wonderful growth, certainly, in the time :—but, be it remarked, a *bond fide* growth, still. It was no ‘cry,’ in ‘Coningsby’s’ sense, ‘got up’

¹ Sermons on Subjects of the Day.

for the occasion, that wrought these effects. They were no hastily-collected elements that went to the making up of Lord Powis's minority, or of the majority which returned Mr. Gladstone. In those unimportant-looking figures stood expressed the results of much heart-work going on silently and without observation, for many a day, in men and households and parishes;—of changes gradually, perhaps painfully wrought;—of convictions slowly yielded to, but now at length closed with firmly, and for ever;—of earnest, yet sobered longings for peace to the Church's walls, and prosperity to her palaces. All these now found an unwonted vent, a rarely-offered opportunity of doing battle in a fair field for the good cause. A world of pent-up life-blood, stored in a thousand separate, though not severed vessels, rushed to the one heart at the call, and astonished men by the vitality it gave evidence of.

But occasions such as these, however legitimate for putting forth the Church's recovered strength, and however satisfactory as evidences of it, are none of her choosing. She would fain register her peaceful triumphs in other characters than those of election majorities. And with her revived energies, and resumption of her too long disused functions, come high days of concourse and gathering, of her own. Of one of the most recent and most interesting of these, it is our more especial purpose to speak at present. The consecration of four Bishops to the newly-founded Colonial sees of Melbourne, Adelaide, Newcastle, and Cape Town, is, in every point of view, a most important event. A newly-founded Bishopric is a *κτῆμα ἐς ἄελ*. It is the top and crown of the gifts which a mother-country can give to her dependencies. It confers a self-governing principle, far transcending all charters and constitutions. The State is chary of erecting her dependencies into perfectly-constituted polities: the sense of *αὐταρκεία* on their part might be dangerous to her hold over them. Not so the Church. She loves to raise her daughter Churches to like privileges with herself. The spiritual powers of reproduction which she has freely received, her joy is, or ought to be, freely to give. It is, indeed, to our shame that we should ever have left such immensely distant portions of our Church's domain dependent for the supply and renovation of spiritual life on the home-fountain. Together with a more worthy appreciation of that life, has come to us a sense of the unkindness, to say the least, of withholding from others the originating principle of it.

* A mortal youth I saw
Nigh to God's altar draw,
And lowly kneel, while o'er him pastoral hands
Were spread with many a prayer;
And when he rose up there,
He could undo or bind the dread celestial bands.

' When Bread and Wine he takes,
 And of Christ's Passion makes
 Memorial high before the Mercy throne,
 Faith speaks, and we are sure
 That offering, good and pure,
 Is more than angels' bread to all whom Christ will own.'

Læta Innocentium, IX. 10.

Surely, to the spiritual eye, nothing can exceed in grandeur the spectacle of sending forth to other lands the awful gift which alone can work such wonders as these in the region of the unseen. Not without a deep significance are they in whom that gift resides, with power of communicating it to others, called in Scripture the 'Angels' of the Churches. For, besides their ordinary functions as 'ministering spirits,' they are ever and anon entrusted with an especial charge, to launch new worlds into the spiritual universe; and there is a holy joy belonging to the high occasions on which these delegated creative functions are exercised, nearly allied to that which was in the beginning, 'when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' With some such feeling came together 'a band of men whose hearts God had touched,' on the day of the consecration to which we have alluded. It was, on all hands, allowed to be an occasion not easily to be forgotten. Men came away from it with thoughtful hearts, and spoke of it to others, with glistening eyes, as those who had been permitted to see the desire of their heart beyond all expectation. Not merely the purpose for which the gathering took place, but the circumstances accompanying the ceremonial, were symptoms full of hope and promise. It was no ordinary congregation that assembled on that festival of St. Peter, and in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, at Westminster. We do not mean in point of numbers, for these were necessarily limited by the capacity of the building. Yet this very circumstance served to illustrate the spirit in which those came that did come. For though there was no lack of officiating Bishops, their hands were weary ere they had completed their holy work of administering to the ceaseless tide of communicants that flowed for hours towards the altar. The office of the Archbishop was almost one continued act of consecrating, additional elements being required far beyond all expectation; a circumstance, by the way, so far to be regretted, that our Liturgy, as is well known, gives very unsatisfactory directions for such additional consecration, the words of Institution being alone directed to be repeated. 'Surely,' says an eye-witness, 'surely there has not been such a communion seen in this our day, nor, as we believe, for ages in the Church here in England.'

¹ Colonial Church Chronicle, No. II. August 1847, Pp. 44, 45.

The attendance of clergy, numerous as it was, was yet more remarkable for weight and importance, judging of these by a truer standard than is commonly referred to in such estimates. The very stamina of the Church were there; the hard-working pastor of many a fold, far and near, whom no ordinary occasion could tempt to leave his few sheep even for a day, or to have a thought outside his parish, would not be absent from such a sight, though it were but his one holiday in the year. There were meetings face to face, of those who had perhaps hitherto never met but now felt themselves friends in the one desire and endeavour which had animated them. Little incidents, too, to which the occasion gave a weight and pregnant interest, were noticed. Seldom, till then, for many a long year, had crowds been seen kneeling on the bare pavement of an English cathedral. At one period of the service, the sun's rays suddenly broke through the heavy clouds which had obscured them; and it was, in no irreverent spirit, observed, that they first fell on the spot in which a Christian lady chanced to be kneeling, who was privileged to lay upon the altar that day no common offering. May it be an omen of its acceptance with Him who condescended when on earth to be tended by the hands of 'honourable women,' and who has deigned to commend to the remembrance of the Church 'Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and 'others, which ministered to Him of their substance.' Sadder memories, too, could not but mingle themselves with the prevailing thoughts of thankfulness and hope. There were those whom it was a pain to miss there, and to know that they had given their hearts away to another Mother than Her that bare them—who had been once her flower and stay, but now counted her as an enemy! Who can tell but that a few such sights as these had fixed their 'wavering choice,' and kept them still at her side? God's will be done. But bitter indeed has been the stroke:

'For heavy was her children's crime, and strange her punishment!'

What a lesson does it teach of the fiery trial through which a Church that 'had a name to live and was dead' had to pass, ere she could be purified! and how keenly does it point the admonition which rebuked the 'angel' of her Sardinian prototype, 'Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die!'

The thought we have just dwelt upon brings us to the point which we have all along had in view, in our remarks on the late Consecration of Colonial Bishops. We have dwelt with thankfulness and hope on whatever of better omen or brighter prospect we could espy in the circumstances either of that ceremonial or of other recent events in the Church. To some we

shall seem to have over-estimated those circumstances. We shall be reminded that, in the manner of conducting that Consecration in particular, there was room for improvement. There is a degree of ritual pomp and circumstance allowed or prescribed by our Church beyond what was arrived at here, and which might fitly have been realised on such an occasion. The vestments of the clergy, *e. g.* were wanting in uniformity, as was observed by a contemporary writer. It might well have been borne too, if greater regard had been had to the 'retaining of such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof, as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth:' greater regard, that is, to the elder Rubric, rendered binding on us by the one just quoted: 'Whensoever the Bishop shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the Church, . . . he shall have on him, besides his rochette, a surplice or albe, and a cope or vestment' (Prayer Book of 1549). The arrangements for the accommodation of worshippers, again, were far from what might have been achieved. And we do not deny these things. Yet were we willing to sink the consideration of them in that of the whole. There may have been a little over-partiality in this. Be it so. We have no fear that, when we have done, we shall be deemed indiscriminate eulogists of the proceedings of that day.

For, in truth, we have grave matter to allege, in connexion with those proceedings. For ourselves, we could by no means contemplate them with unalloyed satisfaction; and we plead guilty to no inconsiderable degree of anxiety, on account of their having been allowed to pass so utterly unchallenged as (with the unimportant exception above alluded to) they have been. It will be necessary, in order to put our readers in possession of the grounds of our dissatisfaction, to recur once more to the character of that movement within the Church, the external effects of which we have already commented on. In its first stirrings, then, and in all its more healthy subsequent stages, its prime characteristic has been *depth*;—to search deep for the old foundations, and throw the weight of the Church's superstructure fairly and firmly upon them, was the work enterprised and successfully carried out. And now, 'feeling the Rock beneath her feet,' the Church began to rear another front, and take a bolder position towards her enemies on either side. The root struck downward was in due time seen to bear its fruit upward; and then began, in happy hour, the stretching out of branches and boughs to sea and river. In added breadth of domain, as well as in firmer grasp on her home territory, she began to assert her empire more worthily. And here began, too, her hour of danger; danger, we fear, not altogether

avoided. As long as she was fighting, as it were, 'for her own hand,'—while she could afford to be thus single in her aim, to have no eye for anything else than 'the faith once delivered to the saints,'—so long there was no fear of her faltering in that championship. It was otherwise when the principles asserted had won for themselves acceptance, and dominion, and influence. Then she began to have something to lose. Her spiritual wealth began to be somewhat of the same snare to her that worldly wealth is to its possessors. It would seem a pity, perhaps, to be parting with this or that hopeful plot of territory, or the advocacy of such and such an able defender, by standing out too stiffly, when the graceful concession of some point, not of the very last importance, might secure the desired benefit. And to a certain extent it might be allowable to be 'wise' in this way. Still, in the desire to compass several minor aims, the *one* would run the risk of being less steadily contemplated. In the satisfaction felt in occupying breadth of surface, a sense of the paramount importance of deep grounding and rooting would be apt to be merged. For a considerable time, however, we thankfully testify our belief, there were few symptoms, indeed, of weak or unworthy giving way in matters of doctrinal importance. We wish we could extend the eulogium up to the present hour. We have noticed here and there, with regret and misgiving, an inclination to make light of vital and fundamental differences, and to purchase peace at the expense of truth. The temptation has come plausibly veiled, we may be sure, or it could not have seduced men otherwise valiant for the truth. It presents itself in the form of charitable hopefulness that things will mend, if fair play is given them; that the Church's inherent vitality will expel any chance *virus* admitted into her system; that, let her once cover breadth of ground, depth will follow as a matter of course; that you must make common cause with men if you would win them, &c. To some such creditable motives we are willing to ascribe a certain tone of syncretism or indifferentism, which we have perceived creeping over the religious mind of the day.

We regret that we are obliged to record our opinion that the late Consecration furnishes an exemplification of this spirit. In proceeding to speak more explicitly on the subject, we desire to premise that we are well aware that many may, unknown to us, have shared our dissatisfaction on that occasion, though no opportunity has been given for expressing it. One distinguished instance of this has come to our knowledge. Still it is, we repeat, not satisfactory, that no one public protest or reflection on the occasion, has, as far as we are aware, been made.

We have placed at the head of this article the title of a

series of earnest and well-timed pamphlets on the present aspect of affairs in the Church. We are not here concerned with the particular method adopted by the author for drawing attention to the evils which he deprecates; a comparison, namely, of the alleged danger of the Church of England on the side of Popery, with her 'Real Danger,' on that of Puritanism. We are not called upon to strike the balance here, though we have a strong opinion on the subject. But to the reality and the magnitude of that side of the evil and danger which he has set himself to oppose, we cannot but add our hearty testimony. Not that it needed Mr. Gresley's statements, or our confirmation of them, to satisfy any reflecting person of the existence of these evils. It is a fact which is only too sadly brought home to every diocese, and, we had almost said, to every parish in England, that there is among us a large body of professed members of the Church of England, both of the clergy and laity, who utterly reject and repudiate her most fundamental doctrines. Who knows not that there are those who, ministering at her altars, (and with these is our more immediate concern at present,) altogether deny that the Sacraments convey any grace whatsoever? who deny that any person is regenerated in Baptism, or that the Body and Blood of Christ are received in the Holy Communion? We forbear at present to enumerate at greater length the tenets of this school, or to characterise them according to their deserts. Those which we have mentioned will serve to identify the school itself. Now, against these opinions we thankfully believe that all sound and faithful members of our Church do at heart pronounce their most decided protest. Whether they are in general conscious of the entire extent of the mischief involved in them may be questioned; it is sufficient for our present purpose, that they do in general enter such protest. What we have to complain of is, that, on certain occasions, they are content to let their protest go to sleep as entirely as if they had never entertained it. In their own private practice they utterly repudiate these views, nor would do anything to countenance them; but they are apt to betray a marvellous apathy, amounting to no less than distinct toleration of them, in matters beyond their own immediate control. We confess that we are unable to characterise in any other way the *unmixed* gratulation with which Churchmen have written, and spoken, and thought of the Consecration in question. Surely we are only stating that which all the world knows, or must have had a shrewd suspicion of, when we say that, of the four persons then consecrated Bishops, one is an avowed maintainer of the doctrinal errors above mentioned.

A few words on the statement itself. We have not thought

it necessary to specify by name which of the newly-consecrated four it refers to. Those to whom they are severally known will be at no loss on the subject, and to others it must be indifferent. Neither do we profess, or think it necessary, to be able to define, with any exactness, the extent to which these opinions are held in the instance alluded to,—the shade of party to which the holder of them belongs. Of his maintaining the one error above specified,—namely, the denial of the grace of the Sacraments, we are only too well certified. We believe that he himself would avow the opinion in the strongest manner. We would thank God, most earnestly from the bottom of our hearts, to be assured that it was otherwise. And this being the case, we would observe again, makes our position widely different from that of an ‘accuser of the brethren.’ It is not a case like that of denouncing ‘a bishop’ as ‘accused of riot, or unruly,’ where the accused would deny the charge, admitting that, if proven, it would be a disqualification for his office. No: *habet confitentem reum*. It is the case of an Arian, say, in the fourth century, obtaining, through fear or favour, Catholic ordination. We do not say that such things did or could happen; the orthodox bishops were too stout against Arianism for that; but they might conceivably have happened under a lax bishop. In that case, the party who has obtained entrance considers that he has a right there. He maintains, moreover, that the body among whom he is admitted are wrong, and he is right. He has no objection to your calling him an Arian, or by whatever title describes his views, if it be only intended to describe them. And, therefore, be it observed further, the edge of the accusation or complaint turns not against the person obtaining such admittance, but against the body which gives it him. Our quarrel is not,—or, at least, our present concern is not,—with these views: we may marvel within ourselves how the holding of them is reconciled with ‘unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer:’—but our complaint just now is of those who, protesting in general against such views, acquiesce in, or tolerate them in a particular instance. Neither yet is that complaint directed against our ecclesiastical superiors as such unless it be *κατὰ συνβιβηκός*, it does not touch them. The dereliction, in a particular form, of the *testificatory*, or remonstrative duty so wisely imposed upon the body of the Church, with reference to the ordination of her ministers, is the one object of our animadversions. Let us also be understood to have every desire to put the matter, as far as may be, in a general and abstract way. We would fain put out of view the particular occasion and the individual case which has given rise to our

remarks, and rather speak of it as a possible future contingency that a Colonial Bishop, of the views we have described, may be hereafter consecrated and sent forth. And of course, what applies to a Colonial Bishop applies to an English Bishop.

We ask, then, in the name of all that is consistent, what possible right can Churchmen have to give an unqualified 'God speed!' to such a Consecration? And, in particular, we ask this of those whose office it is to 'keep knowledge,'—who are solemnly bound to discourage every form of 'erroneous and strange doctrine,'—the Priests of the Church. They who know that they would refuse, in the most peremptory manner, and as a matter of life and death, to associate a person of such views with themselves in the care of a parish,—how can they rejoice in the going forth of such a one to the charge of a diocese? Is the latter *less* important than the former? Whether such Consecration should be formally protested or not, must depend on the degree of documentary or other evidence which is producible to substantiate the charge of false doctrine. But because we have not the requisite amount of this in any given case, are we, therefore, to waive our objections altogether, and give every outward demonstration of entire satisfaction, unaccompanied by the expression, in any form, of a shadow of disapproval? Surely we ought, inly at least, to mourn over the evil which, it may be, we cannot prevent, and be ready on all occasions to bear our faithful testimony against it.

Let us only review for a moment the Consecration ceremonial, and consider the incongruities inseparable from it, in the view of any sound Churchman, under the circumstances we are supposing; the Bishop to be consecrated, that is, avowing his disbelief of the collation of grace through the Sacraments, and therefore, *à fortiori*, through any rite whatsoever, and holding, besides, the whole cycle of doctrinal errors almost invariably found to accompany this one. Absolution is pronounced over him, in common with the rest, in the Morning Office, and again at the Holy Communion, by the presiding 'angel of the Church.' To him it brings no comfort; he denies that any such commission 'to remit and retain' has been left to mortal men. In vain does the Gospel proper to the occasion (S. John xx. 19—24) tell how at the first the risen Head of the Church imbreathed such power with His own Immortal Breath into the Twelve: in his chilling and desolate view, the gift was for them alone; the stream ceased at the fountain-head; they received, but they might not give; there have been none since on earth who had power to forgive sins. Or the other Gospel, prescribed as an alternative, is read (S. John xxi. 15—17). He listens to the touching charge conveyed to him through the

person of the chief of the Apostles. Its first and tenderest injunction is, 'Feed my lambs.' Alas! he knows of none such in the flock of Christ, or views them with very different eyes from one who believes them to be undoubtedly of the true fold. His creed allows but of one, here and there, of the little children that are brought to Christ in Baptism being really made members of the heavenly family. The service proceeds. He promises to 'banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's word, and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same.' He includes among these erroneous doctrines a belief in the Presence of the Holy Spirit in Baptism, and of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist; the maintaining that powers of Absolution have been committed to the Church; or that, in Confirmation, Holy Orders, and Matrimony, graces proper to the several estates contemplated in those rites are conferred; the use of Fasting as a spiritual aid; the doctrine of judgment according to men's works; and others—a list including, be it observed, three out of the six points enumerated by S. Paul as 'principles of the doctrine of Christ,' viz. 'the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of eternal judgment.' (Heb. vi. 1, 2.) But, again, the awful 'Veni Creator Spiritus'

'Comes floating on its dove-like way;'

He kneels, but not to receive, in his view, the gracious Influence thus invoked. The kneeling crowds around him, with few exceptions, doubt not, but earnestly believe, that the Gracious Visitant waits to join Himself to the invoking word and shadowing hand of His commissioned servants; to him alone for whom the gift is desired, is the dread invocation, 'Receive the Holy Ghost,' utterly meaningless; the solemn imposition of hands before God and the Church, an empty form. Tremendous words for a mortal man to hear addressed to himself, believing them in their plain meaning! Shocking and blasphemous for him to hear, persuaded the while that they mean nothing! Awful to receive such a gift, acknowledging its reality! Unutterable trifling, thus solemnly to kneel, be imposed and prayed over, believing that you receive—nothing! 'RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST, for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, NOW COMMITTED UNTO THEE BY THE IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS: IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. And remember, that thou stir up THE GRACE OF GOD WHICH IS GIVEN THEE BY THIS IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS.' We ask, with mingled wonder and sorrow and shame, what is the plain meaning of these words? But there is yet one more solemn act in this high ceremonial. The Holy

Communion is celebrated; the one common strength of the faithful in every land—the *viaticum* of the spirit's journey through life and through death—is offered to all alike. Bishop, and Priest, and People,—as well he who is to be sent forth, as they who send him in Christ's name, rich with their blessings and prayers, are called to partake of the One Bread, ere they part in this world for ever. There is no leave-taking like that for robbing parting of its blankness and its pain: the fleshly hands are joined, it may be, for the last time; but the hands of faith meet behind the cloud, clasped inseparably in one steadfast hold on that which is within the veil. But no such bright reality,—no such sense of re-ingrafting into one body,—invests the solemn rite in his view who most needs such strength, and would naturally derive most comfort from such communion. With him it is a simple act of obedience and memorial; whatever he may have *done*, he has *received* nothing.

It is impossible but that a painful sense of these things should obtrude itself upon the mind of any thoughtful person on such an occasion. But the unsatisfactoriness of it does not end here. Follow this now mighty spiritual Potentate,—mighty, despite his own disbelief and protest,—follow him to his far-off diocese. And first, can it be denied that he goes forth *laden with the solemn censures of that branch of the Church to which he belongs?* Let us not be thought uncharitable for making the assertion, however startling. What is the use of these things standing on record in the canons to which the Clergy are bound, if the application of them is not to be vindicated and asserted, as occasion shall arise? or what can be more trifling than a nominal recognition of them, which is to go no farther than words? As we said before, in a like case, whether or not the secular power concurs to give effect to them, our duty, and our feelings, as faithful Churchmen, must remain unaltered; we are bound to have a lively resentment of all departure from the Church's enactments and provisions, whether we can prevent them or not. The canons we allude to are the third, fourth, and sixth of 1603:—‘Whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the Church of England is not a true and apostolical Church, teaching and maintaining the doctrine of the apostles, let him be excommunicated, *ipso facto*’ (can. three); ‘whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the form of God's worship in the Church of England, contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments, is a corrupt, superstitious, or unlawful worship of God, or containeth anything in it repugnant to the Scriptures, let him be,’ &c. (can. four); ‘whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, by law established, are wicked,

'antichristian, or superstitious, or such, as being commanded by lawful authority, men, who are zealously and godly affected, may not with good conscience approve them, use them, or as occasion requireth subscribe to them, let him be,' &c. Now, no one who has the smallest acquaintance with the terms in which the school in question speak of the doctrines of baptismal regeneration, and the presence of Christ in the Eucharist, can doubt that they bring themselves by the use of them within the ban of these excommunications. 'Unscriptural,' 'superstitious,' 'popish,' (therefore not apostolical,) 'fearful delusion,' 'soul-destroying heresy,' are among the least of the epithets they apply to these holy truths. And the sending forth of a Bishop thus self-excommunicated, is to be a subject of unmixed rejoicing! Nor, when we contemplate him setting foot in his appointed diocese, is the picture less melancholy. He goes to deny the faith of his own Church, and of the whole Catholic Church from the beginning, in lands where, perhaps, it had hitherto been professed in its purity, and 'to teach men so.' He goes to administer awful rites of which he denies the power; to baptize with water, but not (as he believes) with the Holy Ghost; to offer in words to the faithful the body and blood of Christ, believing in his heart that they receive them not; to say to the trembling candidate for the awful gift, 'Receive the Holy Ghost, which yet I know thou receivest not;' he goes to proclaim his creed of desolateness and orphanhood, that Christ is no longer with His Church, save in some notional and unreal sense; finally, he goes to spread an atmosphere of Antinomianism, by a practical denial of the necessity of good works, and of a judgment according to them.

We forbear to dwell longer on such a spectacle. We only ask whether, in the prospect of its being in some degree realized as the fruits of the Consecration of S. Peter's day last, we were not justified in turning with some mixture of pain from that otherwise glorious ceremonial; and in expressing our regret that no protest should have arisen from any other quarter. Not, of course, as if it were 'some new thing' to hear of amongst us, this unsoundness in fundamental doctrines—but that

'Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.'

There is something more appalling than common in the idea of these errors being enthroned in the Episcopal Chairs of Churches, infant now, but born to mighty destinies, and perpetuated through their 'Fathers in God' to generations of their children. It is therefore that we earnestly deprecate any supineness on the part of our Church at large in conniving at the future

admission of these errors into the colonial Episcopate; because it is so wholesale a vitiation of truth at its very fountains, as far to transcend, in the sadness of its effects, what could follow from the inroads of similar unsoundness among priests and parishes:—the essential evil remaining, of course, in both cases the same.

But is this essential evil, it may be asked, really so great as has been here represented? Truly we have lulled ourselves into such an oblivious toleration of an ever-present mischief, that we scarcely realise the immensity of it. It will not be unprofitable, therefore, to point out some of the more serious bearings of these errors; it may chance to animate some among us to make a firmer stand against them. It is not difficult to show, by an appeal to the testimony of the Catholic Church, that such a Christianity as these views present us with is as totally 'another gospel' as any which S. Paul denounced in his day. We only compliment such views too much, and convey an impression that they involve no more than an allowable difference of view, when we speak of them as 'low views,' and the like, thus making orthodoxy to stand to them merely in the relation of 'high views;' just as we might speak of the Erastian and Hildebrandist views of the relations of the Church to the State. The difference is, in reality, radical, fundamental, and vital. The question at stake is no less than that ancient one, 'Is the Lord among us or not?' Is it a truth, or is it a dream, that 'the tabernacle of God is with men?' that Christ by His Spirit abides in His Church,—dwells in the hearts of the faithful, (not notionally, but as really as in the days of His flesh, only in a spiritual manner,)—comes in Sacraments,—works in graces,—speaks in ministers? How would the Church for fifteen hundred years,—until the days of Zuinglius,—have answered the question?

It is a significant fact that it is by the absence of Catholic determinations on the subject that we gather a reply. So entirely was the belief in a *present* Lord worked into every part of the Church's faith, that no single heretic ever seems to have risen up who dared in terms to deny it. Hence no Council deemed it necessary to affirm it; they would as soon have dreamt of affirming by a canon the existence of God. We believe it may safely be asserted, that though the reality of Christ's existence on earth in the flesh has been called in question by heretics, the fact of His existence in the Church by His Spirit, never has; just as it has been observed that the existence of matter has been disputed, but not the existence of immaterial spirit. Even those heretics who seemed to be treading on the very verge of error concerning the Sacraments,—whose

views, indeed, pushed to their results, properly involved such error,—stopped short of committing themselves to it. Bishop Pearson observes, that ‘the ancient Fathers, who opposed the ‘heresy of Eutyches, did well make use of the sacramental ‘union between the Body and Blood of Christ,’ as an illustration;—which had been no illustration, as addressed to him, had he not admitted the reality of that union: and, in fact, that Eutychians were sound in their statements about the Eucharist, appears from their trying to wrest the Church doctrine concerning it to serve their own turn: ‘As the symbols of the body ‘and blood of Christ are one thing before consecration, and ‘after that change their name and become another,’ &c.’¹ So utterly unheard of among professed Christians at that day was any question as to Sacramental Presence. It is recorded of some of the single-hearted and faithful Fathers from more distant lands, who met in the great Nicene Council, that on hearing the blasphemous, and to them hitherto unimagined impieties of Arius, they stopped their ears, and cried out aloud, and would have fled from the sounds as accursed. Can we doubt that the bold denials of these latter times would have been listened to with equal horror and detestation in any age of the Church?

But although not in her formal determinations, yet in a still more satisfactory shape, if possible, we do possess irrefragable evidence of the Church’s positive views on the subject, in ‘those ‘great appellatives with which the purest ages of the Church, ‘the most ancient Liturgies, and the most eminent saints of ‘God use to adorn and invest this mysteriousness,’ viz. of the Holy Communion. ‘In the Greek Liturgies attributed to ‘S. James, the sacramental symbols are called ‘sanctified, ‘honourable, precious, celestial, unspeakable, incorruptible, ‘glorious, fearful, formidable, divine (*ἀγλασθέντα, . . . ἀρρήτα, ἄχραντα, ἔνδοξα, φοβερὰ, φρικτὰ, θεία.*).’² Nothing but the most lively belief in the reality of Christ’s presence in the Eucharist could have invested it with the awfulness which these epithets prove it to have possessed in the eyes of the Church of that day.

‘But,’ we have heard it argued, ‘granting that these opinions ‘have the witness of the whole Church thus against them, both ‘tacit and expressed; granting this, are we justified in marking ‘them with the awful signature of Heresy? Would the Church ‘herself, if called upon for a formal determination, have done ‘so? These ancient heresies “touched the person of our Lord,” ‘but it cannot be said that these views do, which seems to make ‘a broad line of demarcation between the two cases.’ We

¹ Theodoret. Dialog. quoted by Pearson.

² Jer. Taylor, vol. xv. p. 448.

reply that, in strictness, we suppose these views are *not yet* heresy, because the Church has not yet formally pronounced them to be so;—but that an Œcumenical Council, in any age, would have pronounced them such, we unhesitatingly believe. For we deny the minor of the proposition. We affirm that these opinions *do* ‘touch’ (however unconsciously on the part of their maintainers) ‘the Person of our Lord.’ Surely Hooker has abundantly demonstrated this, or furnished materials for the demonstration of it. Both the Roman and the Zuinglian view of the Sacraments are *therefore* untenable, because they trench on the Catholic doctrine of the Natures and Person of Christ. The Roman view deprives the ‘majestical Body’ of Christ of one of its properties, viz. its locality. ‘If his majestical Body have any such new property, by force whereof it may everywhere really, in substance, present itself, or may at once be in many places, then hath the majesty of His estate ‘extinguished’ (viz. as to *one* of its properties, locality,) ‘the verity of His Nature.’¹ The Roman error then is, as far as it goes, Eutychian heresy; not that it asserts the one nature to be entirely ‘confounded’ with the other, but that it makes the one to annihilate a particular property of the other. It is less easy to fix the exact character of the Zuinglian, or of the more modern view, because its advocates do not present us with propositions so dogmatic and tangible as those of the Lateran and Tridentine Councils. Of necessity, however, it holds a degree of one of two heresies in solution, viz. either of Arianism or Nestorianism, according as its maintainers explain themselves; and one of these two must be precipitated, on applying the proper test. Those who deny the Real Presence of Christ in Baptism and the Eucharist, either mean to deny the presence of His Divinity as well as His Humanity; or, allowing the presence of His Divinity, to deny that of His Humanity:—for that they admit the presence of the Humanity without the Divinity is not to be supposed. Now the former of the two alternatives denies to Christ’s Divine Nature its inalienable attribute of ubiquity; or, to put it otherwise, it supposes God to be present (for this none ever questioned), and present in an especial manner, at the highest act of Christian worship, but Christ not to be so present:—either way, it detracts from the verity of His Godhead,—the unity of His Substance with that of the Father;—which is, in its degree, Arianism. The other alternative supposes it possible for Christ’s Human Nature to be separated from His Divine Nature, so that the one may be present, the other being in no sense present:—which to assert is, *pro tanto*, Nestorianism. It seems clear, therefore, that the

¹ Hooker, L. E. P. v. 55. § 6.

Catholic Church has *implicitly* declared as well the Roman as the other view to be heresy; and that any Œcumenical Council which shall hereafter meet, must of necessity explicitly declare them such, as a legitimate corollary to the decisions of the Council of Chalcedon in the one case, and to those of either Nice or Ephesus in the other.

There is one more light in which the subject may be viewed. To bring men to a right belief on *any* point of doctrine is as clearly a Christian duty, as it is to bring them to holiness of practice. But erroneous belief on the subject of Sacramental grace would appear to involve such awful consequences, that grave indeed is the responsibility which rests upon those who rightly hold it, of 'saving with fear, pulling them out of the fire,' those who are so unhappy as to deny the doctrine. It is not merely the 'wicked,' but '*such as be devoid of a lively faith,*' that 'although they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth the sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, yet in no wise are partakers of Christ, but rather to their condemnation do eat and drink the sign or sacrament of so great a thing.'¹ Now whereupon is this 'lively faith' exercised, but in the realised Presence of Christ in the rite? This surely is the distinctive work of faith in connexion with that Sacrament. Neither is this an unsupported determination of our own Church:—all the Catholic interpretations of S. Paul's words in 1 Cor. xi. proceed upon the same view; *e. g.* 'Let each one examine his own mind, *what estimation or conception* (ὑπόληψιν) 'he has of the mysteries,' is the exposition of Theodorus. And if this be so, how awful the doubt which arises in the mind, as to the degree in which those who deny the Lord's Presence in the Holy Communion, are or can be partakers in the benefits of it:—nay, as to the degree in which they are 'guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord.'

We will not follow out the painful thought to the other grace-imparting ordinances of the Church, content to leave it, and the entire subject, to the serious consideration of those who are disposed to make light of the admission of such religionists, whether in the Church Home or Colonial, into positions of awful function and incalculable importance.

¹ Art. XXIX.

ART. VII.—1. *Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the Habits of British Animals.* By JONATHAN COUCH, F.L.S., Member of the Royal Geological Society and of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, &c. London: Van Voorst. 1847.

2. *On Instinct.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: James M'Glashan. No. 1. *Popular Papers on Subjects of Natural History.*

3. *Our Fellow-Lodgers.* By the Rev. R. WALSH, LL.D. and M.D., Rector of Finglas. No. 2. *Ditto.*

4. *Zoology and Civilization.* By ISAAC BUTT, LL.D., Q.C. No. 3. *Ditto.*

5. *The Intellectuality of Domestic Animals.* By the late Rev. CÆSAR OTWAY, A.B. No. 4. *Ditto.*

THERE is a growing feeling of reverence for the lower creation. In more quarters than one we feel that we have actual duties towards that mass of life, those creatures of energy and instinct, of power and beauty, which surround us. Not only do we regard them in their simply material aspect, as facts of creation, as strong, or swift, or curious, or handsome, which qualities they share with brute matter, with hill, and stream, and stone, but we regard them as sharers in one quality, and that the most tangible portion of our inheritance—they share in life, they are living creatures. They are in one particular our brethren. So far has this estimate proceeded, that in a humiliating rather than humble spirit, a clergyman, Dr. Walsh, has delivered a lecture, published in the series named in our heading, in which he discusses the nature of *Entozoa*, the intestinal worms, the creeping twining maggots which infest the human body, and thinks proper to name these disgusting creatures 'Our Fellow Lodgers,' as though they with our immortal part, the redeemed soul, were joint-tenants, occupants in common, of that contemptible, yet in truth sanctified, organisation the human body. Not only is this language affectation, but it is revolting to our religious feeling. The Christian body is not to be thought of in this way; there is a relative holiness in that which has been blessed by the Holy Spirit, and whose scattered fragments are to rise again on the resurrection morning. And here a distinction may be urged.

There was a time in which the whole creation was pronounced 'very good.' But sharers in the fall, 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain.' Under the

present dispensation, then, we are not to think of all creatures as intrinsically good. In what way corruption has infected them it would be hard to say, or presumptuous perhaps to inquire; but that they are corrupted, vitiated, fallen, debased in nature, or even in moral character, we may safely insist. And it is in this way that the lower creation is a mystery; and, it may be, its presence is to ourselves part of our probation. It is not for nothing that we are so surrounded with animal life; we cannot escape it; domesticated or savage, the living creature is our daily guest, our most constant attendant in some form or other. Such a perpetual presence, such an inextricable connexion with our own life, hints at duties: we cannot be so close to the animal world without having ethical relations towards it. And yet such duty is not a mere matter of admiration, or meditation, or philozoism. Duty varies as the moral character of its subject-matter varies. And here no one can doubt of the fact, that animals do differ morally, as well as physically. Not only do classes differ but individuals differ: and as they differ, so do our relations towards them change.

And it may be that the animal world thus presents to us various characters and habits, dispositions, if we may so say, and tempers, not merely that we may exercise and employ the correlative human faculties towards such dispositions, but that they may constantly obtrude themselves in the way of example or warning to ourselves. So that the variety of moral character in animals, in addition to exercising our own moral character, is in the place of a living lesson to ourselves. Our own animal passions display themselves to the full, unchecked in any way by the Indwelling Spirit, or by conscience, in the various animals. What the lower vices are, we may learn from studying the class which externally most resembles ourselves: what cruelty is, from watching the tiger or cat: what fidelity is, from the unwavering affection of the dog. This may be one purpose of their actual being. And thus to recur to what was stated above, we are not forced to feel in the same way towards the monkey or the serpent, as we do towards the horse or elephant. If it be natural, it may also be right, to entertain disgust in the one case, as we do respect or even affection in the other. Enmity towards the serpent is a remarkable declaration of Holy Scripture: though it may not go to the extent of authorizing a wanton and indiscriminate destruction of all reptiles, yet it goes for something not only in the way of excusing, but of justifying, our abhorrence and aversion from them.

In the ordinary books of Natural History we think that this distinction of ethical character in animals, and the consequent difference of our involuntary estimate of them, has not been observed, simply because such treatises are ordinarily not of a

specifically Christian character. There is much of the unmodified heathen language in our scientific books. Pliny, if he were living now, would write much as our professors and lecturers write and talk. It seems to be forgotten that the Gospel has given us a new and better light under which to view every external object. What Natural History deals most in, even in its better-intentioned books, is merely a cloudy generalization: they roll on with good talk, which, if it is good, is only so because it is not positively bad. Cruelty to animals is a bad thing, because cruelty is not right; animals are not to be ill treated, because God created them; little boys are not to pull flies' legs off, because they cannot put them on again,—arguments which may perhaps stop the juvenile ear or hand, but which certainly prove too much or too little. It is a recognition of the mysterious, and *quasi-sacramental*, character of the lower ranks of life, which we want. Why animals are—why they surround us—why they are either so useful, or so perplexing,—are questions practically, and, in a religious sense, more important than any discussions about the nature of Instinct, its degrees, or its connexion with, or distinction from Reason. And it is in relation to this inquiry that we make an extract from one of the little tracts before us: its author, Mr. Cæsar Otway, is, we believe, no more. This and other reasons will relieve us from the necessity of saying much about what struck us as incongruous in the flippant and jesting tone of his tract. Natural History, above all others, is a subject which requires a serious and reverent tone, if for no other reason, because we are so very ignorant of its higher and religious elements. The author from whom he quotes may be known to some of our readers.

'An English parson' goes upon quite a different theory from that of the French Jesuit, and he takes ground which he assumes to be consistent, reasonable, worthy of God, and agreeable to Holy Scripture. He maintains that animals have reasoning powers; and if so, they have souls; and if souls, that they are immortal. He holds that they were all originally happy, and when heaven had pronounced *all* to be *very good*, they were endowed with every perfection that their nature and rank in the scale of being required; but that when man fell, the link was broken that connected the lower animals with the Deity; that the divine light and life no longer flowed downwards through the free channel of unfallen human nature, and therefore the whole system of visible creation sympathises and suffers with their rebellious lord; and that, therefore, it "now groans and travails in pain," and "the creature is made subject to vanity, not willingly, (that is, by no fault of its own,) but by reason (on the account of—by the sin) of him who hath subjected the same in hope"—that is Adam. As thus in human sovereignty, when an attainder is passed on a subject, the sentence not only affects the *individual*, but his *children* and *domestics*—so man, by his transgression, devoted his dependants to degradation, misery, and death. But no violent execution was permitted to be made on them,

¹ See 'Free Thoughts on the Brute Creation,' by Rev. John Hildrop, D.D., Rector of Wath, Yorkshire. London. 1751.

except in the way of sacrifice; none were to be put to death but by God's own appointment, as the types of the great propitiatory sacrifice of the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world, for the salvation and redemption of a lost world. No power was given to man to abuse, or even to kill and eat, until the world, still more deteriorated after the Flood, left the vegetable products of the earth less capable of nourishing, and then the much-abused liberty to hunt, to kill, and eat. "The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall now be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all fishes of the sea: into your hand they are delivered: every moving thing that liveth, to you it shall be for meat; even as the green herb have I given you all things. Such has been the state of the brute creation since the fall; very different, indeed, from its former condition, but still both reason and revelation represent them as guiltless sufferers for our transgressions, and therefore peculiar objects of our care and compassion; and it is not only a sin against mercy, but against justice, to abuse or oppress them. How strong on this point is Holy Scripture! Thus the wise man in the 12th chapter of Proverbs makes kindness to domestic animals an act of righteousness—the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, "but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Thus, in the fourth commandment, the rest of God's own day is declared to be for the care of *cattle* as well as their owners; and not only does God's law protect animals as *part of his property*, and connected *with his selfishness*, but it enjoins mercy to the cattle of our enemies. "If thou meet," says the sacred lawgiver, in the fourth and fifth verses of the 23d chapter of Exodus, "thine enemy's ox or ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again; if thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt *surely help him*." The blessed Saviour himself enjoins us to look after the wants of animals—to lead them to water—if they fall into a pit, to draw them out, even supposing it were on the Sabbath-day; and how tenderly does the Almighty declare his mercy to the brute creation, when he announces to the querulous prophet, that he withholds the execution of his sentence against a wicked city, because of its animals and irresponsible human beings—"Shall I not spare Nineveh, that great city, in which are more than sixty thousand people that cannot discern betwixt their right hand and their left, and also much cattle?"

"The author, whose arguments I am using, supposing that our domestic animals are less poisoned with the general malignity diffused over the whole system than others; and that, perhaps, they are not now very different from what they were in their original state; and he further expatiates in fields of fancy, and supposes that as each species of animal might, before the fall, represent some specific virtue or power of humanity, and thus exhibit emblems and unisons in the universal harmony: so now, in their present degeneracy, they show forth, and that but faintly, some specific fault and corruption in ourselves, and are but shadows of what is silly, and vicious, or disgusting in mankind; as, for instance, you look at a monkey; it is a ridiculous, a mischievous creature; may he not be a type of some absurd and idle coxcomb, that struts, and frets, and chatters amongst fine people? And, I am sure, there is many a poor dog on four legs, acting agreeably to his nature, not half so despicable as the said dog, with all pretension to rationality, religion, and gentility, who is every day guilty of social crimes, that if his brother brute committed, he would be driven out of town with a kettle to his tail. The swine wallows in the mire—it is an ugly thing; so is it also swilling its food in a trough; but is it half so contemptible an animal as the gourmand who over-eats himself, and whose life's happiness depends upon his palate, and "whose god is his belly;" and lo, the ferocity of wolves, the cunning of foxes, the treachery of cats—but what are they to the cruelty, and unfaithfulness, and barbarity of mankind? And there are faults of which no type can be found amongst the lower order of animals—ingratitude and insincerity are but of HUMAN growth. And oh, how many stories could I tell

you of the dog, the elephant, or even the tiger, that would put to shame the unfaithful servant, the false friend, the cruel slanderer. . . . The learned man, whose arguments I have just been using, having stated as his premise that animals think, reason, and will, draws the conclusion that they have souls, and if souls, that these souls must be immortal; for God gave them the benediction of immortality when he pronounced them *all* very good: and though he allows that there are difficulties in the way of deciding on the immortality of their souls, he holds that there are greater connected with the utter extinction of their being after death. He allows, however, that in a future state each will retain its specific dignity and quality—the spirit of a man going upwards, the spirit of a beast going downwards, each assuming their proper rank; but with this difference, that beasts will not be liable to punishment, because they transgressed not any command, *they* were not disobedient to the will of their Creator. The apostle Paul declares they were made subject to vanity, *not willingly*, not by any fault of their own, but by reason of (that is, on account of him, that is man) who had subjected them to it in hope.—Pp. 15—19.

Without committing ourselves to this writer's speculations, and without advising our readers to attach more consideration than they please to our own rapid and occasional hints, we may express some thankfulness to the Archbishop of Dublin that he has not thought it derogatory to his station to read his short lecture on Instinct before the Dublin Natural History Society some few years ago. His audience apparently was a popular one; for the subject—indeed such is the avowed character of all these little tracts—is treated in an unscientific and popular way. Perhaps, to say the truth, the question of 'Instinct' will not admit of very rigorous and positive handling. And, as far as we can understand Dr. Whately, he gives up the alleged distinction between Reason and Instinct as scarcely *tanti*. Man has a degree of Instinct as well as of Reason, such Instinct being inseparable from his animality. Brutes, again—this is a matter of induction—perform actions, 'which if done by a man, would be called reason. . . . it appears then that we can neither deny Reason universally and altogether to brutes, nor Instinct to Man; but that each possesses a share of both, though in very different proportions.—P. 11.

This admission will get rid, not of the value or curiosity, but, of the pertinency of most of those interesting stories, which we find alleged as 'wonderful instances of instinct.' 'To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature:' Dogberry did not more vilely confuse natural gifts and acquisitions, than do some writers on Natural History the various results in animals of education and mere physical impulse; or, which more pertinently applies, of mental operations and of those unconscious processes of appetite which 'come by nature.' For example; and we may just as well produce our own example, as borrow one from Mr. Couch or Dr. Whately: A dog, well known to ourselves, of a particularly surly temper

to strangers, was accustomed, as is frequently the case, to display a considerable amount of affection towards all the family to which he belonged. On one occasion, during the prolonged absence of one of the family, a youth similar to him in age and appearance happened to visit in the house to which the dog belonged, who, contrary to his usual habit, welcomed him, though an entire stranger, with all the ordinary noisy demonstrations of joy. The fact is that the dog mistook this stranger—a very unusual thing by the bye—for the absent member of the family: but upon the absentee's return, and in the united presence of the two Dromios, the dog's Instinct (?) selected at once his true and old friend, while his Reason (?) immediately transformed love into hate, and the dog fell furiously upon the counterfeit presentment whom he had hitherto, under a mistake, greeted with affection; and never afterwards saw the unconscious supplanter without exhibiting violent fits of anger. Now to call this an instance of Instinct is only absurd—'every one,' to use Dr. Whately's words, 'would admit the action was 'rational'—ill-tempered and immoral perhaps, but still the human creature's rationality; the common every-day rationality of the man who because he has made a mistake visits the consequences of his own carelessness, or forgetfulness, or sin, upon an unguilty object. Our dog reasoned, went through a legitimate mental process, felt that he had been imposed upon and taken in, and thought it right and becoming ever afterwards to hate and punish the deceiver.

Of course, if writers choose to call this exhibition of intelligence Instinct, they only show that they attach a very loose meaning to the word. Such is the case with these writers, as a class. Even Mr. Couch, in his interesting work, '*Illustrations of Instinct*,' does not attempt to define Instinct, or to distinguish between it and Reason.

He prowls round the subject of Instinct, just approaches it, and then lays it down again: at the first contact with the knotty spiny problem he flies off into a miscellaneous round of illustrations. The Archbishop describes Mr. Couch by anticipation: 'I have seen in many books interesting descriptions of different instincts, curiously illustrated by well-authenticated facts. I have seen minute details of important and interesting characteristics of Instinct. But I never saw anything like a philosophic or systematic view of the subject; nor have I ever heard a distinct and satisfactory answer to the question, "What do you mean by Instinct?" ... In the ordinary language even of Naturalists, and even when they are describing and recounting instances of remarkable instincts, we often meet with much that is inconsistent with this view,' (p. 7,) viz. that a being acts in-

stinctively when unconscious of the end, but rationally when the end is perceived. The Archbishop, as we have already seen, cuts the knot, and perhaps would, if closely questioned, establish a difference more in degree than in kind between them.

It is not, then, the solitary possession of Reason in which the proprium of man consists—the elephant and dog intrude into our imperial state: and, therefore, dismissing this unprofitable logomachy, the Archbishop launches out into a consideration (p. 13) of the true ‘difference between Man and the higher brutes,’ which he settles by referring to the power of abstraction, and by observing that since ‘no animal’—a terrible slip this in the Archbishop, after (p. 8) ‘presuming that we have all learned that Man is an animal, although it is a fact frequently forgotten by many,’—(meaning thereby ‘no animal but man’) since no ‘animal has the use of language as an instrument of thought, —and since man makes use of GENERAL SIGNS in the application of his power of Abstraction, by which he is enabled to reason—the use of arbitrary general signs, what logicians call “common terms,” with a facility of thus using abstraction at pleasure, is a ‘characteristic of Man.’ (P. 13.) This gives his Grace an opportunity of quoting himself; and so sixteen pages of the whole twenty-six in his tract are occupied with a terrible quotation from the ‘Elements of Logic,’ into which congenial field if we decline to accompany the author in enucleating ‘the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city,’ &c.—which is not very *à propos* of Instinct—it is only that our readers may have the benefit of a pair of anecdotes which are told in Dr. Whately’s lucid and engaging way.

‘The Dog is regarded as the animal most completely man’s companion; and I will mention one, out of many specimens of the kind of Reason to which I refer, as exhibited in a dog. The incident is upon record, and there seems no ground for doubting it, although it did not come under my own personal observation. This dog being left on the bank of a river by his master, who had gone up the river in a boat, attempted to join him. He plunged into the water, but not making allowance for the strength of the stream, which carried him considerably below the boat, he could not beat up against it. He landed and made allowance for the current of the river, by leaping in at a place higher up. The combined action of the stream, and his swimming, carried him in an oblique direction, and he thus reached the boat. Having made the trial, and failed, he apparently judged from the failure of the first attempt, that his course was to go up the stream, make allowance for its strength, and thus gain the boat. I do not vouch for the accuracy of this anecdote; but I see no grounds for disbelieving it, as it is of a piece with many other recorded instances.

‘There is another instance of this nature, which did come under my own observation, and is more worthy of being recorded, because the actor was a Cat—a species of animal which is considered generally very inferior in sagacity to a dog. This cat lived many years in my mother’s family, and its feats of sagacity were witnessed by her, my sisters, and myself. It was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlour bell whenever it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion

that it turned bell-ringer. The family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlour bell was rung violently: the sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down stairs, with pokers and tongs, to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory movement of some burglar; but they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy; who frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlour.'—Pp. 9, 10.

We have already said that Mr. Couch's volume—however deficient in a scientific aspect—is interesting and instructive; and this, perhaps, in proportion to its miscellaneous and discursive character. We shall give a better notion of it by imitating its rambling character; and if, as we have hinted, the classification of instances of Instinct is unimportant, it is equally unimportant upon what principle we extract them. The following is a good specimen of Mr. Couch's powers, both of observation and description; and we transcribe it because our opinion has long been that the Mole, like the Crow, has been subject to a very unjust persecution; and if any of our clerical readers can persuade one of his farmer parishioners into the practical belief that moles are rather an advantage than otherwise, we shall be pleased as much as surprised—and our long extract will have done its work.

'The habits of the Mole will vary with the soil, and particularly with the structure of the ground, as it is rich and deep, or shallow, level, rocky, uneven, or intersected with raised mounds, or hedges of earth five or six feet high, and of the same thickness, such as divide fields in the West of England. The presence of this animal is known by the heaps of fine earth, or hills, thrown up during its subterraneous operations: in deep ground little of its labours can be traced, except when thus marked: but in a thin soil, or in hard ground, a ridge is often driven along, which is distinctly raised above the ordinary level of the surface; and the mole-hill is only elevated where the earth is so fine and friable, that the removal of some part of it is necessary, to give the creature a clear course in its runs backward and forward. The creep or run is in a zigzag direction; and when the neighbourhood is very productive of its prey, exceedingly so, as if the animal was unwilling to pass out of so fertile a district. But for the most part it takes a straightforward course; and in the open space of a down, it passes through more than fifty paces of distance without lifting a heap, with a progress amounting to two or three human paces in a day, and the whole run is two hundred feet in length. In the course of this passage, advantage is taken of any obstructions which occur, as if conscious of the probability of pursuit; and the run is made to pass among the roots of dwarf furze, and even under a large stone, while, at irregular distances, openings are made, to allow of excursions on the surface, and the free admission of air. There are many lateral branches from the principal passage; but none of them extend to any great distance: for it seems wisely to avoid forming such a labyrinth as might confound itself in its daily course, or in its efforts to escape from an enemy, to whose depredations it is exposed even in its retreat. Its time of labour is chiefly at an early hour in the morning; but if every thing be still, it may be seen at work at other seasons. The slightest sound or movement of an approaching foot stops the work; and no further lifting of the earth will be attempted that day. These runs are mostly made towards the end of autumn; are this creature's hunting-grounds for food; are abandoned when the soil has been thoroughly searched through and through; and though they are formed with so much toil as to make

it desirable not to desert it while there is anything to be done there, yet in a month or two the animal quits it for new ground, perhaps at a great distance, where the hunting promises better success.

'A favourite spot for its winter-quarters, and one it prefers at other seasons, is in enclosed fields, under the shelter of a hedge of high-piled earth, along the middle of whose base the run is carried, and in whose mass of mould it finds security from cold and from its natural enemies. The heaps it throws up are cast on the sides, and at intervals a lateral passage is driven into the field, to which, when the inducement is powerful, it transfers its principal operations; and there encounters its greatest hazards from the traps of the mole-catcher, and the pursuit of the Weasel and the Rat, with whom it fights furiously, but without success. When undisturbed, the Mole often shifts its quarters; and in making a new selection, its choice seems to be much influenced by caprice. It makes these changes especially in the months of July and August; but I have known it to take excursions of removal to such distances, that no mark of its presence could be detected, in the month of January, if an open and moist season. A large part of such a journey must be along the surface; and it is probable that at all times this is its mode of emigration to distant places. In summer much of its time is thus passed in migrations from one field to another, because the hardness of the ground renders it difficult to throw up the soil, and follow up the worms, which have sunk deeper down into the soil: it shows the same love of change in moist weather, when the ground is more workable; and the practice indeed seems a periodical variation of habit, common to it with the Shrews (*Sorex*), which also are inhabitants of burrows, and to all which species it seems essential to health. A fatality consequent on the emerging of the latter little creatures has excited the curiosity of Naturalists. They are often found dead in the paths, with no mark of injury about them to account for their death, which we have no doubt is to be attributed to their having been pounced upon by an owl; who kills them by a nip of the beak without breaking the skin, and then rejects them, as meat for their masters, perhaps, but not for them, who have a taste for the daintier sort of delicacies. Limited in their powers of sight, they are also surprised by Cats, who immediately throw them away, as not liking them. Their deaths may be thus accounted for.

'If not to its mind, the Mole repeatedly changes its quarters; and though shut up in darkness, it reluctantly continues on the northern declivity of a hill, where it has little light, and less heat, unless its other advantages are unusually great. Its migration from one district to another exposes it to great danger, as it is slow to escape, and little prepared to defend itself. The opening of a new track is often concealed in a heap of the soil which has been brought up from the interior; and at times it is firmly blocked up from within, but I have seen it left carelessly open. It is by these entrances that the Weasel, the Rat, and the larger Vole (*Arvicola amphibia*) sometimes enter, and are themselves taken in the trap.

'The run is differently formed in spring, in consequence of a difference of object. Where fields are not large, the hedge is still the selected spot; on which account its nest is not often discovered. Mr. Bell has given a sketch of the skilful arrangements made for its safety at this time; but in districts where the hedge is chosen for defence, no other departure from its usual form is made than an enlargement of the space, and a more comfortable lining. Fourteen young ones have been discovered in one nest; but, though the Mole is not a social animal, it is hard to believe that they could have been littered by one mother.

'The Mole may sleep more in winter than in other seasons, but it is not its habit to become torpid at this time. In frost and snow, fine earth is often seen freshly turned up as evidence of its activity; but as it is a creature of great

voracity, and cannot endure long fasting, like many wild animals of that character, it is not easy to say how its wants are at this time supplied. A dead or living bird, numbed with the cold, is always a welcome morsel; but its track has not been seen in the snow in pursuit of it. It perceives the earliest approach of a thaw; and, after long seclusion, a heap may be seen protruding through the thin covering of snow as evidence of its sensibility to change of temperature: a circumstance more easily understood when we recollect that it is the radiation of heat from the inner parts of the earth which exercises the first influence in the change; and that it is because the air abstracts this heat more rapidly than the earth supplies it, that frost and snow are produced and continued. When, from changes in the atmosphere, this rapid abstraction ceases, the heat below becomes more sensibly felt; and this is first visible at the surface of the soil.

A good supply of drink is essential to the Mole's existence; and its healthy condition is marked by a softness and moisture about the snout, where its most perfect organ of sensation is placed. The flexibility of that organ, and its command over it, are indeed exquisite; but it is not used in the operations of excavation and lifting. This is the work of the feet, neck, and the hinder part of the shoulder; and in these parts the Mole is perhaps the strongest quadruped in existence, in proportion to its size. The heaps it throws up are not made simply by lifting: for the superfluous earth is collected at easy distances, and thrust along, until so much is accumulated as compels it to convey it out of the way, and then its work in tunnelling goes on again.

The Mole has more enemies than it is supposed to have: for though its disappearance from a district is sometimes due to emigration, there must be other causes at work to account for their extirpation in particular localities. They may destroy each other in their burrows, for they are exceedingly quarrelsome; the Fox and Weasel too are formidable foes; but the ceaseless war waged against them by man, the least excusable enemy they have, is the most destructive. Admitting that moleheaps, and loosening of the soil by the runs made through a field, are inconveniences, and even injurious; and that it is unsightly to see a gentleman's lawn disfigured with these tumuli: but such annoyances may be either removed or turned to advantage; and it must not be forgotten that their destruction of more injurious creatures is considerable. If it is desirable to expel them from their haunts, it may be done effectually without destroying them: for their extirpation is sure to be followed by a fresh invasion. Evelyn says they may be driven away by placing garlick in their runs; and perhaps assafetida would be still more potent, if they must be drugged.

"The most unnatural of all persecutions," says that close observer, James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, "that ever was raised in a country is that against the Mole: that innocent and blessed pioneer, who enriches our pastures with the first top dressing, dug with great pains and labour from the fattest of the soil beneath. The advantages of this top-dressing are so apparent and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced person, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted in endeavours to exterminate the moles from the face of the earth. If a hundred men and horses were employed on a common-sized pasture-farm, of from 1500 to 2000 acres, in raising and conveying manure for a top-dressing, they would not do it so effectually, so neatly, or so equally, as the natural number of Moles on that farm would do of themselves. It has been observed in Selkirkshire, that, where the Moles have been nearly extirpated upon the Duke of Buccleuch's pasture-farms, Slugs have increased to such a degree, as to render it probable that they really consume a great proportion of the herbage. On the pasture-land of other proprietors, where the Moles are not destroyed, the Slugs are certainly not so numerous. . . . Now, it is well known, whatever may be the reason, and no other can be thought of, that the grounds upon which the Moles are destroyed do not keep so many

sheep as formerly, when the Moles were not destroyed." (London's *Mag. of Nat. Hist.* vol. viii. p. 227.) It may be observed further, that where no efforts have been made to destroy them, they do not increase beyond a given number, which varies according to the soil; and that their frequent destruction, by encouraging the increase of the creatures which are their food, aids indirectly in augmenting their numbers.—Pp. 276—283.

This last is an important thought. Nature—to use the common, cold abstraction—has a self-regulating power, which it is often dangerous to interfere with. The farmer, mentioned in *Rasselas*, who solicited rain and sunshine according to his own views, found no better crops than his neighbours; and many a vermin-trap is but a premium on sterility. Every one sees that the extirpation of the whole class of spiders would cause a portentous increase of flies; and, again, that if all the flies were killed off, we should not know how to dispose of the carrion. Just so it is with moles and crows; their small sins are patent and plain; while the wholesale devastations of wire-worm and grub, which they were designed to check, because less conspicuous, are disregarded. It is this sort of chasm, or *vacuum*, which nature abhors.

The following anecdote, while it points out the possible mistakes which may be made in assigning complex and moral emotions to the lower animals, gives a useful hint that the generalization in natural history should be patient and slow.

'The action by which the splendour of the peacock's tail is outspread, has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird: but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.'—Pp. 74, 75.

Among the thousand anecdotes told of the dog, Mr. Couch produces an illustration which is new to us.

'The hero of the story figures in Captain Southey's History (of the West Indies) with great propriety among the conquerors of Puerto Rico: for, though only a Dog, the full pay of a crossbowman and half as much more was received by his owner for his services; and he was thought to have done as much toward what is called the pacification of that island as a third of all the Spaniards who were employed in it. Bezerillo was his name:—of a reddish colour, with a black face, not large of his kind, nor finely made, but of great understanding and courage; and, indeed, what he did was such that, *sans* doubt, the Christians believed God had sent him for their succour. He would select among two hundred Indians one who had escaped from the Christians, or who should have been pointed out to him, and would seize him by the arm, and make him come back with him to the camp, or wherever the Christians might be; and if he attempted to resist, or would not come, he tore him to pieces, and did other things which were very remarkable, and worthy of admiration. At midnight, if a prisoner got loose, and were a league distant, it was but to say "The Indian is gone!" or "Fetch him!" and away Bezerillo went upon the scent, and brought him back. The tame Indians he knew as well as a man could know them, and never did them hurt; and among many tame ones, he could distinguish one wild one. It seemed as if he had the judgment and intelligence of a man, and that not of a foolish one. Salazar had one day taken an old Indian woman, among other prisoners, after a defeat of the natives, and for no assigned or assignable reason, but in mere wantonness of cruelty, he determined to set this dog upon the poor wretch. But it was to be made a sport of, a spectacle for the Spaniards, or the Christians, as their contemporary historian and fellow-Christian calls them, even while he is relating this story. Salazar gave the woman an old letter, and told her to go with it to the Governor at Aymaco. The poor creature went her way joyfully, expecting to be set at liberty when she had performed her errand. The intent was merely to get her away from the rest, that the dog might have a fair field, and the beholders a full sight. Accordingly, when she had proceeded little farther than a stone's throw, Bezerillo was set at her. Hearing him come, the woman threw herself on the ground; and her simple faith in Salazar's intention, and in the animal's sagacity, saved her: for she held out the letter to the dog, and said, "O, sir dog, sir dog! I am carrying a letter to the Lord Governor: don't hurt me, sir dog!" The dog seemed to understand her; and did understand her, in fact, sufficiently to know that she did not look upon herself as a condemned person, and that she implored his mercy; and he came up to her gently, and did her no harm.'—Pp. 188, 189.

From these animating narratives, in which it is instructive to detect in the inferior animals the better characteristics of humanity, it is painful to descend to Dr. Walsh's 'Our Fellow-Lodgers.' Simply to expose the unseemly things of the human frame, merely to show that our nature is animal, by an elaborate proof that animals feed upon us, only to investigate the worm and the charnel-house, can do no good. This lecture was delivered before a learned body, no less an one than the Dublin Royal College of Physicians; such science, therefore, as it displays must have been more than familiar to a scientific body: and when published the popular mind has a right to ask, *Quorsum hæc tam putida?* Why are we simply to be disgusted? Why is an offence to be flung before us, only because it is offensive? If Dr. Walsh had attempted any reasonable theory as to the final cause of the *Entozoa*; if he had tried to assign to them any definite share in

the economy of nature; had he even expressed himself intelligently for or against the opposite views on equivocal generation,—in a word, had he proposed to himself any other aim than the delivery of an unpleasant lecture on an unclean subject, we should have accompanied his speculations, if not with profit, at least with interest. As it is, we must leave him to a banquet from which few of our readers will have cause to regret their absence.

NOTICES.

'A Compendium of Hebrew Grammar; designed to facilitate the Study of the Language and simplify the System of the Vowel Points. By Rev. William Burgh, M.A. of Trin. Coll. Dublin.' A laudable attempt to arrange the facts that relate to the inflexion of Hebrew forms. There are two errors, on this subject, to be avoided:—that of the old grammars, which laid down a large number of rules,—not dependent on any principle—serving merely to hold together a certain number of facts, not to explain them:—and that of Ewald and others, who, in their zealous attempts to ascertain the laws, to which the *nisus formativus* of the language was subject, were unwilling to leave any exceptional case unaccounted for—as if their inductive laws had possessed some *à priori* necessity. Of both these rocks Mr. Burgh has in the main steered clear. On one or two occasions his rules are inadequate, indeed incorrect, (*e.g.* on the Article, at p. 22, and on Van Conversive, at p. 24.) The division of nouns, too, is a mistake. The declensions should be either nine (as Gesenius has them), or, far better, only two. The Hebrew typography does no credit to the Dublin University Press. The errors are both frequent and serious,—a great defect in a book intended for beginners.

Nothing can be better than the object of Mr. Eccles Carter in his 'Remarks on Christian Grave-stones,' (Masters.) This work forms one, and in many respects a valuable addition to the similar undertakings of Mr. Paget, Mr. Armstrong, and the Camden Society,—not forgetting our earnest ally Mr. Markland. It is a cause which we are glad to find winning its way, and every ally is to be welcomed: still we cannot help saying that Mr. Carter is not very happy in his original designs: one, No. 12, p. 31, is evidently borrowed in its details from the 'Ecclesiology' of the Berlin Worsteds-workshop in Regent-street. There is not the least authority for the crown of thorns balancing the celestial crown. It is a modern prettiness.

In this connexion we may mention 'Cemetery Burial,' (Masters,) a tract, which, with some research, leans too much towards the modern sentimentalism about cemeteries. Not but that the case must be met; and, as is usual, because the Church, in her corporate capacity through her bishops, has not set about a system of parochial extra-urban sepulture, we are now left in large cities to the hideous abomination of the joint-stock companies, or the flagrant indecencies of town churchyards. If, as seems most likely, the State must interfere, it can hardly be hoped that new regulations will be other than latitudinarian. This, like other evils, ought to have been boldly acknowledged long since: but the unhappy anodyne of things lasting our time, in this, as in more serious matters, has unfortunately proved fatal.

'Readings for Advent, (Webb,) for the use of the Collegiate Schools, Liverpool,' is a selection of scriptural passages 'which might harmonize with the

general design of the Church Services.' In other words, it is an attempt to give privately what the Breviaries of various churches, in their Lections, have hitherto supplied under authority. Our own Church having, for the most part, confined the formal celebration of the sacred seasons to the Sunday office, we see no objection to this Manual, the principle of which the preface proposes to extend to the whole of the Christian year.

Count Joseph de Maistre's 'Essay on the Generative Principle of Political Constitutions'—published some forty years ago—has been reprinted by Little and Brown, (Boston, U. S.) It is, as some of our readers know, a stirring pamphlet.

We have received from America: Bishop Doane's 'Address on Laying the Corner-stone of Grace-Church, Newark,' (Morris, Burlington;) Bishop Ive's 'Address on Laying the Corner-stone of S. Mary's, Burlington'—this is a new church for the parish of which Bishop Doane is rector;—and, 'No Service without Sacrifice,' a Sermon preached on the same occasion by Bishop Doane himself. There is a vigorous ecclesiastical character both about these addresses and the proceedings themselves, which makes us very hopeful that we may never have occasion seriously to canvass questions of taste with those, whose very exuberance of life ought to shame our cold proprieties both of feeling and expression. We cannot say much for Mr. Upjohn's design for S. Mary's, except that it is well meant.

We are glad to find the useful series of 'Churches of Yorkshire,' (Green : Leeds,) resumed. No. 14 is before us. The letter-press is unusually good; and we wish that every diocese had one who would so forcibly expose the sinful neglect and spoliation of God's houses as the editor of this series. That we are in this respect improving in all directions is mainly to be attributed—it is only right to acknowledge this—to the 'strong language' which has in various quarters been used about the sacrilege and parsimony which have rendered our churches so disgraceful. The Augean stable was not cleansed with a drawing-room feather-brush.

The Roman Catholic 'Bishop of New York,' Dr. Hughes, has been delivering, at a dissenting meeting-house in New York, a 'Lecture on the Antecedent Causes of the Irish Famine in 1847,' (Duncan: New York.) These 'antecedent causes,' as Dr. Hughes pleonastically styles them, are to be found in the invasion by Henry II. and the penal proceedings of 1610, which events culminated last year: and a good while they have taken to climb the zenith. Dr. Hughes is a curious mixture of Broadway and College Green. The compound is not felicitous. On the other, the industrial side, may be read, 'Mr. G. H. Stoddart's Letter to Lord John Russell,' (Saunders.)

The second number of Mr. Blackburne's work on 'Decorative Painting' has appeared. Perhaps in its pictorial, certainly in its literary, aspect it is an improvement on its predecessor. The taste and spirit of the series are much to be commended.

'The Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers, by the Rev. John D. Davis,' (Gilbert,) is a very meagre sketch indeed: written, we should think, in a feeble and illegible plea of supplying the first account to his admirers.

deep or accurate students of Dr. Chalmers: but the extracts given by Mr. Davis in illustration of his brilliancy and depth, give but the notion of flashy nonsense to an English reader. It is curious that the Scotch character, patient as it is of the hard dry husks of Calvinism, encourages this mere florid declamation, simply as fine talk in the pulpit. But, perhaps, by way of relief, and in obedience to that moral law which demands expression for the feelings, the coldness of dogma necessitates the counteraction of this lurid glare of rhetoric: the one exercise sets off against the other.

We cannot enter into the Irish mind. It is a phenomenon. There is a Society in Ireland, as every body knows, called the 'Church Education Society,' under high auspices. To the plans of this Society, as it seems, a distinguished person, Dr. Elrington, has lately seen cause to demur, and has declared his adhesion to the National Board of Education. For this he is called to account in a Letter by Dr. Miller, Vicar-General of Armagh: 'The case of the Church Education Society considered,' (Seeley.) But even the Church Education Society receives Roman Catholic children into its schools, under the double promise; first, not to proselytise; and, secondly—so Dr. Miller is very anxious to impress on his readers—to give 'the master full liberty to instruct every child in the school in the *meaning* of the portion of Scripture which he had been reading,' (p. 23.) 'Doctrinal instruction' (p. 24), the society and Dr. Miller expressly disclaim; of 'the occasional correction of error in the interpretation of a passage in Scripture' (ibid.) they reserve to themselves the full liberty. And by way of illustrating this distinction, Dr. Miller (p. 25), distinctly and calmly states that a teacher 'might explain the important words, *this is my body*, without arguing against the doctrine of transubstantiation, informing the reader simply, that they were understood to mean only, *this represents my body*, agreeably to other phrases of the Scriptures. And again, without entering into the question of the Arian doctrine, he might surely admonish a child who had read the words, *my Father is greater than me*, that they were applicable only to the human condition in which our Saviour was at that time placed.' If this really be a fair representation of the 'Case of the Church Education Society,' which we question, whether that body be a greater insult to common honesty or common sense it would be hard to say.

It would be quite unfair to a book like 'Professor Andrews Norton's Genuineness of the Gospels,' of which an English edition has been published by Chapman, to dismiss it with simple contempt. It is not a work to be despised, and will bear careful study by those whose function it is to discuss the external evidences. It is written in a fair and candid spirit; but it fully deserves the bad fame which has preceded it. Its line is, however, nearly obliterated by the bolder and, let us add, more logical rationalists of Germany; so that we doubt whether it will tell on the English mind. We must believe much less or much more than Mr. Norton. Merely to eliminate the first two chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, and to explain away our Lord's plain adoption of 'the fabulous' narrative of Jonah—to take two instances at hand—will satisfy nobody.

'Euchologion; a Series of Family Prayers, &c.' (Graham: Masters,) is a good collection for private use, which may run parallel with the public Daily Office, or, in its absence, may be used safely alone. The multiplication of these

manuals is a sign by no means to be lost sight of. We are hardly satisfied with the adoption of a term already used for a formal ecclesiastical book in ritual use in the Oriental Church.

Bishop Jolly's famous book on the 'Christian Sacrifice in the Eucharist,' has been seasonably reprinted, (Aberdeen: Brown.)

The Cambridge Camden Society—we have not yet quite learned its new title, the Ecclesiological—has expanded the well-known and well-valued 'Few Hints, &c.' into a very complete 'Hand-book of English Ecclesiology,' (Masters.) It will be inseparable from all our summer tours. Being merely a collection of facts and inferences, it cannot be expected to deal much with arguments, or to state both sides of a dispute. Hence, what is no fault, its decided tone, and vigorous, business-like summaries. Now and then we may be allowed to differ; but the book is too small to set down opposite explanations. We detect a preference to the more recondite explanations: *ex. grat.* in accounting for the *Vesica Piscis*, the possible origin from the *lyθvs*, and the scarcely possible derivation from the Almond, are recorded, without a hint of that which is much more easy, M. Didron's, the elongated and oval Aureola. A summary of subjects, as well as an *Index locorum*, is much needed.

'Mary Tudor, a Drama; and other Poems: by Sir Aubrey de Vere,' (Pickering.) The author of this engaging volume has not sought to please parties in Mary Tudor; we may hesitate, therefore, more about his success than his capabilities to deserve it. To praise, or to do justice, at the same time, to Queen Mary and her sister, and to draw with equal powers and equal fairness both Pole and Crammer, bespeak rather the poet than the politic writer. Nor are we certain that both parties had equal claims to eulogy. As a drama, in its old sense, Mary Tudor, being quite deficient in plot, must be considered a failure; but in strong delineation of character, as well as in vigorous detached scenes, the author shows unusual powers. The delicate strokes by which Queen Mary's enduring affection for her cousin are hinted, rather than drawn, display the artist; and the affecting speeches in the last act delivered by the dying Queen are very fine. On more accounts than one this poem deserves a careful perusal: if in any point it is weak, it is in the introduction of subordinate, however historical, personages, who are scarcely agents.—The minor poems are chiefly of earlier years: as a finished landscape piece we were much pleased with the 'Glen of Glangoole.'

'A Hand-Book for Oxford,' (J. H. Parker,) consists in the illustrations of the excellent wood-cuts of Dr. Ingram's Memorials, with some useful additions; and in the letter-press of a tolerably successful abridgement of the same work. Where the present writer adds to his original he is generally accurate: the introduction is poor and unsatisfactory, with some lamentable attempts at easy writing. It is perhaps essential to all guide-books that they should breathe nothing but pearls and roses: bearing this in mind, we are disposed rather to note than to object to certain statements: such as that at p. 76.—'The east window of Brasenose is a really elegant specimen of Gothic tracery;' which, curious and important as it is, it is certainly neither 'elegant' nor 'Gothic;' that at p. 195, that Mr. Blore's 'restoration at S. John's is very successful,' the new work being no restoration, and anything but successful; and one at p. 189,

that the difficulty of the site is the slightest excuse for the Taylor Building. We wonder that Parker's shop has not been subjected to a domiciliary visit from Wadham, relating to a passage at p. 90, about the 'authorized iniquities which were here perpetrated at the time of the Reformation;' we might hope, rather than believe, that there is a misprint for Rebellion.

'The Law of the Offerings, by Andrew Jukes,' (Nisbet,) is a dull book written by a Dissenter, who was formerly a Clergyman.

'The Churchman's Companion,' (Masters,) has completed its first volume: the amount of pains and unrewarded labour in getting these little periodicals together is as great as the usefulness of the work itself, which deserves support in every way.

'The Geography of Palestine, by Mr. M'Leod, late Master of the Battersea Model School,' (Longmans,) seems accurate. We had rather attribute to ignorance than to any more serious cause the very incorrect statement: 'within the last few years there has been appointed a Bishop of Jerusalem.' But in a more responsible quarter, the formal Calendar of King's College, London, we are distressed to find the late Dr. Alexander described, without any qualification, as 'Bishop of Jerusalem.'

'The Paradise of the Christian Soul,' (Burns,) has been completed: it contains a Preface by the editor, Dr. Pusey, the importance of which, under present circumstances, it would be difficult to overstate. With all this respected writer's fulness, the present document is unusually lucid and explicit.

'Christ in His Passion,' (J. H. Jackson,) a set of Holy Week Lectures, by Mr. Trevor, of York. In this little volume is a good deal of what we think suitable to the occasion—a vivid pictorial character leading to meditation. But the writer is deficient in a reverent handling of the more awful details of his subject: he is more frequently picturesque than solid, and there is a haze and heat in his language which may be accounted for by noticing the fact, that the lectures were 'composed at Bangalore.' We are quite at issue with Mr. Trevor on his arrangement of the events of the Holy Week.

The 'More Bishops' Question' is taking a turn somewhat more expansive than has been thought of in Downing-street. In a pamphlet, 'Preachers, Pastors, and Bishops', (Hamilton and Adams,) a Mr. Love proposes that 'the British Wesleyan Church' should at once launch out with an additional staff of 'thirty-two bishops, sixteen hundred pastors, and eight hundred preachers,' (p. 58.) With this formidable hierarchy in the City-road, it behoves us to be stirring.

'A Plain Address to my Household, by a Clergyman,' (Masters,) calls attention to the duty of a priest ruling over his own household. An important subject well treated.

'Enchiridion Juvenile,' (Bathonix: Simms,) an affecting manual of devotional exercises for school boys. Though not strictly published, it may be procured of Mr. Simms.

'Confirmation considered Doctrinally and Practically,' (Masters,) is one of the best tracts which we have seen on the subject; and contrasts very favourably

with what its preface strongly criticizes, the whole collection on this ordinance, published by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, which, as a single collection, we are disposed to rate at a low estimate.

'The Law of the Anglican Church the Law of the Land,' (Masters,) enunciates a truism; to which unhappily time has appended another, that it is a sort of law which lies more on paper than in act.

'An Earnest Exhortation to Confession,' (Masters,) is an affecting tract on a subject which, of all others the most practically important, is least suitable for this form of urging it. The language, too, is exaggerated.

'A Hymn and Chant for the Harvest Home of 1847, by Mr. M. F. Tupper,' (Hatchard,) are very striking: the former is especially beautiful. The Chant is not a chant: a chant is a musical, not a metrical, expression; and these lines, written in Mr. Tupper's remarkable measured rhythm, will not fall into the church tones; still less into the modern double chants. The diction and thoughts are admirable. We could have spared the second stanza of the Hymn; 'palace' and 'valleys' are neither a rhyme nor a legitimate assonance.

We have seen a Circular addressed from authority to British chaplains abroad, prescribing a clause to be inserted in the Litany, and also a special prayer for the Sovereign of the country in which the English congregation is assembled. This is as it should be; and, if it is to be used in Rome, this direction forms a remarkable contrast to a petition which was once in the Anglican Litany.

'Ranke's History of Servia,' has been well translated by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, (Murray.) This, still the debateable land between the cross and the crescent, is perhaps the most remarkable and least known country in Europe. What its future destiny may be it is hard to conjecture; but one day it, with the other provinces south of the Danube, must form an important element in European politics. Countries on which the waves of opposed principles break, often preserve a singular and strongly defined nationality: that of Servia has a character quite peculiar. Not the least noticeable aspect of the moral condition of the Servians consists in the evident traces of heathenism which have scarcely been fused by the slow and incomplete action of the Church.

There is a great deal of technical knowledge and accurate study displayed in the two handsome volumes, 'Hints on Glass Painting, &c. by an Amateur,' (J. H. Parker); and the volume of illustrations consists not only of singularly clear and effective wood-cuts, but of well-drawn pieces of glass. The range of illustration we thought rather narrow; and there is an unquestionable awkwardness in some of the sketches being uncoloured. To some portion of the chapter on the employment of painted glass at the present day, we express an objection:— 'My opinion is decidedly hostile to symbols: to some persons they are offensive, to most they are unintelligible, and in very few perhaps of those who do understand their meaning, are they capable of awakening any sentiments of piety or veneration. If any interest attaches to ancient symbols, it is an antiquarian interest modern copies are an unreal mockery unless we could revive the modes of thinking which rendered them interesting and impressive symbols cannot be better than frigid and idle ornaments,' &c. (Vol. i. pp 231, 232.) It would have been as well for the author to have said what

he meant by symbols ; as it stands, the whole page is simply unintelligible. There is again, in our judgment, an imperfect, or rather an overstrained, estimate of the capabilities of glass painting in the observation (p. 241) that Michael Angelo's 'great picture in the National Gallery, or Raphael's Cartoons, would form, with a little modification, a good design for a glass painting.' We go a good deal with the present writer in his sensible protest against reviving the bad drawing and the grotesque artistic incapacity of mediæval glass painters. We see no reason at all why figures in the glass of our own times, where figures are introduced, should not be drawn both correctly and with the proper religious expression ; but to feel this is by no means to assert the identity, for pictorial purposes, of canvass and wood on the one hand, and of such a very peculiar medium as glass on the other. Unreality comes in when glass is made to do the work of any other substance, especially such a ground as canvass. Mr. Pugin fails when he transfers mere wall-painting, or the sentiment and depth of a fresco, with its solid masses of colour unchecked by whites, to glass ; but this blunder, as we deem it, is as nothing to that of copying a great Italian oil picture in a window, even with the convenient proviso of 'with some modifications.' Not only does the difference of medium, glass and canvass, compel a different treatment of shadows in the two styles, but all the other accessories, such as the light under which to view the picture, the mechanical difference of vehicle, oil in the one case, the furnace in the other, and, above all, the stiff artificial outline of leading, point to the necessity of recognising a different ideal for each. And this distinction is to be made not in modifying details, but in setting out with different principles. The conventionality of art, though the deference which we pay to its appeal, however varied, flows from a common origin in the mind, is so changeful in its applications, that to confound them is to refuse to art one of its chief characteristics, a plastic yet comprehensive nature, which adapts itself to a wide range of empire, in various modifications, both over sensuous and material subjects. We admit a certain adaptation of marble to stand for the Panathænaic Procession ; we yield to a coloured and varnished cloth its claims to represent the same subject. But under what different conditions—with what a different feeling—how widely distinct are the conventional admissions which we are called upon to make in the two cases ! The artists address two separate modifications of our faculties. Form, in the case of sculpture ; light and shadow, distance and aerial effect, in the case of painting ; breadth of colour in the instance of stained glass, may be settled as the characteristics of the three arts. And though all three constituents may have their place in each one of these arts, yet the prime characteristic of each must not be sacrificed to a subordinate, as must be the case where glass, which ought chiefly to deal in a broad surface of tincture, simply as tincture, aims at great and impracticable effects of light and shade, as in reproducing the 'Raising of Lazarus.' The large glass picture of Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross,' at S. Bride's, will serve as an illustration. Glass has an ample and successful, however defined, domain if its friends will be content to keep it there. In all this part of his work the present author seems scarcely to understand the main requirements of art, as when he praises (p. 254) the same glass both for 'atmospheric effect' and for 'statuesque character ;' and it only betrays a confusion of mind if passages which seem to recognise the peculiar and restricted sphere and purpose of glass can be produced. However, the book is well worth reading ;

and we wish it success : at the same time expressing a desire that its tone had been more ecclesiastical. The writer misunderstands (p. 300) one objection to the Italian revival of art : it would run, that this or that artist were blameable, not for making his naked figures anatomically correct, but antecedently for making them, in religious subjects, naked at all. We are not adopting or defending Montalembert's objection ; but it may as well be fairly stated. And perhaps glass painting is even more than its sister art of canvass painting, calculated, from certain mechanical imperfections inseparable from its constitution, to produce that really religious impression which should be the sole object of art strictly and specifically christian ; namely, in that it rather seeks to call out thoughts of the dignified, the beautiful, and the unearthly, than it aims to reproduce or to copy the actual forms of nature. In other words, glass painting is, or ought to be, rather suggestive than physically mimetic. Hence, too, from this its suggestive character, glass painting is bound more strictly to adhere to that law of the religious picture, which, to the entire sacrifice of originality and novelty in design, is content to follow implicitly the recognised and received types of Christian art.

It is enough to announce a new volume of 'Sermons by Archdeacon Manning,' (Burns,) simply observing, that in depth and beauty, and especially in consolidation of style, it exceeds its justly valued predecessors.

Two valuable Charges have appeared during the quarter : one by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, (Rivingtons) ; and one by Archdeacon Wilberforce, (Murray). Of Sermons, that of the Bishop of Oxford, preached before the University, at the meeting of the British Association, (Rivingtons,) claims precedence on all accounts. We have also seen a Visitation Sermon, 'The Education of the Heart, by Mr. Ellison, of Edensor,' (Hatchard.)

INDEX TO VOL. XIV.

(NEW SERIES.)

ARTICLES AND SUBJECTS.

A.

AMERICAN TRAVELLERS [*Clarke, Tyng, Kip, &c.*], 178—207. Cause of foreign Travel, 178, 179. American associations, 180. Ecclesiastical views of England, 182. American gossip, 184. Exeter Hall, 185. American Episcopalianism, 186. The voluntary system, 187. Dr Tyng, 188. Arrives in London, 189. Visits Exeter Hall, 190, 191. Mr. Noel's Chapel, 192—197. Church Missionary Society, 198. Lambeth, Dr. Hook, Oxford, 199, 200. Bible Society, 201. Mr. Bridge's Evangelicalism, 203, 204. Mr. McNeile, 206. Dr. Tyng at Epsom Races, 206, 207.
Anthologia Oxoniensis [*Linwood, Drury*], 95—112. Oxford and Cambridge Anthologia, 95. The older Oxford Collections, 96—99. *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, 100. Translations of English Ballads—Mr. Jones, Mr. Bode, 101—103. Mr. Goldwin Smith, 104. Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, 105, 106. Dean Herbert, 107. Mr. Booth, 107, 108. Mr. Holden, 109. Mr. James Lonsdale, 109. Greek Poems—Mr. Riddell, 110. Mr. Jones, 111. Mr. Linwood, 111, 112.

C.

Children's Books [*Andersen, Mayhew, Neal, Tytler, &c.*] 231—289. Andersen, 231—341. Mayhew's Good Genius, 242. The Silver Swan, 243, 244. The Goodnatured Bear, 245—250. The Lady Ella, 251—253. The Wrath of Lillies, 254. Subjects for children, 255—257. Charles Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses, 258—260. Godfrey Davenant, 261—266. Neal's Christian Endurance, 266—270. Poynings, 270, 271. Michael the Chorister, The Island Choir, 272—276. Miss Tytler's Tales, 276—278. Love of Nature, 280—282. Boy's

NO. LVIII.—N. S.

own Library, 283. Useful Knowledge Society's Publications, 285, 286. Children's love of books, 287—289.

Colonial Bishops, recent Consecration of, 418—435. Action of the Church on the world, 419. University Elections, 420. New Colonial Sees, 421. Scene at Westminster Abbey, 422—424. Doctrinal differences, 425—427. Application to Colonial Bishops, 428—435.

F.

Flowers in Churches, 113—122. S. John's, Torquay, 113. Law of the case, 114. Bishop of Exeter's judgment, 115; impugned, 115—122.

Freemasonry, Ancient and Modern, [*Hall- well, Oliver, Preston, &c.*], 1—38. Masons and Freemasons, 1. Festivities of Freemasonry, 2. Its universal philanthropy, 3. Its charities, 4. Origin of Freemasonry, 5—8. Bridge-builders, 10. Connection with Church-building, 11. Mediæval secret societies, 12. The Vehme, 13, 14. Connection with the Crusades, 15. The Knights Templars, 16, 17. Modern Masonry, 18; its pretensions, 19, 20; its profanity, 21, 22; its deistical character, 23—33. The Bible, and Bible only, 34, 35. Modern infidelity, 36—38.

I.

Instinct, Illustrations of, [*Couch, Whately, Walsh, Butt, Otway*], 436—448. Estimate of the lower animals, 436. Moral character of animals, 437. Defects of the common books, 438, 439. Distinction between reason and instinct, 440, 441. Whately's Tract, 442. The Mole, 443—445. The Peacock, 446. Dr. Walsh, 447, 448.

I I

M.

Miller, Hugh—Impressions of England, 290—313. The author, 290. Relations of Scotland and England, 291—307. Shenstone and the Leasower, 307—312. Westminster Abbey, 313. Modern Latin Poetry, 314—338. The Delicæ, 314. Characteristics of modern Latin poetry, 315. Its metres, 316—319. Greek Hymns, 320. Translations from Schiller, 320, 321. Wackerbath, 322. Mantuan, 323—326. Casimir, 327—333. Buchanan, 334—338.

N.

Ninfa, 123—142. Its authoress, 123. Analysis of the story, 124—142. Novels, recent, 339—378. Religious fictions, 339. Novels of manners, 340; of character, 341, 342. Miss Burney, 342. Miss Austin, &c., 343—346. The Novel of Wit, 347. Mount Sorel, 348—353. Father Darcy, 354—359. Emilia Wyndham, 359—363. Norman's Bridge, 364—376. Faults of the Author, 377, 378.

O.

Organ, Use of the, 54—67. Instrumental Music, 54. Character of the Organ, 55. Organ Accompaniment, 56—60. The Modern Organ, 61. Quick Chanting, 62—64. Defects of Modern Organs, 65—67.

P.

Peru, Prescott's Conquest of, 68—94. Character of Prescott's Works, 68—71. Garcilasso,

72, 73. Peruvian Empire, 74; and Institutions, 75, 76. Arrival of the Spaniards, 77. Conquest of Peru, 78—94.

S.

School Trusts, State Interference with [*Wilberforce, Denison*], 143—177. State Education, 143. Centralizing 144. Foreign Education, 145. Political Education, 146, 147. Views of Government, 148, 149. Combined Education, 150, 151. Committee of Privy Council, 152. Distrust of Government, 155. Wilberforce's Pamphlet, 156. Trust Deeds, 157—159. New Clauses, 160—163. Committees of Management, 164. Visitorial Power, 165—170. Appendix of Documents, 171—177.

Simeon, Memoirs of [*Carus' Memoirs of Simeon*], 379—418. Religious Biography, 379, 380. Simeon's Party, 381: his Character, 382; his Biography, 383—395; his Egotism, 395; his Vapidity, 396; his Temper, 397; his Self-indulgence, 398, 399; his Pharisaism, 400; his Ministerial Character, 401, 402. Religious Societies, 403—405. His Special Providences, 406. The Simeon Trust, 407, His Preaching, 407—411; his Doctrinal Theology, 412—414; his Death-bed, 415, 416. Summary, 417.

T.

Tupper, M. F., his Works, 39—53. Geraldine, 40. Proverbial Philosophy, 40, 41. Probabilities, 42—44. Value of Ridicule, 45—47. Extracts, 48—53.

